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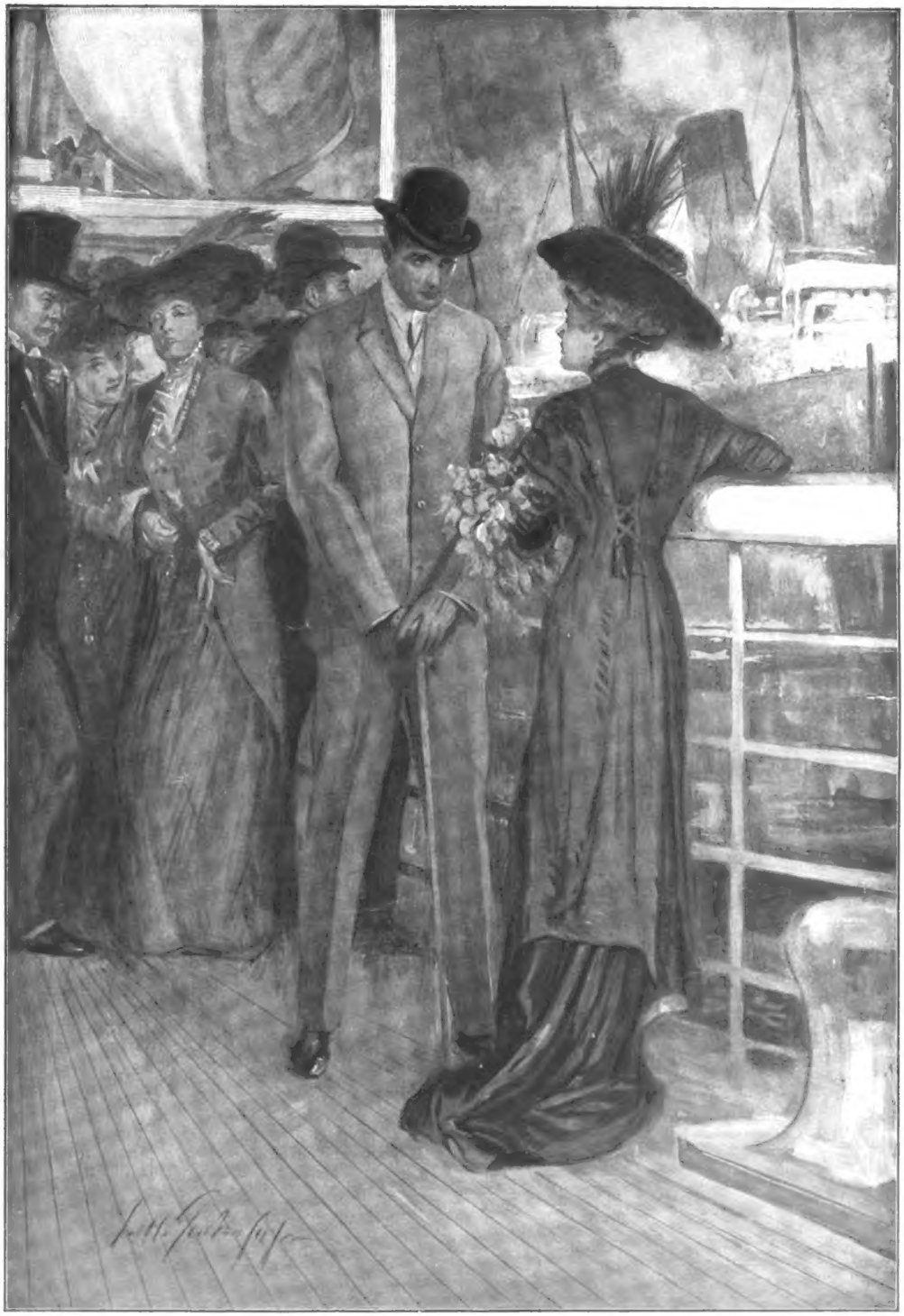

"YOUR TRAIL LIES TO THE PALACES OF THE OLD WORLD, MINE TO DIG HOLES IN REMOTE CORNERS OF THE NEW."

—*The Title Market.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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# THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a drama of love and intrigue, of temptations and of triumphs. It leads through wonderlands of pomp and power and ceremony. It gives vivid, unforgettable pictures of the status and meanings of an Old World aristocracy. And it lifts the veil to reveal, no less vividly, the sordid workings of the machinery to whose creakings the puppets dance. The actors are dukes, princes, grandes dames, and petty women, old bloods and new, some plain American men, and a New York heiress. The scene is Italy. The time, to-day. The plot is true to life. Our women, lured by the practiced charm of titled idlers, unable, by reason of temperament and environment, to discriminate between the good and the bad, constantly are trading their dollars and their honest hopes for uncertain honors and heartbreaking disillusionment. Mrs. Post, knowing well the social conditions of two continents, speaks with authority. And that authority loses nothing from the fact that with the consummate skill of the true story-teller she never permits it to become obvious. "The Title Market" weaves its tangled threads with ever-increasing suspense through climax after climax until, at the dénouement, the reader is not sure whether he has been more charmed or thrilled. It is one of the best stories that we ever have offered our readers.*

## CHAPTER I

HER EXCELLENCY the Princess Sansevero sat up in bed. Reaching quickly across the great width of mattress, she pulled the bell rope twice, then, shivering, slid back under the warmth of the covers. She drew them close up over her shoulders, so far that only a heavy mass of golden hair remained visible above the old crimson brocade of which the counterpane was made. The room was still darkened so that the objects in it were just discernible, but presently one of the high, carved doors opened and a maid entered, carrying a breakfast tray. Setting the tray down, she crossed quickly to the windows and drew back the curtains.

The sunlight flooded the black and white marble of the floor, and brought out in sharp detail the splendor of the apartment. The rich colors of the frescoed walls, the mellow crimson damask upholstering, might have suggested warmth and comfort, had not the little cloud of white vapor floating before the maid's lips proclaimed the temperature.

She was a stocky peasant woman, this maid, and had good red color in her cheeks, but she wore a dress of heavy woolen material and a cardigan jacket over that. Her thick felt slippers pattered over the stone floor briskly as she went to a clothespress, carved and beautifully inlaid, took out a drab-colored woolen wrapper trimmed with common red fox fur, and, picking up the tray again, mounted the dais of the huge carved bed.

"If Excellency will make haste, the coffee is good and very hot."

The covers were pushed down just a little, and the princess peered out.

"What sort of a day have we, Maria? Isn't it very cold?"

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"Oh, no! It is a beautiful day. But Excellency will say that the coffee is cold unless it is soon taken."

So again the Princess Sansevero sat up in bed. Her maid placed the coffee tray before her, and wrapped her quickly in the dressing-gown. The plain woolen wrapper had looked ugly enough in the maid's hands, but its drab color and fox fur so toned in with the red-gold hair and creamy skin of its wearer that an artist would have been filled with delight, could he have beheld the picture. It would not in the least have mattered to him that there was a chip in the cup into which she poured her coffee, nor that the linen napkin was darned in three places. The silver breakfast service belonged to a time when such things were chiseled only for great personages and by master craftsmen. That it was battered through several centuries of constant handling rather enhanced than diminished its value. Of the same antiquity was the bed—seven feet wide, its four posts elaborately carved with fruits and flowers, and with cupids grouped in the corners of the framework supporting a dome of crimson damask that matched the hangings. What difference could it make that the springless mattress was as hard as a rock, and lumpy as a ploughed field? With painted walls and vaulted ceilings that were the apotheosis of luxury, what did it matter that the raw chill from their stone surface penetrated to the very marrow of her Exalted Excellency's bones? Unfortunately, it did matter very much, for her American blood never had grown used to the chill of unheated rooms.

"I think I can heat the bathroom sufficiently for Excellency's bath," ventured the maid.

The princess shivered at the mere suggestion. She knew only too well the feeling of the water in a room that was like an unheated cellar in the rainy season of late autumn. "No, no!" she exclaimed, "fill me the little tub, as usual, in my sitting-room."

As she spoke, a door opened opposite the one through which the maid had entered, and the prince came in. A fresh color glowed under his olive skin, his hair was brushed until it was as polished as his nails; also he was shaved, but here his toilet for the day ended. The open "V" of his dressing-gown (his was made of a costly material, quite in contrast to the one his wife wore) showed his throat; bare ankles were visible above his slippers. With the raillery of a boy he cried:

"Can it really be possible that you are cold! No wonder they call yours the nation of ice water! I know that is what you have in your veins!" With a spring he threw himself full length across the bed.

"Sandro, be careful! See what you are doing! You have spilled the coffee."

"Oh, that's nothing!" he said gaily; "it will wash out."

"On the contrary, it is a great deal. It makes unnecessary laundry and uses up the linen—we can't get any more, you know."

At once his gay humor changed to sulkiness. "*Va bene, va bene!* let us drop that subject."

Immediately the princess softened. "I did not mean it as a complaint; but you know, dear, we do have to be careful."

But the prince stared sulkily at his finger-nails.

She began a new topic cheerfully. "I hope to get a letter from Nina to-day; there has been time for an answer."

Sansevero had been quite interested in the idea of a possible visit from Nina Randolph, his wife's niece, a much exploited American heiress. But now he paid no attention. He still stared at his nails. The princess scrutinized his face as though in the habit of reading its expression, and at last she said gently:

"What have you in mind, dear? Tell me—come, out with it, I see quite well there is something."

For answer he sat up, took a cigarette from his pocket, put it between his lips, searched in both pockets for a match, and, failing to find one, sat with the unlighted cigarette between his lips, sulkier than ever.

He felt her looking at him, and swayed his shoulders exactly as though some one were trying to hold him. "Really, Leonora," he burst out, "this question of money all the time is far from pleasant!"

A helpless, frightened look came into her face. It grew suddenly pinched; instinctively she put her hand over her heart.

"I have not mentioned money." She made an effort to speak lightly, but there was a vibration in the tone. Then, as though gathering her strength together, she made a direct demand:

"Alessandro, tell me at once, what have you done?"

For a moment he looked defiant, then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, since you will know—" he sprang from the bed, pulled a letter out of his pocket, and, quite as a small boy hands over the note that his

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teacher has seen him passing in school, he tossed her the envelope, and left the room.

For some time she sat staring at the paper before her. Then suddenly thrusting her feet into fur slippers, she ran into the next room. "Sandro," she said, "come into my sitting-room; I must speak with you."

He followed her through her bedroom into an apartment much smaller and, unlike the other two rooms, quite warm. Just now, all the articles of a woman's toilet were spread out on a table on which a dressing-mirror had been placed; and close beside a brazier of glowing coals was a portable English bath-tub, the water for which was heating in the kitchen.

Seeing that there was no means of avoiding the inevitable, he said doggedly: "I thought to make, of course, or I would not have gone into the scheme." Then something in her face held him, and at the same time his impulsive boyishness—a little dramatic, perhaps, but only so much as is consistent with his race—carried him into a new mood.

"Leonora, I suppose I am in the wrong—indeed I am sure I am utterly at fault; but help me. Don't you see, *carissima*, this time I did not *wager*—it was a business venture!"

In the midst of her distress she could not help but smile at the absurdity.

"Scarpa is doing it all," he continued—"not I. You know what a clever business man *he* is! He assured me that it was a rare chance—the opportunity of a lifetime. It was because I wanted so to restore to you what my gambling had cost, that I agreed. I did not think it possible to lose. But help me this once; believe me, I do know, and with shame, that were it not for my accursed ill luck we should be living in luxury now. But just this once—you will help me, won't you?"

His wife seated herself in a big armchair, and looked at him wearily, running her fingers through the heavy waves of her hair. She had beautiful hands—beautiful because they seemed part of her expression; capable hands with nothing helpless in her use of them; the kind that a sick person dreams of as belonging to an ideal nurse; gentle and smooth, but quick and firm.

"It is not a question of willingness, Sandro." Her voice was as smooth and strong, as flexible, as her hands. "You know everything we have just as well as I. I never kept anything from you, and what we have is ours jointly—as much yours as mine. I have, as you know, only two jewels of value left, and they would not bring half the amount of this debt."

"Leonora, no! you have sold too many already; I cannot ask such a thing again."

His wife's smile was more sad than tears; it was not that she was making up her mind for some one necessary sacrifice—it was a smile of absolute helplessness. "If only I might believe you! We now have nothing but what is held in trust for me. I am not reproaching you—what is gone is gone. But Sandro! where will it end?"

The maid knocked and entered with two pails of hot water, which she poured into the tub. She spread a bath towel over a chair, moved another chair near, put out various articles of clothing, and left the room again.

The princess threw off her slippers, and tried the temperature of the water with her toes.

"I think, Sandro, we had better give up Rome," she said. "The money saved for that will pay the greater part of the debt. It is the only way I can see. But go now; I want to take my bath. We can talk more by and by." She smiled quite brightly, and the prince, emboldened by her cheerfulness, would have taken her in his arms. But she turned away, her hand involuntarily put up as a barrier between herself and the kiss that at the moment she shrank from. He took the hand instead and pressed it to his lips.

When he had gone, she bathed quickly, partially dressed herself, and called her maid to do her hair. Sitting before the improvised dressing-table, she glanced in the mirror, and her reflection caught and held her attention a long moment. A curious half-wistful, half-pathetic expression crept into her face as the realization came to her sharply that she was fading. There were lines and shadows and pallor that ought not to be in the face of a woman of thirty-five. She smoothed the vertical lines in her forehead, and then let her hands remain over her face, while behind their cool smoothness her mind resumed its troublesome thoughts.

It was not like facing some new difficulty for which the strength is fresh; it was struggling again with emotions that have repeatedly exhausted one's endurance. Just as she had every hope that her husband was cured of the gambler's fever, here he was down again with an even more dangerous form of it. The man who knowingly risks is bad enough; but the man who cannot see that he risks, and

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cannot understand how he has lost is the hardest victim to cure. All of her capital was gone except a small property which her brother-in-law, J. B. Randolph, held for her in trust and on the income of which they now lived. Ten years before she had had considerable money, enough for them to live not only in comfort but in luxury. A large amount had been sunk in a Sicilian sulphur mine, and to this investment she had given her consent, not yet realizing her husband's lack of judgment. But aside from this, cards and horse races and trips to Monaco had limited their living in luxury to a periodic pleasure of three or four months. Now in order to open the palace in Rome, they had to practise the most rigid economies the other eight months in their villa in the country.

Yet in spite of all, her sympathy went out to Sandro. He was so gay, so boy-like, that he acquired ascendancy over her sympathies in spite of her judgment. And by the time her maid had coiled her great golden waves of hair and helped her into a short, heavy skirt, a pair of stout boots, a plain shirt-waist, and a rough, short coat and cap, her feeling of revulsion from him had passed. She drew on a pair of dogskin gloves, and went out.

In the stables she found the prince helping to harness a pony.

"Are you going to drive to the village?" she asked as cheerfully as though there had been no topic of distress.

"Yes; will you come with me?" he returned eagerly. She nodded her assent and as they started down the road they talked easily of various things. It was the prince who finally came back to the topic that was uppermost in their minds. He looked at her tenderly as he said:

"You do believe, my darling, don't you, that to have brought this additional trouble to you breaks my heart? I have taken everything from you—given you nothing in return. Yet —I do love you."

"Oh, *va bene*, *va bene*, *caro* Sandro; we will talk no more about it. Do you really agree to stay in the country all winter and give up Rome?"

"Of course," he said, with the best grace in the world. "It is all far too easy for me—but for you!—Ah, Leonora, no admiration, no new interest! no amusement! a year of your beauty wasted on only me."

"Be still; you know very well that I care nothing for all that. It is always this horrible fear of your leaping before you look. Sandro, Sandro! can you really see that one more plunge—and we are done? Now we can give up our savings, and the jewels; another time —don't let there ever be another time!"

He looked up the road and down; there was not even a peasant in sight. He put his arm about her and drew her to him. "Look at me, Leonora! On the name of my family and on that which I hold most sacred in the world I swear it: you will never again have to suffer from such a cause."

She inclined toward his kiss, and love dominated the sadness in her eyes. Who could be angry with Sandro—impulsive, affectionate, warm-hearted child of the Sun, or Italy—since both are the same.

A turn in the road, around the high wall topped with orange trees, brought them into the little town and the village life. A couple of ragged urchins sitting before the door of one of the cave-like structures that are called dwellings, grinned as the princess looked at them. An older girl bobbed a courtesy and pulled one of the children to her feet, bidding her to do the same. The men uncovered their heads, and the women courtesied as the noble padrones passed.

At the post-office they stopped. The postmaster brought out the mail bag. The princess looked through the letters. One with an American stamp held her attention. As she read, her cheeks flushed with pleasure, her eyes grew bright, a sweet and tender look came into her face.

"Nina is coming!" she cried. Gladness rang in her voice. "Coming for the whole winter—let me see, the letter is dated the fifteenth—she will sail this week. Oh, Sandro, I am so happy!"

For a moment it would have been hard to say which looked the more pleased, the prince or the princess. But then, as though by thought transference, in blank consternation each looked at the other, and exclaimed in the same breath, "But how about Rome?"

In silence the prince turned the pony about and slowly they drove back again up the hills.

## CHAPTER II

When the pony cart arrived at the castle the princess alighted, too preoccupied with her own thoughts to notice that her husband drove off in the opposite direction from the stables. Her forehead was wrinkled and her head bent as she walked between the high

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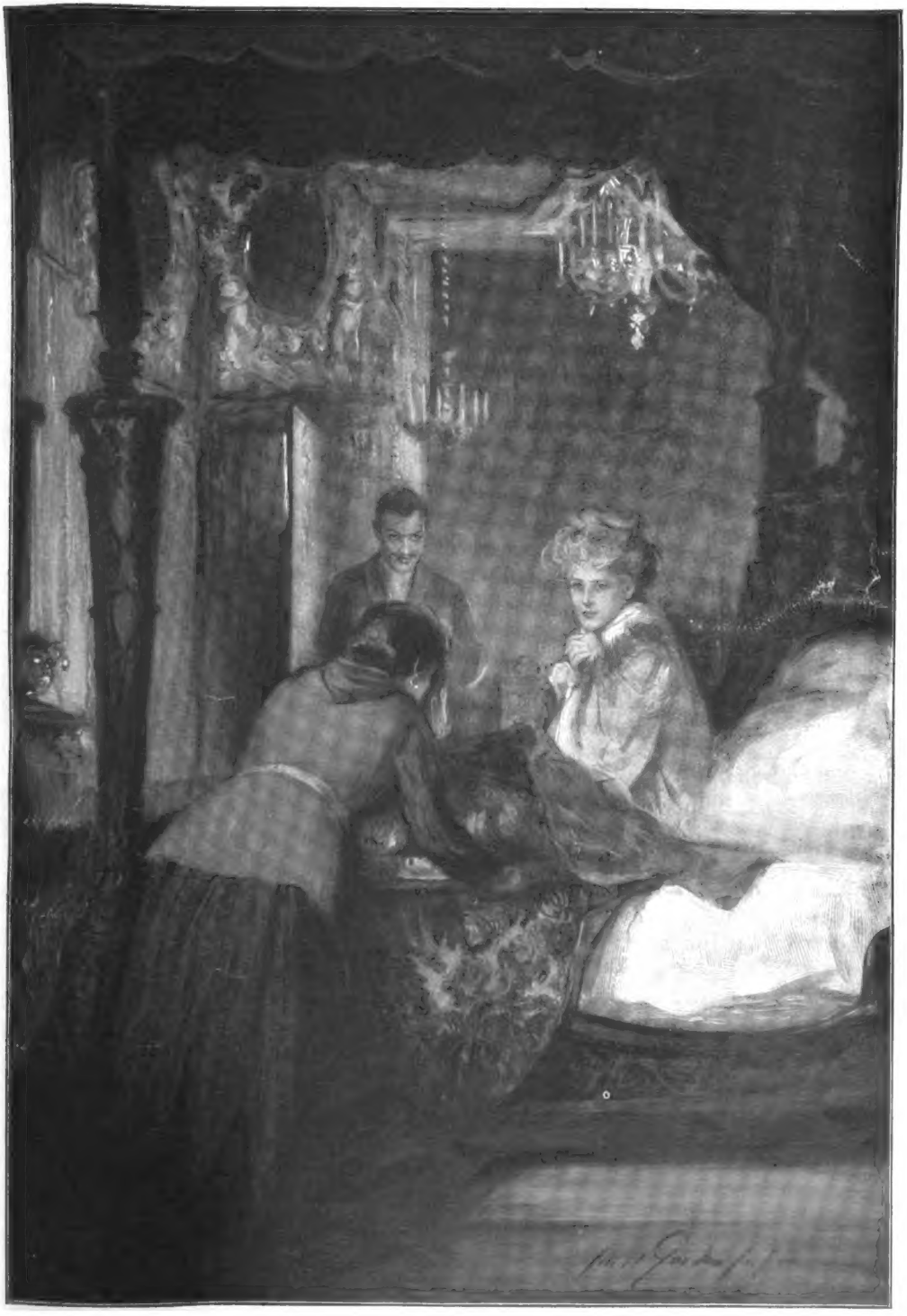

HER AMERICAN BLOOD NEVER HAD GROWN USED TO THE CHILL OF THE UNHEATED ROOMS OF AN ITALIAN PALACE.



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hedges of ilex toward the south wing of the building. Her worry over their inability to pay the debt was increased by the fact that their creditor was the Duke Scarpa.

Reaching a small postern gate at the end of the path, she opened it by pressing a hidden spring. This led directly into the apartments at the end of the south wing next to the kitchen offices—the only ones at present in use. She went directly to her own sitting room, from which the evidences of her toilet had meantime been removed.

This room better than anything else proclaimed the manner of woman who occupied it. It had been arranged by one to whom comfort was of paramount importance, but, in spite of a certain incongruity, the whole effect was pleasing and harmonious. The frescoes on the walls were almost obliterated, and were partially covered by dull red stuff. Against this hung three pictures from the famous Sansevero collection: a Holy Family by Leonardo da Vinci, a triptych by Perugino, and a Madonna by Correggio. Hardly less celebrated, but sharply at odds with the ecclesiastical subjects of the paintings, was the mantle carved in a bacchanalian procession of satyrs and nymphs—a model said to have been made by Niccola Pisano.

The floor, of the inevitable black and white marble, was strewn with rugs; and in front of desk and sofa bear skins had been added as a double protection against the cold. The furniture was modern upholstery, with gay chintz slip-covers. Frilled muslin curtains were crossed over and draped high under outer ones of chintz. And everywhere there were flowers—roses, orange blossoms, and camellias; in tall jars and short, on every available piece of furniture. Perhaps scarcely less in evidence were photographs, propped against walls, ornaments, and flower jars; long, narrow, highly glazed European photographs with white backgrounds, uniformed officers, sentimentally posed engaged couples, young mothers in full evening dress reading to barefooted babies out of gingerly held picture books. There were photographs of all varieties; big ones and little ones, framed and unframed—the king and the queen with crown-surmounted settings and boldly written first names, and "*A la cara Eleanor*" inscribed above that of her majesty. In the other photographs the signatures grew in complication and length as their aristocratic importance diminished. Books and magazines littered the tables; French, Italian, and English in indiscriminate association. A workbasket of plain sewing lay open among the pillows on the sofa. An American magazine, with a paper knife inserted between its leaves, was tossed beside a tooled morocco edition of Tacitus. A crucifix hung beneath the Correggio; a plaster model of the Discobolus stood between the windows.

And in the midst of old and new, religious and pagan, priceless and insignificant, sat her Excellency, the ex-American beauty and present chatelaine of the great family of the princes of the Sansevero, in a golf skirt and walking boots, a plain starched shirtwaist and stock tie, adding to the wrinkles in her forehead and in the corners of her eyes by trying to figure out how, with forty thousand lire, she was going to pay a debt of sixty thousand lire and have enough left over to open the great palace in Rome, and realize a dream that had always been in her heart—to take Nina out in Roman society, to give herself the delight of showing Rome to Nina, and the greater delight of showing Nina to Rome.

She glanced up at two photographs, the only ones on her desk. The first was of her husband, taken in the fancy costume of a troubadour, with the signature "Sandro" across the lower half, in characters symbolical of the song he might have sung, so gay and ascending was the handwriting. The other picture was of a young woman in evening dress. The face was bright and winning rather than pretty; the personality really chic, and this in spite of the fact that the girl's clothes were over-elaborate. Her dress was a mass of embroidery, and around her throat she wore a diamond collar. Diamond hairpins held the loops of waving fair hair—very like the princess's own—and two handsome rings were on the fingers of one hand. It in no way suggested the Italian idea of a young girl; yet there was a youthful freshness in the expression of the face, a girlish slimness of the figure that could not have been produced by touching up the negative. Under the picture was written in a clear and modernly square handwriting, "To my own Auntie Princess with love from Nina."

The name "Auntie Princess" carried as much of Nina's personality to the mind of her aunt as the picture itself. It was the one her childish lips had spoken when she was told that her aunt was to marry a prince. Most distinct of all Eleanor Sansevero's memories of home was one of Nina being held up high above the crowd at the end of

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the pier to blow good-by kisses to the bride of a foreign nobleman, being carried out into the river whose widening water was making actual the separation between herself and all that till then had been her life.

It was only for a little while, she had thought at the time. She would go back once a year or so, surely; and Nina should come over often. But in the intervening fifteen years, though the Randolphs had been in Europe many times, they had always chosen midsummer for their trip, and the princess had joined her sister at some northern city or watering-place. This visit, therefore, was to be Nina's first glimpse of her aunt's home, and the princess was determined that she should not spend the time desolately in the country! She might come here for a little while—for reasons that the princess would have found hard to explain to herself, she did not want Nina to get a false impression. Yet for nothing would she have exposed her husband's failing—even to her own family. With the weakness of a true wife, she never dreamed that all her world suspected, if it did not actually know, of the great inroads on her fortune that his gambling had made.

The princess went back to her accounts, but no amount of auditing made the sum they had saved any larger. A large pearl pendant that had been the Randolphs' wedding present to her, and a ruby that had been her mother's, were her only remaining possessions that could bring anything like the sum needed; with them and perhaps notes on her next year's income, they might make up the full amount. But how to sell the jewels was the problem. There is little demand for really fine stones in Italy, and besides, they might be recognized. Long before, she had sold her emerald earrings and had false ones put in their places. She had hated wearing the imitations, but as she had worn the real ones constantly, she feared their sudden absence might be noticed.

Indeed, as it was, one day out in the garden, when Scarpa was sitting near her, she thought she saw a knowing gleam in his eyes. Afterward she tried to assure herself that it was a trick of her own conscience; but she had not worn the earrings again in the daytime—nor ever if she knew that Scarpa was to be present.

She threw down her pencil. The first thing at all events was to find out how much she could realize on her stones, and to do that she would have to go to Paris. Taking a railroad gazette out of a drawer, she looked up trains. Eight-thirty mornings, arriving at——

The door burst open. The prince, exuberant, his face wreathed in smiles, skipped, rather than walked, into the room. In pure joyousness he pinched her cheek.

"What do you think, my dear one? It is all arranged. We can have *la bella* Nina; we shall go to Rome as usual. And you, you more than generous, shall not sell any jewels!"

His wife did not at once echo his gladness; in fact she seemed frightened.

"What has happened, Sandro? You have not made a wager and won?"

He looked reproachful, almost sulky. "Leonora, unjust you are. Have I not promised? But I will tell you. I have arranged it all with Scarpa. I have let him have the Raphael—as security, practically—that is, I have sold it to him for a hundred thousand lire—a loan merely—and he has given me the privilege of buying it back at any time, with added interest, of course. There will be no need of paying for years. He is perfectly delighted, as he has always wanted the picture, and says he only hopes I may never wish to take it back."

"No, don't let us do that," the princess exclaimed protestingly. "I can't tell you how I feel about it, but—I don't trust Scarpa. It is a hard thing to say, but I have always believed he persuaded you into buying the 'Little Devil' mine, knowing it could not be worked. Of course, dear, that heavy loss may not have been his fault, but I'd so much rather never have any dealings with him. Besides, the very thing I wish to avoid is letting people know we must get money."

"But, *cara mia*, listen: It is all so well thought out, no one will know. You see, we go to Rome; this picture hangs in an empty house, which through the winter is very damp, and bad, therefore, for the painting. Scarpa keeps his house open and heated; he takes care of it on that account. Is that not a wonderful reason?"

"Whose reason was that?"

"Scarpa's own!" He danced a few steps in his excess of delight.

His wife arose and put her hand on his arm. "To please me, do not send the picture. I can sell the jewels and have false stones put in their places. We need not have any one know. But I don't want to remain in the duke's debt!"

"The picture is already in his possession."

"In his possession? But how?"

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"He drove over here just now, followed me in his motor-car, and took it back with him."

The princess stood staring ahead of her. "What are his reasons?" she said to herself, yet audibly.

Her husband looked at her, his head a little on one side, then he said banteringly: "Leonora, you Americans are too analytical. You always look for a motive. Life is not of motive over here. Have you not learned that in all these years? We act from impulse, as the mood takes us—we have not the hidden thought that you are always looking for."

"You speak for yourself, Sandro *mio*, but all are not like you. However, since the picture is gone —and since you have made that arrangement—let it be. I may do Scarpa injustice; he has always professed friendship for you—as indeed who has not?" She looked at him with the softened glance that one sees in a mother's face when she looks at her child.

Sansevero seated himself at the desk and took up the photograph of Nina. "When will she arrive?" he asked buoyantly; then with sudden inspiration, "Write to Giovanni and ask him to hurry home. If Nina should fancy him, what a prize!"

The princess started. "On account of her money, you mean?"

"Ah, but one must think of that! We have no children; all this goes to Giovanni—with Nina's immense fortune it would be very well. We could all live as it used to be; there are the apartments on the second floor in Rome, and the west wing here. I can think of nothing more fitting or delightful. Has she grown pretty?"

"I don't know that you would call her pretty," mused the princess.

"Beside *you*, my dearest, a beauty might seem plain!" His wife tried to look indifferent, but she was pleased, nevertheless.

"Tell me, Sandro, you flatterer, but tell me honestly, am I still pretty? No, really? Will Nina think me the same, or will her thought be 'How my Aunt has gone off'?"

Melodramatically Sandro seized her wrists and drew her to the window; placing her in the full light of the sun, he peered with mock tragedy into her face. "Let me see. Your hair—no, not a gray one! The gold of your hair at least I have not squandered—yet."

"Don't, dear." She would have moved away, but he held her.

"Your face is thinner, but that only shows better its beautiful bones. Ah, now your smile is just as delicious—but don't wrinkle your forehead like that; it is full of lines. So —that is better. You make the eyes sad sometimes; eyes should be the windows that let light into the soul; they should be glad and admit only sunshine." Then with one of his lightning transitions of mood, he added, not without a ring of emotion, "*Mia povera bella.*"

But Eleanor reached up and took his face between her hands. "As for you," she said, "you are always just a boy. Sometimes it is impossible to believe you are older than I—I think I should have been your mother."

## CHAPTER III

A PONDEROUS, glossy, red Limousine turned in under the wrought bronze portico of one of the palatial houses of upper Fifth Avenue. As the car stopped, the face of a woman of about forty appeared at its window. Her expression was one of fretful annoyance, as though the footman who had sprung off the box and hurried up the steps to ring the front doorbell had, in his haste, stumbled purposely. The look she gave him, as he held the door open for her to alight, rebuked plainly his awkward stupidity.

Yet, in spite of Mrs. Randolph's petulant expression, it was evident that she had distinct claims to prettiness, though of the carefully prolonged variety. The art of the masseuse was visible in that curious swollen smoothness of the skin which gives an effect of spilled candle-wax—its lack of wrinkles never to be mistaken for the freshness of youth. Much also might be said of the skill with which the "original color" of her hair had been preserved. She was very well "done," indeed; every detail proclaimed expenditure of time—other people's—and money —her own. She trotted, rather than walked, as though bored beyond the measure of endurance and yet in a hurry. Following her was a tall, slim, fair-haired young girl, who, leaving the footman to gather up a number of parcels, turned to the chauffeur. Even in giving an order, there was a winning grace in her lack of self-consciousness, and her voice was fresh in its timbre, enthusiastic in its inflection.

"Henri," she said, "you had better be here at three. The steamer sails at four, and an hour will not give me any too much time. Have William come for Celeste and the steamer things at two. The Panhard will be

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best, as there is plenty of room in the tonneau." Then she ran lightly up the steps and into the house.

The first impression of a visitor upon entering the hall might have been of emptiness. In contrast to the over-elaborateness characteristic of all too many American homes and hotels, obtruding their highly colored, gold-laden ornament, the Randolph house rather inclined toward an austerity of decoration. But after the first general impression, more careful observation revealed the extreme luxury of appointments and details. The one flaw—if one might call it such—was that every article in the entire house was spotlessly, perfectly brand-new. The Persian rugs, pinkish red in coloring and made expressly to tone in with the gray white marble of the hall, were direct from the looms. The banister, of beautiful simplicity, was as newly wrought as the stainless velvet with which the hand-rail was covered. From the hall opened faultlessly executed rooms, each correctly adhering to the "period" that had been selected. The library was possibly more furnished than the rest of the house; but even here the touch of a magician's wand might have produced the bookcases of Circassian walnut ready filled with evenly matched, leather bound, and finely tooled volumes. It would have been a relief to see a few shabby, old-calf folios, a few more common and every-day, in cloth or buckram!

On the mind of a carping critic the universal newness might have forced the question, "Where did the family live before they came here? Did all their accumulation of personal belongings burn with an old homestead? Or did they start fresh with their new house, coming from nowhere?" One could imagine their having superintended the moving-in of crates and boxes innumerable, but the idea of vans piled with heterogeneous personal effects that had accumulated through years—— Impossible!

As Mrs. Randolph and her daughter entered, a servant opened the doors leading into the dining-room, and Mrs. Randolph turned at once in that direction.

"You don't want to go upstairs before luncheon, do you, Nina?"

"Yes, for a moment, Mama. I want to speak to Celeste about the things for my steamer trunk." Her mother suggested sending a servant, but Nina had already gone. She entered an elevator that in contrast to the severity of the hall looked like a gilt bird cage with mirrors set between the bars, pushed a button, and mounted two flights.

On emerging, she went into her own bedroom, which, from the Aubusson carpet to the Dresden and ormolu appliques, might have arrived in a bonbon box direct from the avenue de l'Opéra in Paris. At the present moment a couple of steamer trunks stood gaping in the middle of the floor, tissue paper was scattered about on various chairs, the dressing-table was bare of silver, and a traveling bag displayed a row of gold bottle and brush tops. Nina threw her packages on a couch already littered with empty boxes, wrapping-paper, new books, and various other articles.

"Have the other trunks gone, Celeste?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Any messages for me?"

"Mr. Derby telephoned that he would be here soon after lunch. Miss Lee also telephoned. And Mr. Travers."

Nina listened, half absently, except possibly for a flickering interest at the mention of Mr. Derby. She went into an adjoining room that had a deep plunge bath of white marble, and a white bear rug on the floor. A sliding panel in the wall disclosed a safe, from which she gathered together several velvet boxes, and carried them to her maid.

"Are these all that Mademoiselle will take?"

"Yes, that is enough—I don't know, though, the emerald pendant looks well on gray dresses." She got another velvet box and threw it on the floor. "I ordered the Panhard to be here for you at two o'clock. They can put the trunks in the tonneau. My stateroom is 'B,' yours is 107."

Quickly as she had entered, she was gone again, into the elevator and down to join her mother.

"Really, Nina," Mrs. Randolph said as soon as her daughter was seated, "I can't see what you want to go to Rome for. I am sure it's more comfortable here. I hate visiting, myself." As she spoke she set straight a piece of silver that to her critical eye seemed an eighth of an inch out of line.

"But, Mama, you know how keen I have always been to see Aunt Eleanor's home. Being with her can hardly seem visiting; and Uncle Sandro——"

"What your aunt ever saw in Sandro Sansevero," interrupted her mother, "I'm sure I can't imagine. He's always bobbing and bowing and gesticulating, and he talks broken

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English. He makes me nervous! I'd infinitely rather be without a title than have it at that price."

"You have always told me that theirs was a love match, that Aunt Eleanor did not marry him for his title."

"That is just the senseless part of it!" Mrs. Randolph retorted with a fine disregard for consistency. "If she had married him for his name—which, after all, is a good one, although princes are as common in Italy as 'misters' are here—that would have been one thing. But she was actually in love with him! She is yet, so far as I can see!"

Nina burst out laughing, and, as though catching the infection, Mrs. Randolph laughed too. They were interrupted by the butler's announcing "Mr. Derby!"

John Derby was a young man of twenty-five, broad shouldered and well over six feet. His features were a little too rugged to be strictly handsome, but his spare frame was as muscular as that of a young gladiator. So much at least our colleges do for the sons we send to them. John Derby had made both the 'Varsity eight and the eleven; he had been a young god at the end of June when, captain of the victorious boat, his classmates had borne him on their shoulders to their club-house. That night there had been toasting and speeches and what not—he was a very "big man" of a very big university; and perhaps nothing that life might ever give him in the future could overshadow this experience.

All hail to the victor—and glorious be his remembrances. Exit our Greek god at the end of June, to be replaced by a young American citizen about the first of July—one small atom who thinks to make the same sized mark on the great plain of life that he made on the college campus. All the same, there were good clean ideals back of John Derby's blue eyes, and fresh, healthy young blood surged through his veins. What is the world for, if not for such as he to conquer?

Thousands had called "Derby! Derby! Go it, Derby!" when he made his famous sixty-yard run down the gridiron. Yet it is well to remember that the victory came at the end of ten years' training at school and college, after many bruises, some dislocations, and not a few breaks. With such discipline, there was after all no reason to wonder that he donned overalls and went to a desolate settlement of brick chimneys, smelters, and shack dwellings, set on the sides of hills, which, because of sulphurous fumes, were bleak as sandhills in Sahara.

He had taken up his work at Copper Rock exactly as he had taken up his practice under the athletic coaches. He gave all the best of him, from the earliest to the latest possible hours; and night saw him stretched on a bunk which would have made his mother wince, but upon which he slept the sleep of healthy, tired youth.

Three years he had spent in this place. Twice in that time furnace explosions had sent him home to be nursed. But he suppressed the horrors and related only enthusiastic tales of metallurgical possibilities. In the main, however, he was strong enough to stand it. It did him a vast amount of good; and the end of three years saw him saying good-by with something akin to regret to the bleak shacks on the bleaker hills, and to the men he had grown to know and appreciate.

An improved form of blast furnace that he had patented, eased his first strenuous need of money. And the present moment found him vice-president of a mining and smelting company, temporarily back among his old friends, and somewhat in his old life again. He was too busy and too interested in his work to spend any effort outside of it; but there were one or two houses where he went, and one of them was the Randolphs'. The Randolph and Derby country places adjoined, and since early boyhood he had been as much at home in one house as in the other.

Mrs. Randolph had taken his college achievements complacently as a tribute to her discernment in having nurtured an eagle in her own swan's nest. But his work at Copper Rock seemed to her a fanatical whim. She no more appreciated the benefit of the experience than she understood the persevering grit that was the real reason for her liking him. Nina, having adored him as a Greek god, continued her allegiance to the workman at Copper Rock. She had written him letters regularly; she had even sent him provision baskets. To herself she questioned whether the end he was striving for might not be reached by smoother roads; but if any one else suggested that he was doing an irrational thing, she flew up in arms. And now as he came into the dining-room his "Hello, Nina!" was much as a brother's might have been, and he kissed Mrs. Randolph's cheek.

"Will you have lunch, John?" she smiled up at him. "It is all cold by now, I dare say!"

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"No, thanks, I lunched downtown; but I'll sit here if I may." He picked up a knife from the table and cut the string of a package he held in his hand. "I brought you these, Nina. Have you read all of them?"

Nina finished a mouthful of nectarine and picked up the books one by one.

No, she had not read any of them. So he went on to explain: he knew the cowboy story was a corker, and another, of Arizona, described an Indian fight in the Bad Lands that was capital. He did not know much about the others, but the man at the shop had told him two were very funny; he had bought the rest on account of their illustrations.

Nina laughed deliciously with real joy—she loved his selection, because it seemed to express him.

"It was awfully sweet of you, John. And I shall adore them! I am so glad you did not bring the regular selection of 'Walks in Rome.'"

"What I ought to have brought you," he answered, "was a vellum-paged journal. Surely you won't miss the opportunity of keeping one to enlighten future generations on Italian court life of to-day!"

"You need not make fun of me. I don't think you half appreciate how wonderful it is going to be," Nina returned earnestly. "Think of it, I am going to live in a palace!"

Derby threw back his head and laughed.

"What do you call this house? It is a great deal more of a palace than the tumble-down, musty ones of Italy."

Mrs. Randolph seemed enchanted with this rejoinder, for she laughed almost gleefully as she exclaimed, "Nina will be ready enough to come home at the end of a week!"

Instead of answering Nina jumped up from the table, calling "There you are at last, Father darling!"

Her father, a man of distinguished presence, had come into the room looking at his watch from force of custom. And though his eyes rested upon his daughter with very evident pride and affection, the habit of quickly terminated interviews and the economy of precious time gave a sharp, decisive curtness to his manner. Every one who came in contact with him felt the impelling necessity of coming to the point as clearly and tersely as possible. Just now, with a "Hello, John, my boy," he held out his hand to Derby and shook his head negatively in answer to his wife's inquiry if he wanted luncheon.

"Well, are you ready to start?" he asked his daughter, smiling. And then to Derby he added, "Excuse Nina for a few moments, John; I want to speak with her. You are going down to the steamer with her, of course?" As Derby answered affirmatively, Nina picked up her books and followed her father.

In his own study he drew her to a sofa beside him, and from a number of papers in his pocket he handed her an envelope.

"Here is your letter of credit. I doubt if you will need the whole amount of it. If, on the contrary, you find you want more for anything special, write or cable to the office."

Out of another pocket he drew a white muslin bag, such as bankers use. It held a quantity of Italian gold and a roll of Italian bank notes. This was "change" to have with her when she should arrive. He talked with her for some time on various topics: on the beauty of Italy, the charm of the people; of his admiration for Eleanor Sansevero. "But, dearest," he ended, "one word on the subject of European men: you will probably have a good deal of attention. I don't want to spoil your enjoyment, but you must remember the hard, cold fact that it will be chiefly because you are Miss Millionaire."

"I am sure they couldn't be any more after 'Miss Millionaire' over there than here." She began calmly enough, but grew vehement as she continued: "How many of the proposals that I have had from my own countrymen during the past two years have been for me, the girl, and not merely for your daughter?"

Her father, having stirred up her resentment, now tried to soothe it down again.

"You must not get cynical, little girl. Every advantage in this world must have its corresponding disadvantage. I merely want you to follow your extremely sensible and well-balanced head. Only, remember," he added with bantering good-humor, "I am not over keen about foreigners, so don't bring a little what-is-it back with you, and expect because it has a long string of titles dangling to it, that it will be welcomed with any enthusiasm by your doting father! So, away with you!" He again looked at his watch. "Better get your things together; you haven't any too much time."

As soon as Nina left him, instead of rejoining his wife and Derby he sat at his desk and was immediately absorbed in making figures with the stub of a pencil on the back of an envelope. He was still there when Nina, in

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coat and furs, came downstairs again to the library, where her mother and Derby were now waiting.

"Well, Nina, are you ready at last? Where is your father? What is he doing now?" her mother demanded with a pout, as if his absence were quite Nina's fault, and as if whatever his occupation might be it especially annoyed her. She fluttered to the doorway of his study and looked in.

"James, I really think you might give some thought to your family. Nina is going now." She spoke in a babyish, aggrieved tone. He did not look up, and Mrs. Randolph did not repeat her remark; she turned instead to Nina. "Go in and tell your father that I think he might pay you some attention."

Nina went over behind his chair, and gently put her cheek down to his. She did not interrupt him, but let him finish the calculation he was doing; and he turned to her after about a minute.

"All right, sweetheart, come along."

Having put his envelope in his pocket, he dismissed whatever it meant completely from his mind, and Nina held his undivided attention as he went down the steps with her to the motor, into which Derby had already put Mrs. Randolph. As soon as they were all in and the machine started, Nina leaned forward and called to the butler, "Good-by, Dawson!" And for once the man's face lost its imperturbability, as he answered fervently, "Good-by, miss, and a safe return—home!"

"Safe return—home." For a moment the question entered her head—was there any doubt of her returning? With the apprehension came also a slight sense of excitement——but soon she had forgotten. While they sped toward the dock, Mrs. Randolph, possibly a little piqued that her daughter could want to spend the winter away from her, showed her authority by endless directions as to Nina's behavior. And as she completely monopolized the conversation as far as Nina was concerned, the two men talked together.

Nina's responses gradually drifted into a series of "Yes, Mama's," to admonitions that were but half heard, until her wandering attention was brought up with a sharp turn by her mother's impatient exclamation:

"For goodness sake, Nina, try to be less monotonous!"

Nina roused herself quickly. "I am sorry, Mama dear! I did not think there was anything for me to say. Please don't be put out with me, just now when I am going away!"

They had by this time arrived at the steamer, and went for a moment to see Nina's cabin, where they found Celeste trying to reduce to some semblance of order the innumerable baskets of fruit and boxes of flowers with which it was crowded.

Derby looked perhaps a trifle chagrined at the profusion, as Nina gave a cursory glance at the cards that Celeste had affixed to each opened box. But with a curious little smile—one that had real sweetness in it—Nina picked up a particular bunch of violets, and looked at Derby over their clustered fragrance as she lifted them to her face. She let the look thank him—and then she pinned the flowers on.

Mrs. Randolph did not see the wordless scene, as she was busy reading cards and making characteristic comments. Mr. Randolph had stopped to make sure that the luggage was attended to. He now appeared, and with him Mrs. Gray, with whom Nina was to make the crossing. Mrs. Gray shook hands with every one, called Nina a "precious child," told her where the steamer chairs had been placed, and disappeared. On the promenade deck Nina found a throng of young girls and men waiting for her. They all chattered together in a group and plied her with questions: Was she going to be presented at court? Was she going to live in an old castle? What was her uncle the prince like? How wonderful to spend a seaeon in Rome! They wished they were going, too—and so they went on.

But at a moment when the others were all talking loudly, John Derby managed to draw Nina aside. He looked down at her with an expression half-quizzical, half-serious. "This is about the time we come to the 'great divide,'" he said. "Your trail lies to the palaces of the Old World; mine to dig holes in remote corners of the New. You'll write me, won't you? My letters will be pretty dull, I am afraid—same old story: a laborer's day, and occasionally a Sunday's ride to get the mail at the nearest ranch."

"Then I'll make mine doubly thick—so they will seem like packets. I may even write that famous journal and send it in instalments to you!" Then suddenly the banter died out of Nina's eyes and voice and she said half-sentimentally: "Dear old John! Most of every one I shall miss you. I hope things will go famously for you. You have my address?"

"Yes; and mine is Breakstone, Arizona, care of Burk Mining Company. Well," he smiled, "good hunting to both of us!"

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There was still plenty of time before the ship sailed, but Mr. Randolph was leaving. He had been talking with another financier who was seeing his own family off, and now came up between Nina and Derby.

"If you will go with me now," he said to the latter, "we can talk over the sulphur proposition on the way to my office." Then he turned to Nina: "It is barely possible I may send John over to Italy in February."

Nina raised her eyebrows as she looked at Derby. "You said you were going to Arizona!" she said accusingly.

But Derby's expression showed that he was as much in the dark as she. Mr. Randolph wagged his head as though altogether pleased with the situation. "Of course, he is going to Arizona, and very likely he'll stay there—on the other hand, maybe he won't. Now that's something for you to think about besides speculating on the length of name of each stranger you meet." He kissed her affectionately on both cheeks and, giving Derby barely a chance to shake hands with her, hurried him away.

People were beginning their final goodbyes, and from where Nina and her friends stood by the deck rail, there was a clear view of the gang plank and the ship's departing visitors. It was from this vantage that several pairs of envious young masculine eyes, looking downward, saw the right hand of the great and only James B. Randolph affectionately laid on the broad shoulder of an ex-oarsman and football player. And for as long as the two were in sight it was the ex-oarsman who talked, and the great financier who listened.

## CHAPTER IV

In the branch office of Shayne & Co., Via Condotti, Mr. Shayne arose from his desk, rearranged his diamond scarf-pin in his gray satin Ascot tie, flicked two imaginary particles of dust from his tight-fitting cutaway coat, whisked his silk handkerchief out of his breast pocket and in again, so that the lavender border was visible, cleared his throat, and stood in an attitude of agreeable expectancy.

Directly the door of his private room was discreetly opened, admitting a square-jawed, beetle-browed man, heavy and ugly—a coarse type, yet not without distinction. The two men did not shake hands. Mr. Christopher Shayne bowed blandly, deferentially, yet not servilely, and again he cleared his throat. The visitor nodded as though there upon an affair of business that he was anxious to have terminated as speedily as possible.

"Will you be seated?—I think you will find this chair comfortable." Mr. Shayne indicated a chair with a wave of his hand. "The letter which I have from your Excellency is a trifle indefinite. But I take it that you have something of more than ordinary importance to communicate." He finished his sentence by giving his mustache a thoughtful twirl upward, first on one side and then on the other.

The Duke Scarpa let his rat-like eyes rest a moment upon the alert face of Mr. Shayne before he answered: "You said once in my presence that you had long wanted to acquire a Raphael. I am in a position at present to offer you one."

"A Raphael!" Shayne showed genuine surprise. "I do not remember one in your collection."

"It is not in my own collection. Before giving you further details, however, I must be assured that you are still anxious to purchase, and also that you will observe strict secrecy with regard to it."

"In answer to the first, such an opportunity is beyond question of interest to me; in answer to the second, my reputation should be a guarantee of my discretion. I hope the picture you have in view is not the Asanai one—for there is much doubt as to its being genuine."

"No, the one I speak of is the Sansevero Madonna."

In spite of himself Mr. Shayne blew a long whistle. "The Sansevero Madonna with the doves!" he reiterated. "That *is* a prize! I am astonished, though——" It was on his tongue to say that he had thought the Prince Sansevero beyond the suspicion of illegal sale of treasures; but, checking himself in time, he finished his sentence—"that he should be willing to part with it. Besides, it is a dangerous thing for him to sell, on account of its celebrity."

"So I told him." The Duke Scarpa lied perfectly. "But it is better, after all, to sell one thing that will bring in a good price than to sell a number of things that bring in little, and yet incur the same amount of risk in getting them out of the country." Here the duke's manner became almost confidential. "As I told you, I am of course acting merely in the interest of my friend the Prince San-

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severo. Selling against the law of my country would be abhorrent to me personally. But my friend, poor fellow, is hard pressed for money. And, as he argues, the picture is his, and has been in his family since long before our government ever made such laws. He considers he has a right—or should have—to dispose of property that is his own. The government would pay not more than half what you will give me, I am sure."

"Of course, of course. I have long coveted that Raphael. On the other hand, as I said, the picture is so very well known and so excellent that it could hardly be palmed off as a copy. Also the canvas is large, which will make it very difficult to conceal. It is still at Torre Sansevero, I suppose?"

"No, it is here in Rome. It is removed from the frame and is at present in my palace. I suppose the offer that you once told me you would make still holds good?"

The American looked shrewd. "Did I name a sum? I do not remember. Ah, yes. But that was for a very rich man who has since bought a Velasquez. I doubt if he will buy any more."

Scarpa rose as though to leave. "My friend wants five hundred thousand lire."

Mr. Shayne laughed scornfully. "Preposterous!" he said, and from that they argued for nearly half an hour; but in the end it was settled that the picture should change hands, and the price agreed upon was two hundred and fifty thousand lire.

In the matter of payment the duke was punctilious about protecting his friend the Prince Sansevero from the consequences of the transgression of the law. Shayne agreed to make his payments in cash, so that Sansevero's name should not appear on the checks.

Christopher Shayne was more than skeptical, though, about the duke's disinterestedness. "There is a rake-off for this one somewhere," he thought. He also thought that for once he had been mistaken in his judgment of character. Sansevero had been, in his opinion, a man who would sooner starve than defraud the government. So strongly did he believe this that although he had, as the duke knew, long coveted the Raphael, he would never have dared to approach Sansevero.

After the duke had taken his departure, Shayne went out and personally sent a code cable announcing his purchase.

"Well," he said to himself, "it's no business of mine. But duke or no duke, he is a slick one. I don't like him. I can tell, though, whether it is the Sansevero picture as soon as I lay my eyes on it—but what gets me is that the prince chose such a go-between. Why didn't he come to me direct?" He didn't puzzle over that long, however; planning to get the picture out of Italy occupied his attention. An excellent idea presented itself: some furniture ordered by his firm should carry it in a sofa, and his partner should be advised by cipher letter to remove the picture. J. B. Randolph would buy it, without doubt—no need to tell him how it came into Shayne & Co.'s hands. They could swear they bought it in London. Plausible stories of masterpieces discovered in out of the way corners were easily enough manufactured.

The Duke Scarpa at the same time was being driven cheerfully homeward. That had been a stroke, that idea of pretending he was merely the intermediary. He had got the picture for a loan of one hundred thousand, and had one hundred and fifty thousand clear profit. There was nothing to show his transaction with Sansevero. No money had passed between them, not even a scrap of paper. He had torn up the prince's I. O. U., and that was all the evidence there had been. Christopher Shayne, besides, was a shrewd man and reliable, and one who had never been caught in a questionable transaction. To be sure, Scarpa had given Sansevero his word (but again there was no proof) that he would let him retrieve the picture at an advanced price that should be merely the accrued compound interest on the money lent. In case of his being able to reclaim it, Scarpa would pretend that the picture was burnt or stolen—time enough to cross bridges when he came to them. But that chance was beyond all probability. There was no way for Sansevero ever to secure enough money to get back the picture—unless, indeed, his younger brother Giovanni should marry the great American heiress who was on her way to Italy for the winter.

"I hardly think that likely," said the Duke Scarpa to himself, as he stroked his heavy chin with his fat hand, "for I intend to annex that little fortune myself."

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# THOMAS DABNEY

## By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Illustrations by Power O'Malley

WHEN one is making but ten dollars a week, the problem of living becomes one of mere mathematics. One does not have meat every day—that can be easily figured out—but it is wonderful, nevertheless, what can be done with twenty cents' worth of soup meat, even for a family of six. Every one who lives by the rigid counting of pennies knows of that one particular butcher's, usually seven or eight blocks away, where the best and biggest piece of soup meat can be had for the money. If you send one of the children you may get a slice of bologna thrown in, but the butcher usually deducts several times its cost from the value of the meat, so it is best to go yourself.

Well, the first day you have the soup, a good, thick, vegetable soup with potatoes and carrots and cabbage and onions in it, but you do not have any of the meat. That is carefully saved back. The two older members of the family could, indeed, get along very nicely on the soup alone, but not the children. It is marvelous the appetites that children have. Sometimes Thomas Dabney laid down his knife and fork and watched his four little ones in amazement. It really was astonishing the amount of boiled potatoes and bread and butter that they would put away after two bowls of soup, though it was a pleasure, too, to see them eat, and to realize that their rosy cheeks and sturdy bodies went hand in hand with their appetites. At such times Thomas tried not to wince at the reflection that potatoes were a dollar a bushel when bought by the peck.

The next day they had potatoes, maybe cabbage or beans, bread and butter, and the soup meat sliced and fried. To people of finicky taste this last dish might have seemed a bit leathery and lacking in flavor, but the taste of the Dabney family was not finicky. The question of palatability is only a comparative one, after all, and those who have never fed on squabs with mushrooms do not miss them. To Thomas Dabney and his wife the fried soup meat was very good indeed, but these two never took a second slice. Not only were there four eager little mouths to be supplied, but there was to-morrow to think of, when what was left of the meat, after picking every little shred from the bone, was to be made into meat balls, stretched out with potatoes and flour to make them go around.

It is easy to walk three miles to work in the morning, by getting up early enough, and much better for the health than riding in crowded street-cars; and it is possible to walk three miles home in the evening no matter how tired you are. But to walk three miles and back in the noon hour, with time to eat besides, is impossible, so these eventful main meals were in the evening. One cannot work well enough to hold a job without one good, heavy, warm meal in the day.

For breakfast the Dabneys had fried potatoes—for a change, fried mush, or wheat or corn cakes—coffee, and bread and butter. When they had the cakes, a strip of bacon rind was used to grease the frying-pan. For luncheon they had tea, and bread and butter, and potatoes boiled with the jackets on. That is by all odds the best way to prepare potatoes, you should know. There is no waste. The jackets come off without bringing any of the potato with them. To save coal, enough potatoes were boiled at a time to serve for the noonday meal and also to slice for next morning's breakfast. The Dabneys, you will understand by this, used coal for fuel the year round. It was a little uncomfortable in the summer time, that is true, but it was ever so much cheaper than gasoline, and besides, gasoline was dangerous!

For three rooms—a kitchen, a sitting-room, and a bedroom—Thomas Dabney had to pay twelve dollars per month. The sitting-

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room was really another bedroom, except when they had company, but they called it a sitting-room all the time. One cannot escape pride altogether. Twelve dollars per month is $2.80 per week. Deducting this amount from ten dollars one can readily see how *much* mathematics was necessary to make $7.20 stretch out to cover all necessities. The outlay for shoes alone was something tremendous. There was no item of continuous expenditure that came upon this breadwinner with such astounding regularity as the call for footgear. He would be just in the midst of his never-ending calculations, deciding perhaps that this week he would surely be able to lay aside a dollar toward the rainy-day fund, or the winter coal, which he was perpetually, though vainly, hoping to purchase all at once, in the summer time, while it was cheap.

"My dear," would come the interruption, "Donald really must have a new pair of shoes. Just look at them. They have been fixed so often that there is no place to put another patch. The uppers will not hold another sole."

It seemed to Thomas Dabney that he bought a pair of shoes for some one of his family every week. And this was only one of the myriad of items that made the division of $7.20 into seven days such a complicated problem in arithmetic.

Notwithstanding all this, you must not think that the Dabneys were poor. When one is happy one cannot be poor. The Dabneys had one another, and they were, parents and children, a world unto themselves. Good temper, affection, and self-abnegation ruled their household, and they all assured themselves that they had plenty. They went so far as to give thanks for their "abundance of mercies." Lots of people who have more, are not that rich. It was even possible—by going without a great many things that one might foolishly want if one allowed himself to do so, things like tobacco and newspapers and a warm overcoat, for instance—to save a little money. Thomas had saved over a hundred dollars once, but sickness came along and took it away. That was the worst of it. There are two scourges that always come hand in hand to the house where each dollar is broken with a sigh—disease and the doctor, one with its hideous threat of death, and the other with an inexorable hand outstretched to take away the means of sustaining life.

Where love refuses to fly out of the window but stays and flaunts poverty on the doorstep, the "dry crust of adversity" is ever sweet. Thomas Dabney had two loves that made his life serene—his God and his family. Every Sunday he donned the shiny black Prince Albert in which he had been married, and with his entire household went to an obscure little church where clothes had nothing whatever to do with the way of salvation. The obscure little church was one of an old-style Scotch creed, now happily almost obsolete, that still taught infant damnation, day in and day out agony of body forever and ever and ever for the sinner, and a few other cheerfully brutal things like that; and though the God he worshiped was the most gloomy Father that has ever been conceived by either Christian or pagan, Thomas Dabney accepted Him unquestionably and guided his own life by the stern teaching that was shrieked and thundered at him from the virtuously ugly little pulpit. To illustrate: once when a boy he had taken a dime that did not belong to him. Stricken by the enormity of his offense he had put it back, but since that day he had never called himself an honest man, though that was his only lapse from the rigid standard that had been made part of his bone and sinew through generation after generation. By this you may see the simplicity of the man. He never read, he never thought. He could not tell an oil painting from a chromo. All music, other than hymns, was the devil's music to him. He never saw a sunset. He never saw beauty of any sort, in fact, *except* the grace of baby Jennie, the gold of Jamie's curly hair, the sweet smile of Ellen, the blue of Donald's eyes, the love light in the face of Mary, his wife. Mary! She was the one who made heaven seem more real. Why, in all their married life Thomas and his wife had never known a quarrel! Their children, too, were obedient and affectionate, and sometimes when Thomas Dabney looked at the smiling faces around his evening table, his heart swelled almost to bursting with love and pride and gratitude. Here were five good reasons for loving the God that had made him so happy. This was better than books or thought, than music or paintings.

It is a great annoyance, even an inconvenience, to a vast number of people, when the prices of provisions go steadily up.

"John," indignantly says the mistress of the house, "what do you think? That steak

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HERE WERE FIVE GOOD REASONS FOR LOVING THE GOD THAT MADE HIM SO HAPPY.

cost sixty cents. Three months ago we paid only forty for steaks as good, if not better."

John frowns and tentatively sticks his carving-fork into the inch and a half of juicy pinkness.

"It *doesn't* seem to be a choice cut," he observes. "Outrageous, isn't it? By the way, the Lambertsons have invited us to share their box at the opera next Wednesday night. Will your new gown be home in time?"

Almost any one will see by this how an increase in the cost of living affects us all. But when one has to pay thirty cents for a piece of soup meat that formerly cost but twenty, when potatoes cost thirty-five cents a peck in place of twenty-five, when a fifty-cent sack of flour costs sixty-five, families that live by careful study of the rules of addition and subtraction have half their figuring cut off. They are reduced to subtraction only.

This condition confronted Thomas Dabney one winter, and just as he was beginning to get used to the new problem, diphtheria gripped in succession Ellen and Jamie and baby Jennie and Donald. With the diphtheria came the doctor, the druggist just behind him with a hungry hand, and the slender savings vanished like the morning mist. Night and day Mary Dabney bent over the bedside of her little brood. She scarcely slept or ate, and when, by the Herculean efforts of which mothers alone are capable, she had dragged them back from the edge of the black pit that had yawned and yearned for them, she paid the penalty of her devotion. She herself crawled into the bed scarce cold as yet

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from the fevered tossings of her children, and battled her stern weeks with typhoid.

Then was when Thomas Dabney had need of all his fortitude and all his strength. It is no light task to sit by a bedside the greater part of the night, and toil all next day. You see, if one nods or gets sleepy over his work in these places where many hands are employed, there are eyes to see and tongues to reprimand and jobs to lose; moreover, there are sharp tools to cut and grinding cogs and whirring belts to maim if one grows numb or careless. He was a strong man, though, this expert in the mathematics of bread and butter, and he had children to help him. They were noble children, those, and now their love and their years of training told. Ellen and Jamie particularly proved to be jewels of helpfulness, attending their mother and baby Jennie in the daytime with unflagging zeal and patience, proud in the thought that they were paying back some of the care that she had bestowed upon them. The children of the poor grow helpful early.

Donald alone—Donald, the firstborn—took but little part in the payment of this debt. He was listless and perpetually tired since he had been pronounced cured of his diphtheria, and the doctor shook his head gravely every time he saw him.

"You want to take care of yourself, my boy," he would say. "Wrap yourself up well when you go out, and be very careful not to take cold," and he left Donald something to take as a tonic.

What he left was in the shape of a prescription and had yet to be transmuted into liquid form by the touch of money. Donald thanked him, and later crumpled the prescription into a little ball that he tossed in the stove. He knew that already the druggist was beginning to look askance at Dabney prescriptions unaccompanied by cash, and whatever shred of credit was left there must be reserved for his mother. That was his share toward her recovery.

Time, plodding slowly onward, raised Mary Dabney to her feet and with a pitying shove sent her tottering about to take up the burden of her long-neglected duties. Thomas Dabney heaved a long sigh of relief as he squared his shoulders for the fresh burdens that now settled upon him, thankful that these burdens were, after all, only in the way of arithmetic and not of grief. Credit had been used and exhausted at the butcher's, the grocer's, the coal dealer's, the three Fates of the poor in pocket. In order to understand fully this new perplexity that defied solution, you may take a piece of paper and a pencil and figure how long, with a total saving of nothing a week, it would take to pay off a doctor, a druggist, a grocer, a butcher, and a coal dealer. The problem seems so simple that it is almost ridiculous, but Thomas Dabney had no sense of humor whatever. He persisted in regarding the matter seriously, and as he trudged to his work that morning the conditions of his dilemma revolved themselves over and over in his slow mind like those toy railroad trains which, traveling in a circle, keep on going and going without ever getting any place. He spent the forenoon in the same dazed condition, his hands doing mechanically the work they had done for years, but his mind plodding onward in slow revolution from the doctor's to the druggist's, to the grocer's, to the butcher's, to the coal dealer's, and back home again for a fresh start. He ate his lunch, two slices of bread and butter, in the same intense preoccupation, his jaws working with entire independence of his mental process. Before this bitter winter he had enjoyed two crisp slices of bacon between his bread. Now, however, it would not have tasted so good.

In the afternoon, just before closing time, he was still climbing his eternal treadmill of worry, when the boy came down from the office and touched Thomas Dabney on the arm. The way of an office boy is this. Being young and ashamed of his years, he assumes more than the mere insolence of borrowed authority, and he likes best to use it upon gray-headed men. This jumps for him a gap of twenty years, to the time when he expects to be a boss himself. It would not hurt so much but that one must think, with a shudder, of whether other boys, a Donald or a Jamie, for instance, could come to be like that.

"Say, Dabney, Mr. Marsden wants you. Hustle!" ordered this office boy, and turning on his heel he stalked back through the shop with great dignity.

Thomas Dabney dutifully followed him. On the way, glancing upward, he noted that the end of a belt-lacing was loose. It flapped with a sharp crack every time it came over the pulley. It would not be long until the lacing would give way, and the belt might cause some damage to life or property. It was through the mechanical portion of his brain, only, that this idea presented itself.

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"DABNEY," SAID HE, "THEY TELL ME YOU ARE A MAN WHO NEVER TALKS."

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What he half muttered was : "Twenty-seven dollars!" That was the amount of his doctor's bill.

In Mr. Marsden's private office the boss was signing a pile of letters. When he had almost finished these he touched a bell. His secretary came in and got the letters. Then, and not till then, Mr. Marsden looked up.

"Dabney," said he, "they tell me you are a man who never talks."

As if in support of this, Dabney made no reply. He merely grinned in a slow, embarrassed sort of way, but it was because he did not understand. He was still thinking of his dilemma.

"They say, too," continued Mr. Marsden, "that you are a very capable workman, slow, but very painstaking and thorough. How much are we paying you?"

"Ten dollars a week, sir," replied Thomas Dabney, drawing a long breath. "You see, sir, it is not enough. I will tell you why. Before this winter we got along very well. But meat and potatoes and everything have gone up. Perhaps you have noticed it. Then we have had a deal of sickness. I owe the doctor twenty-seven dollars. He is a kind man and does not press me for the money since he finds I have none. And he keeps on coming when we need him. One likes to pay that sort of a doctor. I owe Mr. Kreider eleven dollars and fifty cents. He has the drug store on the corner, you know. I am not very well known around there. He is the only man that keeps a drug store who will let me have medicine without pay, and here of late he stops and studies before he hands it out. Some day one of the children will come back home without the medicine. I owe Mr. Jones over fifteen dollars for groceries. He has a wife and family of his own, and you cannot blame him for wanting his money. Mr. Stevens, now is different. He is the butcher, you know. He is a bachelor and keeps a fine horse and buggy, but he said yesterday, 'No more meat.' I owe him nine dollars. Then I owe three dollars for my last load of coal. The coal companies here are very strict. They will not give you any coal, even if your credit is good, until you have paid for the last, and if you owe one coal dealer the rest will not let you have any."

Having laid down the elements of the unsolvable sum that had perplexed him all day, Thomas Dabney ceased to talk, but he did not change his expression at all. He had been looking thoughtfully at the gyrations of a little novelty clock with a rotating pendulum, and he continued to gaze at it. Mr. Marsden had listened attentively, but now he smiled.

"It seems that they were mistaken about your conversational powers," he dryly observed. "I'm going to chance it, however, that they have been correct about the rest of it, and I'm going to raise you to twelve dollars a week. Dabney, the Everglade concern is getting a big slice of our business. They are undercutting our prices within the last couple of months. On their unfinished goods they have made no reduction, so the new advantage must be in their finishing process. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I am going to discharge you."

Thomas Dabney blinked. The ideas had come too rapidly for him to link them together. The promises of a raise and of a discharge within a minute, without apparent cause for either, were incomprehensible. He gave it up.

"I want you, then," continued Mr. Marsden, "to apply for a job at the Everglade concern. They will take you on readily enough because their volume of business is constantly increasing. When you get over there I want you to find out as quickly as you can what their new finishing process is, and let me know it at the earliest opportunity. If they are using new compounds, get the formula; if you cannot get the formula, secure a sample and I'll have it analyzed. After that you will stay there to gather what further information you can from time to time. They are getting my business and I have got to get it back—and keep it. You will receive your wages over there and you will continue to draw twelve dollars a week here. I don't need to tell you, of course, that you are to say nothing to any one of this. Come to me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and I will give you the cash advance you evidently need."

Thomas Dabney found himself outside the office door with a new bewilderment revolving in unison with that endless chain of the doctor, the druggist, the grocer, the butcher, the coal dealer. Halfway down the shop he met the foreman.

"There is a loose belt-lacing up there," he observed, pointing to it, and passed on.

He was not thinking of the belt-lacing at all. A minute later he could not have told that he

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"O GOD," HE SAID, "I KNOW THAT THOU CANST NEVER FORGIVE ME—
BUT I AM GOING TO DO IT."

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had said the words. It was his mouth only that had spoken.

Not until he was almost in sight of his home had he straightened out the tangle into which Mr. Marsden had thrown him.

"Why, it's stealing!" he exclaimed, and he stopped square in the middle of the sidewalk, so suddenly that a couple of men behind him bumped into him. He paid no attention to that fact as they brushed on by, but when another man jostled him he moved out to the curb, where he stood interestedly watching a little trickle of water in the gutter where it eddied around a pebble and a bit of orange-peel.

Downright theft was what it was! There could be no other name for it. But despite his rebellion, his stern creed did not arouse him to indignation. Instead, he was only hurt, at first, that Mr. Marsden should have picked him out as a willing thief. He thought with renewed compunction of the small coin he had stolen as a boy. He must have an inherited tendency to sin, after all. Could it be that this showed upon him? Incredible as it may seem, there are souls with the simplicity of Thomas Dabney's.

By and by it came upon him to wonder that Mr. Marsden could have proposed this thing at all. Muddled as his mind was about most things, it was singularly clear and direct about matters of theology. Here was a case, for instance, that admitted of no doubt whatever. The matter proposed was a deliberate sin. Now no man may outwit God by mere technicality. It would be worse than folly to commit this sin, planning at the same time to repent afterward and receive forgiveness. Such foreplanned repentance would be but an insult to the Divine intelligence. The conclusion was as plain as A B C. To do this thing meant eternal damnation, nothing else. Shrugging his shoulders, he pushed aside the pebble and the bit of orange-peel with the toe of his shoe and stood for a moment watching the little trickle of water straighten out its eddy; then he plodded on home.

With dragging gait and bowed head Thomas Dabney shuffled up his kitchen steps. He was so preoccupied that he did not notice the new anxiety upon the face of his wife, even when he kissed her as was his home-coming habit. He hung up his hat and coat and turned on the water at the kitchen sink to wash his hands and face.

"Donald is sick again," his wife told him gently. She had let him go this far, dreading to deal him the fresh blow.

"Eh!" he ejaculated, turning to her as if a lash had stung him.

"Pneumonia," she added.

She had moved to the kitchen door, and with her hand on the knob turned for him to follow her. Together they stood by the bedside of the boy. He was wrapped in a jacket poultice that the doctor had put on, and was asleep. Without a trace of emotion upon his face Thomas Dabney stood and looked down at his firstborn. He had passed through such a conflict that he was no longer capable of expression. The tears began to steal down his wife's cheeks.

"O Thomas, Thomas!" she cried, clinging to his shoulder and leaning her head upon it. "It seems that the hand of the Lord is too heavy for us to bear!"

It was the touch he needed to drag him back to living thought. He squared his shoulders as if to shake off some burden that lay upon him.

"No!" he protested. "God has been good to us, wife. We have passed near the valley of the shadow of death, and yet we have all been spared to be together. More still, through all our affliction I have been left well and strong to earn our living."

She seemed to have something else to tell him, but she hesitated and then put it off. She got him his supper and persuaded him to lie down for a nap. At midnight she called him to take up the bedside vigil. She explained the lotion, the tablets, the wet cloths to keep down the fever, then she kissed the boy and turned to go to bed for her own rest. She came back.

"The doctor says that Donald hasn't a fair chance," she said. "He never got strong from his diphtheria. There is only one thing that will save his life, and that is a tank of oxygen. It is a gas that you breathe through a little rubber tube, and it makes your lungs and your blood better some way. I don't quite understand it, but the doctor says it is the only thing to do. It costs ten dollars."

Thomas had been interestedly watching a winter house-fly apparently asleep on the wall. He kept on looking at it and returned no answer. She plucked gently at his sleeve.

"Did you understand? About the oxygen?" she ventured.

"Yes," he replied. "Ten dollars." The fly

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on the wall was *not* asleep. It had just moved. Perhaps the air current from the lamp below was too hot for it. "When must he have it?"

"To-morrow."

There followed the long night. It would be impossible to trace all the disconnected half trains of thought, starting nowhere and ending nowhere, that filled the slow mind of Thomas Dabney during that lonely watch. His debts, the support of his family, the life of his boy, Mr. Marsden's offer, the fate of his own soul, these were the central ideas from which radiated his vague, conflicting speculations, each of them doomed to end in a blind alley of hopelessness. Turn where he would he could find no happy solution. He could only suffer, and realize, disconnectedly and one by one, the elements of his own misery. He could not link even these into a definite sequence, each step of which must lead him toward an inevitable conclusion.

To detail any long and logical soul struggle within this man would be both impossible and untrue, for the mind of Thomas Dabney was not logical. Nevertheless, toward morning a crystallization took place, though he was not aware of it. He was like one of those vessels filled with a liquid which, saturated with its bitter salt, remains sluggish and dead until a chance touch turns it instantly into a mass of solid, glittering prisms.

Dumbly he sat until the gray dawn of the morning, stupefied by his misfortunes, but giving Donald his medicine at the prescribed intervals. Shortly after the dawn his wife got up and came to look down upon her son.

"How is he?" she whispered.

"I don't know," he answered. "No better, I guess. I think the medicine keeps him asleep. The doctor said he must have oxygen to-day. It costs ten dollars."

Duty is inexorable with the poor. It allows them no time to halt for joy or grief. Mary Dabney glanced at the clock and hurried out into the kitchen to prepare her husband's breakfast. He must not be late at the factory. He awoke from his reverie presently to a familiar sound. He could hear his wife frying the potatoes. Soon it would be time for him to eat his breakfast and go to work.

The boy was still asleep. Suddenly Thomas Dabney knelt down by the bedside and clasped his hands.

"O God," he said simply, "Thou art a just God and a righteous and a stern God, and I know that thou canst never forgive me —I know that this means good-by to Thee, O God—but I am going to do it!"

# CHRYSANTHEMUMS

## By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

BRAVE-HEARTED blossoms that rejoice the bee
When asters droop, when golden-rod is dead,
When oak-leaves clinging late upon the tree
Have changed for russet their Autumnal red,
Come, leave my northern garden's dreary pale!
For threats of killing frost pervade the air;
Together we shall face November's gale
And sift his snowflakes through our tawny hair.

We've shared the best delights, full-bosomed flowers—
Free air, wide sky, the song of winds that pass,
The still of noon, the heartening rush of showers,
The sleigh-bell chime of crickets in the grass.
We've drunk the strength of earth, the calm of night,
The golden joy of sunshine from above,
And now, in Autumn's chill and Winter's blight,
We'll yield that joy again to those we love.

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# THE SLUM AS A NATIONAL ASSET

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good," "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" etc.

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Suppose you were raising hogs—don't turn up your nose, some of your ancestors raised hogs—and suppose your neighbor discovered that he could raise better hogs by providing cleaner pens, would you profit by your neighbor's discovery? Of course you would. Well, Germany, across the pond, has discovered that she can raise better citizens by providing cleaner pens—beg pardon, homes for her poor. She makes money by saving it on disease and doctors' bills, and gets citizenship and health and happiness as by-products. We do not apologize for hogs as an illustration. Hogs out in Iowa live better than hundreds of thousands of people in New York City. Don't you believe it? Read this fact-story by Mr. Russell. Then take off your hat to Germany and don't put it on until you have asked the good Lord to help you and your fellow-Americans to realize the importance of building better pens.*

HERE is a plain record of a plain experience. You need not read it if you do not so desire. On the whole I think I shall advise you not to read it. In your comfortable chair, thinking warmly of your country's greatness, the fleet, the battleships, and the other symbols of glory, you will be more at ease; much more at ease. You may not be so comfortable if you read this, but, supposing you to be of the class of well-fed, complacent, self-satisfied, unobservant Americans, you may have something else than the fleet and battleships to think about. And that may or may not be an advantage: I am not saying.

We will begin with the Bernsteins. The Bernsteins are nine in the family, and soon, please heaven, to be more. They live down in Stanton Street. You do not know about Stanton Street, but if you insist upon reading what is to follow you will probably learn of it. Tilly Bernstein had once a job sewing cloaks or something, Bertha was a cash girl, Joe sold papers, the grandfather has partial paralysis and sits by the fire with the grandmother. This accounts for all the Bernsteins except those in the hospital, those that, please heaven, will be there sooner or later, and the father. He had a job, too; in a Grand Street sweatshop, of which the less said the better.

While the jobs held out the Bernsteins went their way; not comfortably, because their three rooms were cramped, dark, and sorry quarters; but still they were fed and gave thanks and hoped for better days. The father must be at the sweatshop before six and toil until after nine, being on piece-work and in terror of his job; but they lived. Then a year ago this winter the cloak house shut down, and Bertha fell ill, and the sweatshop discharged many men, including the father. Since when they have lived on what they could pick up and on Joe's scanty profits from newspaper selling. They surrendered one of their rooms and sold most of their furniture and moved to poorer quarters, and at that they have looked straight into the eyes of the wolf. One day last fall there was another kind of a wolf that seemed to know in some strange way when girls had lost their jobs, and he whispered some things into Tilly's ear as she went along the street. So then she ran home and told her father, and her father went out upon the street and waited and waited and saw that wolf and sunk thin fingers into the wolf's throat until men (not recognizing the wolf) tore them apart and the wolf got away. For so goes life in Stanton Street.

I had told a fair, well-fed, capon-lined friend of mine about the Bernsteins, and incidentally I had remarked that they lived in a house wholly unfit for anybody to live in, and that no Iowa farmer where I came from would house hogs in the way 100,000 people are housed in New York City. At this my



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friend, regarding me with a curious and sophisticated eye, threw into his voice the notes that declared I was a liar and a muck-raker, and said he would like to see any such places in New York. Which was the origin, as you will presently see, of a very curious and instructive excursion.

Now, of all urbanites upon this terrestrial ball he that knows the least about the city of his habitation is, beyond doubt, the fair, well-fed, and complacent New Yorker.

For instance. From his place of abode to that wherein he clinches for his profits, from that wherein he clinches for his profits to his place of abode, is his line of vision; varied by side trips, brief and unilluminating, to the club, the theatre, and the steamship pier.

Yet all the time and forever there thunders about and beyond him a vast and rapidly growing world whereof he knows nothing, but wherein is determined day by day the future of the fortune he gathers with such busy care, the future of the children he has begotten, the future of the country of which he conceives himself a momentous integer. Here, day by day, destiny is shaped and he knows it not. Compared with that world, he and his house and his fortune and all that are his are less than a whiff of blown sand on Coney Island shore. And yet he lives out his days as ignorant of it all as was Europe of America before the shallops of Columbus.

He knows that there is an East Side, yes: occasionally he hears about it; his favorite newspaper prints clever sketches of amusing phases of life there; he knows in a general way that many poor people live there and some queerly irrational persons go there to do charitable work. He never goes there himself, he never wants to go there; to him it is an alien land of no concern except when its venal or coerced voters defeat for office his favorite candidate.

Something of this I confided to my friend as we walked down Madison Avenue bound for Stanton Street; at which he did but grunt and look bored. Half-way we paused to admire the Policy Holders' Money Tower, then being carried to some colossal height by one of the grand old insurance companies that are well known to bulwark the nation's prosperity. It looked wonderfully imposing, white against a bluish sky. My friend said it had cost $2,000,000, and was the grandest thing of the kind in the world. I said it was worth that much to the policy holders of any insurance company to know

THE NEW SUBURBS OF BERLIN, COMPOSED OF BUILDINGS OF A PLEASING, SANE AND COMFORTABLE ARCHITECTURE.

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where their money had gone; but my friend rebuked me and said that such remarks showed a mind both ribald and dangerous.

Stanton Street is a great thoroughfare from the Bowery to the East River, a main traveled highway and, to my mind, the best street on the lower East Side, though I admit on this occasion hardly up to standard. A heavy and evil steam, adhesive, almost palpable, and rank with ill smells, hung over it. One breathed laboriously, the dampness weighed as with perceptible substance, the close, narrow street and the high buildings seemed to imprison air as in a cellar, and the laboring lungs to reject the leaden vapors. Along the uninviting thoroughfare were the houses that sheltered the swarming people, showing for the most part one design, and that but sorry and grim. The typical structure was of brick, four or five stories above the street and built long ago; on the first floor a little shop with living-rooms (usually two) in the rear; at the side a door and narrow passage leading to the stairs. The entrance was dark and the stairway darker. On each floor above were usually four flats or dwellings of two or of three rooms, and each flat was the home of a family.

RIVINGTON STREET, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST CONGESTED TENEMENT SECTIONS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Over all things visible was a dreary, forlorn, and forbidding aspect that struck a chill to the heart, and, coming so lately from the well-groomed and orderly region, we seemed to have crossed a frontier into a foreign land. Wherever one looked there was but the same eloquence of neglect, official and private. Neglect in the roadway, where the rubbish lay in heaps, and neglect in the houses, where the paint hung in patches and rags stuffed the broken windows. Here at our feet was a conglomerate of dirt—garbage, decaying vegetables, and old kitchen refuse, droppings from pushcarts, wisps of hay, remainders of old mattresses, rotten rags, vast collections of fragmentary old newspapers, broken bits of old paper boxes, old tin cans, broken bottles, the broken covers of cooking utensils. The sidewalks were as bad; the filth lay in windrows—old dust and driftings from the roadway, desiccated horse manures, great bars and eddies of rotting papers, ashes, store sweepings, factory offal, and worse things, with old accumulations of dust that swirled around our feet as we went by. And children played and rolled in the accretion of diverse horrors.

Near the corner of Allen Street an old bedstead with its mattress had been burned

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(for reasons afterward made intelligible) on the pavement, and the half-charred fragments were still scattered about. Everything seemed to rest where it fell; so far as we could see, no one cared; and a population so dense that the sidewalks could not contain it walked in the roadway with the horses, tramping in filth. Dirty old ash cans lined the sidewalk. A yellow cart marked "D. S. C." came along. Men seized the cans and emptied them into the cart. From each can as it was emptied a cloud of dust drove down the street, whitening the clothes of the tramping men and women. Nobody cared, and we marveled at lost labor; for if the cans had been emptied into the street instead of into the cart the addition of their contents would hardly have been noticeable in that sea of filth.

By the side of one house (the street number of which I withhold for certain reasons, but can furnish if desired) a narrow passage lined with planks led rearward to a cramped interior court, incredibly damp and dirty, wherein were the miserable and decaying wooden sheds that supplied the sanitation for the teeming house in front. The rear of this court was formed by another tenement house, until lately used for human habitation, four stories high, so dark, so dismal, and so forlorn that the senses shrank at it. Through the passageway and in the courts and up the stairways and in the halls there hung a suffocating and horrible stench from the miserable wooden sheds. We went up the crazy stairs and looked into some of the rooms above. In front the windows opened upon the squalid misery and variegated filth of Stanton Street; in the rear they opened upon that unutterable court; and between these dreary prospects and amid conditions utterly offensive to eye, nose, and mind were penned more than one hundred wretched human beings whose daily round of life (to paraphrase Swinburne) was toil and sleep and toil and dirt and toil.

A GERMAN TENEMENT COURTYARD, PLANNED TO SECURE THE MAXIMUM OF SUNLIGHT AND AIR AND OBVIATE DARK CORNERS.

Dirt—for that was everywhere: in every corner, in the stairways, behind the street door, piled in the hall, heaped in the awful courts, streaked by old rains down the fronts of houses and across the broken green blinds, whirled into our faces if the wind rose, collected in sickening furrows on the sidewalks, ground into a filthy paste by the tramping feet in the roadways, grown to be soil and sprouting pale blades of grass down rotting old cellar stairs, thick behind the railings, spread thin on the panes of abandoned

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dwellings, trailing from ten thousand stinking garbage cans and old barrels that the universal official neglect allowed to stand on the sidewalks, played in by ten thousand little children, breathed by hordes of people that are condemned all their lives for no fault of theirs to live in it and be of it and have it to friend. Dirt that was grit and pelted us incessantly like the finest shot, dirt that got into our mouths past tightly clenched lips, and dirt that sifted down our backs and ground about our collars and filled the porches of our ears. Dirt that blew up in clouds from the filthy street and defied and outfought and overwhelmed the decent instincts of the people and the sad-eyed and weary housewives. Dirt swimming in the pools of stagnant and dirty water that stood in all the gutters. Dirt of generations in all the back yards, dirt gathered in the holes of the broken and uneven sidewalks, dirt and rotting garbage in a great can by the side of an eating-house, dirt and all the stenches and horrors of dirt forever, and ever, Amen.

SOME OF THE BALCONIES OF THESE BERLIN TENEMENTS ARE SPACIOUS ENOUGH FOR PROMENADING, ALL HAVE SEATS, AND ALL HAVE FLOWERS.

Dirt and neglect and noise. Over the stone pavement of the neglected street, long out of repair, filled with holes and old ruts, the great trucks thundered all day long, and on a decrepit track one of Mr. Ryan's ancient horse-cars bounced and jingled. Beyond belief, beyond endurance in unaccustomed ears, was the roaring of that dreadful place: the clanging din of traffic mixed with the yelling of push-cart peddlers and the babel of the vast throngs that overflowed the sidewalks, made up a torrent of maddening sound whereat the nerves quivered in lost protest. From the demon of that uproar was no escape; in any room along the thoroughfare the tumult resounded; even into the fearful rear rooms that were shut in and walled around against air and light and health came this hubbub; all day and all the hours of it, roaring streets and pounding trucks and jolting cars and screaming children and yelling men. And in that nightmare of dirt and noise and foul odors, with scanty food and scanty light and scanty air, without one glimpse of beauty or comfort, on the bare rock of grim existence, absorbed in a savage and primitive fight for bread, these of the next generation of Americans were being reared. Toil and sleep and toil and dirt and toil. Amen. After us the deluge.

In the midst of these and kindred horrors shone forth the so-called work of improving

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the condition of the poor. New tenements, the product of the best tenement-house laws that good, able, thoughtful, and kindly men could devise, buildings staringly yellow and hopelessly ugly, shot up among the long lines of dismal brick. These were better habitations than the others: or perhaps, to guard more judiciously the precision of speech, they were not so bad as the others. And yet across the face of each there seemed to be stamped in red, "All This is but Makeshift." For in truth how much better was life in these than life in the others? Safer it might be behind fireproof doors and above fireproof lobbies; saner was it not, assuredly, for here again was but the same drear outlook, the same dirt, neglect, and noise, the same grim tragedy of existence, and here again life was but toil and sleep and toil and dirt and toil.

Long lines of fire escapes adorned these as the other buildings; a suggestive necessity in a region where rubbish-caused fires are so frequent and so fatal; and on each floor each fire escape widened into a crude iron balcony. Each balcony bore its collection of dirty beds and dirty blankets, mattresses, rags, and rubbish, thus thrust obtrusively upon the vision. Why not? The city neglects the streets, the Street Cleaning Department neglects to clean, the police neglect the laws, the landlords neglect the houses. In the midst of squalid surroundings men will not live otherwise than squalidly; it is inevitable, it is a fixed rule of human life. Before the sheer weight of all that dirt and official neglect and sordid aspect, the most persistent and stubborn aestheticism would go down into the dust.

So this is what we found. Now for the comment upon it all, because I believe that to have been the typical comment and more important than aught else. We came down, my friend and I, from the Bernsteins' squalid attic flat, and this is what my friend said:

RED-FACED GERMAN CHILDREN THAT DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT IS TO PLAY IN THE STREET.

"Well, what of it? What of it? No doubt it is sad and terrible and all that; but while I should like to relieve all this suffering if I could, you must remember that these people bring their own miseries upon their own heads. Why do they live in such conditions? You see, there is the whole trouble—with the people themselves. They ought not to be willing to live like this, and they would not if they were intelligent. But if they will live so, there is nothing to be done except to try to educate them. The way they live is their affair: they will have to take the consequences."

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Will they? That is just the point. I don't know whether they will or not. I think it can be shown that the worst of the consequences will not fall upon "these people" of Stanton Street and the like, but upon us and our nation.

For instance. The majority of the inhabitants of New York City live in unsanitary conditions. The census of 1900 showed that more than 2,000,000 people in Greater New York lived in tenement houses, most of which are unfit for human habitation. These tenements then contained 361,000 interior living-rooms without light or ventilation, and every interior living-room was a prolific breeding place for disease. A very pathetic commentary on the essential futility of our "betterment" work is contained in the fact that after years of strenuous battling by very able and earnest men and women, the number of these rooms has been reduced to 330,000—all, you may say, breeding disease.

What would the cost of one battle-ship or of one Policy Holders' Money Tower have done to wipe out these conditions?

Now you think that this is a purely sentimental view and very likely extravagant or unreasonable. Is it? Contemplate some of these facts and see for yourself:

The number of persons that in New York dwell in unsanitary conditions (and therefore the number of persons that are breeding disease germs for this generation and infinite trouble for the next) is not merely very large, it is increasing both relatively and absolutely, and, on the basis of coldest

THE REAR OF A STANTON STREET TENEMENT, NEW YORK CITY.

and hardest prudence, that is something more important than battle-ships.

Here is a block bounded by Monroe, Jackson, Cherry, and Rutgers Streets. In 1900 the population of this block was only 2,715, or about 1,000 to the acre. In 1907 the population was 3,865 persons, or 1,458 to the acre. Here is one bounded by East Second Street, Avenue B, East Third Street, Avenue C. In 1900 it contained 4,105 persons, or 956 to the acre; in 1905 it had 5,036, or 1,104 to the acre; at present its population is estimated at 5,200. What shall we think of such significant facts?

In 1900 there were in the borough of Manhattan fifty-one blocks that contained a total population of 132,881 persons, or an average of 2,605 to a block.* In 1905 the population of those same blocks had increased to 177,988, being an increase of 45,107, and the average population of a block had grown to 3,400, being an average increase of 795.

In the most crowded regions the increase of population from 1900 to 1905 was about thirty-three per cent., while the increase in the whole borough was only fourteen per cent.

Seventeen per cent. of the total increase in the borough was in these fifty-one blocks that contained 132,881 persons in 1900 and 177,988 in 1905. We may believe that to-day the same blocks that were frightfully overcrowded in 1900 shelter close upon 200,000 persons.

* For many of these statistics I am indebted to the expert officers of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, whose most kind assistance I gratefully acknowledge. I make haste, however, to absolve them from any degree of responsibility for my conclusions or opinions.

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Close to where we stood observing garbage and other fertility, the block bounded by Clinton, Stanton, Suffolk, and Rivington Streets had in 1905 1,291 persons to the acre, and now beyond doubt even that appalling density has been increased. Eleven blocks in this immediate neighborhood had in 1905 an average population of 1,100 to the acre; and now even that density has been increased. And this is true generally of the congested district. Observe, for example, the significance of this table:

SPECIMEN CITY BLOCKS HAVING A POPULATION OF 1,000 OR MORE PERSONS

| | WARD. | POP. IN 1902* | PRESENT EST. POP. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Madison, Jackson, Monroe, Scammel | 7th | 3,085 | 4,662 |
| Monroe, Jackson, Cherry, Scammel | " | 3,149 | 2,680 |
| East 11th, Ave. C, East 10th, Ave. B | 11th | 3,016 | 2,541 |
| East 6th, Ave. D, East 5th, Ave. C | " | 3,007 | 3,433 |
| East 4th, Ave. C, East 3d, Ave. B | " | 3,153 | 3,618 |
| Division, Rutgers, East Broadway, Pike | 7th | 1,171 | 2,182 |
| Madison, Jefferson, Monroe, Rutgers | " | 1,037 | 3,350 |
| Madison, Scammel, Monroe, Gouverneur | " | 1,044 | 1,354 |
| Monroe, Market, Hamilton, Catherine | " | 1,139 | 1,615 |
| Monroe, Rutgers, Cherry, Pelham | " | 1,000 | 2,180 |
| Monroe, Jefferson, Cherry, Rutgers | " | 1,000 | 2,967 |
| Monroe, Clinton, Cherry, Jefferson | " | 1,171 | 3,260 |
| Rivington, Orchard, Delancey, Allen | 10th | 1,011 | 2,655 |
| Rivington, Essex, Delancey, Ludlow | " | 1,036 | 2,815 |
| Rivington, Norfolk, Delancey, Essex | " | 1,004 | 1,710 |
| Delancey, Allen, Broome, Eldridge | " | 1,022 | 1,400 |
| Delancey, Orchard, Broome, Allen | " | 1,089 | 1,376 |

The congested region in the lower East Side contained in 1905 592,541 people. Its area was only one half of one per cent. of the total area of the city, yet it had 14.7 per cent. of the city's total population. Mr. Harold M. Finley, to whose most careful and valuable investigations in behalf of the Federation of Churches I am indebted for much information, says: "One of the truly alarming phenomena of congestion in New York is the easily ascertainable fact that the bad areas are becoming worse nearly twice as rapidly as the more favored sections are growing bad."

So that is what of it. While with complacent hands folded in our amiable laps we are contemplating the fleet and the blessed battle-ships, this sum of evil far more terrible than a war mounts upon us.

How about the children born in such conditions?

There is another point to startle and dismay fat souls and easy-going patriots. How about the children?

Hitherto the universal, unvarying, absolute experience of mankind has been that children born and bred in the congested and unsanitary regions of great cities are anaemic, feeble, prone to disease, ill-developed mentally and physically and apt to be unfit morally. These are the disagreeable facts. We gain naught by trying to dodge them. Well, once more, how about the children? Something like 1,500,000 people, let us say, dwell in the unsanitary conditions of New York tenements. What kind of children will they have? What will the next generation be?

If you wish to know you have only to take one look at the East End of London. In New York overcrowding is new; in London it has been in full swing for thirty or forty years with such results as are now terrifying the whole British nation.

That is what of it. We might be happy if we could regard the miseries of these people as their own affair and leave them to work out their own destiny. So, in London, Park Lane once regarded Stepney, and nothing seemed more comical than that the hovels Stepney inhabited and the food it ate or did not eat and the vapors it inhaled should ever be the anxious concern of the well-fed, complacent gentlemen of the West End. But of a sudden Stepney thrust out a scrawny hand and laid it upon Park Lane, and all the country gave sober heed. There came on a war, and the nation had urgent need of fighters, and there fell upon it the astounding discovery that the horrible conditions that had robbed Stepney of its vitality had also robbed Britain of its defenders. These chalk-faced, rickety, meager, nerveless men, born in the foul air of slums, ill-nourished, ill-conditioned, these melancholy scarecrows of the streets,—how could they fight? How could they go forth to modern battle? They were not even soldiers

*The figures for 1902 are taken from the Tenement House Commission's Report.

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in Falstaff's sense: they were not even passable food for powder.

Unluckily a nation's strength does not lie in its millionaires nor in its fair dwellers in the pleasant places. It lies alone in its common people.

Since that terrible war the best thought in Great Britain has puzzled over Stepney and what to do with it. To what result you may gather from the fact that down there the misery daily increases, the problem becomes more awful and more insistent, the inevitable fruits of the system become more apparent. Year by year more people besiege the overcrowded work-houses, more cases of starvation are reported, more gaunt faces line the awful streets, more children go hungry, the processions of the unemployed become more frequent and menacing, the terrible pool grows blacker and deeper. In October, year of grace 1908, it was announced that 300,000 people in London were practically starving.

Very little of this, we think, appeals to us; we that have a country so rich and resources so great. Rich! What has that to do with it? Great Britain is the richest nation in the world. Rich! Here in London is wealth bewildering, and in the midst of it such an array of starving people as makes one ill to contemplate. Rich! That means nothing. Billions of piled gold do not check our overcrowding nor change the unsanitary dwellings of the poor, wherein are bred the weaklings of the future.

That is what of it. When we see the rapidly growing density of our tenement-house populations not only in New York but in every large American city, when we see how the people pile up in our slums, does there not seem to be a flaw somewhere in this practical wisdom of ours?

We pay $12,000,000 for a battle-ship to defend us against foreign foes, and nurture within our gates an enemy more menacing than any foreign foe whatsoever; and to suppress the domestic foe we will not expend one cent.

For there is, of course, another consideration still more important; and even to those of us that are the best fed and the most comfortable, those of us that live in fine houses and rest at ease this cheery afternoon, it has, believe me, a graver import than anything else that will occupy our minds for the next year. Where does the tuberculosis come from? Most of it from these dreary regions. Whence are the scarlet fever and the typhoid, the cerebro-spinal meningitis and the diphtheria? Bred here. Is the bacillus a respecter of persons? Not in the least. It may enter our house as easily as any other. Battle-ships and Money Towers and grand insurance buildings and mountains of juggled assets and colossal fortunes drawn from the policy holders on one side: vast areas of overcrowded tenement houses on the other. And after us the deluge. So we deal or deal not with a problem compared with which the chance of a war with Japan is no more than a jest.

Next let us suppose that, sitting here in your easy chair after your ample dinner, you fall asleep and dream a dream like this:

You are walking in the new suburbs of a great city, built along a river bank, and composed of handsome buildings of a pleasing, sane, and conformable architecture. Very wide and handsome are the streets, shade trees abound, the houses have a sky-line, and as you walk along you observe vistas and broad prospects down the clean avenues.

Presently you come upon one great building that you like particularly well. It is very long, five stories high, exceedingly handsome and stately, in the attractive style of the German renaissance, commodious, and altogether a great structure typical of the modern German builder, who is without a superior. The entrances are spacious, the ceilings of a good height; the imposing facade is tastefully adorned, along each floor is a balcony, and every balcony is loaded with flowers, so that from below the effect is of a fascinating array of colors.

First you take this place for a great public institution; then you think it may be an immense apartment house for the very rich, like the palaces that stand about Central Park, only reasonably built and reasonably adorned. And at last with amazement you learn that it is a workingmen's tenement house and that many other such tenement houses exist in the city of your dreams.

Everything is spick and span, within and without. Being planned to secure the maximum of sunlight and air and to obviate dark corners, you dream that of this house the builders were human and sane. You go through the great archway, and, behold, here are further unrealities. Here is a little park or garden, with trees, grass, flower beds, seats, arbors, winding walks. Two wings of the great building bound the garden at the ends, and on this side also are balconies and

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wonderful displays of flowers, as on the front of the building. Under each wing is another archway, and when you go through one of these you come upon another court that is a children's playground, with sand piles, tables, swings, and some gymnastic apparatus; and here are a hundred red-faced children that do not know what it is to play in the street.

You come back again to the garden, and at one end you find a little café with a restaurant, tables, lounges, a billiard room; and upstairs a library and kindergarten that opens upon a balcony filled with flowers. Some of the balconies are spacious enough for promenading, some have elaborate screens of vines and creepers, all have seats, and all have flowers, everywhere flowers.

You dream on, and in your dream you enter the house. Everything is clean, airy, bright, roomy—and quiet. There are flats on each floor, two rooms and a kitchen, three rooms and a kitchen, four rooms, five rooms, all well-lighted, well-ventilated, comfortable, secluded—and quiet. Into these rooms comes not a sound of the world without, no echo of wheels in the street, no cries of push-cart men, no roar from wretched pavements, no babel of crowds, no rattle of elevated railroads, no clanging and jangling of a Ryan street-car, no cries of children. Every room seems polished like the brass on a man-of-war. The cooking-stove is of white tile, the walls are pleasantly tinted and have pictures, clean lace curtains adorn the windows, outside are the balconies and the flowers. Everybody seems to be comfortable, happy, and self-respecting. You noticed that the children in the play yard were clean: here are the clean homes in which they live.

You go higher, and you find on the top floor a bathroom for each flat that has not one included in its own confines, laundries, drying-rooms, store rooms, one for each family; and here again is over all the same tidiness and order, the same wholesome air of comfort and good living.

You awake from your dream, and out of the window you see the Policy Holders' Money Tower, and from beyond it comes the hideous roar of Stanton Street, and your memory shows you again the long, squalid street, the foul buildings, greasy doorways, filthy courts, slovenly fire escapes, loaded balconies, the trampling crowds in the roadways, the windrows of accumulated dust, the heaps of decaying filth, the dreary prospects, the broken sidewalks, and over all the trail of an insatiate greed. And you think that this is the reality of life as it is: the dream you have had is the unattainable state of Utopia or Heaven.

Yet it is not. All you have dreamed of and still better things exist to-day in a city half as large and fully as material as New York. For what we have supposed to be your dream is but a dry description of the workingmen's dwellings of Berlin.

Some governments seem to exist for the passing hour and some to make long and sober inspection of the years to come. Of those that look forward none seems in deliberate foresight the equal of the government of Germany, which plans the Germany of to-day and no less the Germany of the future. And for the sake of the Germany of the future and as a coldly practical proposition of business, the German government has considered very carefully the physical welfare of the masses of its people.

Whatever makes the poorest people healthy is good in German eyes because it insures a strong nation that hereafter is to carry the power and influence of Germany around the world. Whatever impairs the physical constitutions of the masses of people is intolerable in German eyes because it threatens the national vigor and interferes with Germany's destiny.

Hereafter men may think it strange that of all the nations on earth the German nation was the only nation of these times to recognize adequately and officially the obvious facts of the great changes wrought for the sons of men by the introduction of steam and machinery. For one thing (and most important), the Germans saw that it drew huge populations into the manufacturing cities, where they speedily became overcrowded and undervitalized, and it bent them for long hours over such unwholesome employments as would in time destroy the race if there were not compensation in hours of rest and relaxation amid wholesome surroundings.

Hence, goaded on, no doubt, by the growth of German Socialism, the German government began to take most excellent care of the working populations, to provide exact and minute regulations concerning the conditions of labor, careful factory inspection, compulsory insurance, old-age and invalidity pensions, ironclad laws about compensation for

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injuries; for to the directing German minds that one man shall make a billion dollars seems less important than that sixty million people shall be healthy and happy.

Berlin's wonderful homes for workingmen are in a way a product of this general idea and directly the product of the nation's insurance system, which is operated by the government and not by stock gamblers, and for the sake of the Common Good, not for the sake of private fortunes. The houses are built by the workingmen themselves, but the government encourages them to build such houses, then enables them to build such houses, and then sees that such houses are built rightly.

Thus one good thing begets another. The German government's labor policy is a humane and civilized device of which we know nothing in our country, where the labor and factory laws are of the seventeenth century. I cannot take the space to describe anew the German system, but part of it includes the principle that every workingman injured at his work is absolutely entitled to compensation without any if's or and's, and every German workingman should also be provided for in his sickness and old age. For these rational insurance schemes the funds are collected differently, in part from the employers, in part from the employees, in part from the government. Hence the government has on hand an enormous sum of insurance surplus and assets, similar to the vast wealth controlled by our great insurance companies. In our happy land of the free the insurance companies have manipulated the surplus and assets to augment the private fortunes of the gentlemen in charge thereof, to control elections, and to entertain actresses. In Germany, which is a very inferior country indeed, the government manipulates the surplus and assets for the public health and the Common Good. You can see at once how much better is our method.

Soon after the insurance gold began to roll in upon it, the inferior German government perceived that if the workingmen were well housed the average national health would be improved, and the payments under the invalidity insurance system would be diminished. Hence, as a matter of business, the government extended its encouragement of good housing by fostering cooperative building societies and by lending to such societies from the insurance flood all the money they needed at three per cent.

Thereupon these great comfortable dwellings for workingmen began to arise in the Berlin suburbs. Your dream has in no way overdrawn the picture. They are the best and most attractive workingmen's homes in the world, I think, and they are cheap as well as sanitary. A flat of two rooms and a kitchen rents for about seven dollars a month. The society usually makes money, the tenants—its members—receive dividends, and there are maintenance and sinking funds. In one of these houses a German workingman with wages of $350 or $400 a year lives with a degree of comfort and quiet not known, so far as I am aware, to any workingmen in America on any wages whatsoever. And the German workingman knows that if he be injured or fall ill his income is assured and in his old age he will be provided for. The grand chorus of our national self-praise lags a little before that comparison, does it not, brethren?

Particularly when we learn next that as soon as these sanitary dwellings in Germany were completed and occupied, the charges on the invalidity insurance account began to decline, the health authorities conceived the hope that they could conquer tuberculosis, the civil officers saw that as children would no longer be reared upon the street the temptations to crime would be diminished.

Thus deal we, and thus so differently deals Germany with the same problem. Are we wise? Not according to the German view. No persons on earth have given to the practical wisdom of government closer study than have the men that steer the German ship. In their deliberate opinion, to allow vast populations to be overcrowded, to maintain conditions that breed disease and spell national decline is not wisdom but sheer lunacy.

The price of a battle-ship would build sanitary, airy, and spacious homes for 20,000 persons; such assets as the great insurance companies possess would turn all the slums of New York into civilized habitations.

How about it, brethren?

Or shall we say, "After us the deluge," and wallow on as before, trusting to luck and letting our children shift for themselves? We shall be dust when the fruit of this tree is ripe, but it will be pressed hard to their lips and strange if the flavor be not ashy.

**For the German pictures illustrating this article we are indebted to Mr. John P. Fox, who last year made a close investigation of the Berlin tenements, and whose information supplemented Mr. Russell's own studies of the housing problem in Germany.—*The Editors.***

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# THE IRISH KING

By LINDSAY DENISON

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

HEN-RY!"

The gray side-whiskered person who had been leaning back, with his eyes half shut, in a corner of the smoking compartment sat up with a start. The summons was repeated just outside the swaying curtain.

"Hen-ry!"

"Yes, dear." He took a regretful look at his cigar, and cast it under the wash-basins. Before he reached the door, though, he was called again.

"He-en—ry," she said—and her voice was increasingly acid—"you have been in there indulging your selfishness long enough! I want you to come out and sit with me—for a while, anyway."

The curtain flapped and Henry was gone. But we did not look at each other right away. When I raised my eyes, the other man was grinning broadly. He shook his head.

"Poor Henry!" he chuckled. "Poor Henry!" His voice was rich with Irish cadence. "It's one of the saddest sights in a long life of experience in all manner of countries and among all sorts of strange peoples, this that we've just seen. If I weren't laughing, I'd be crying. Oh dear, oh dear! Poor Henry!"

"HEN-RY!"

He moved over to the seat beside me and settled back into comfort.

"It all comes," he continued, "of bringing them up the wrong way. As for me, not to be after boasting of it, I have no such trouble with women at all, at all. Whenever the affairs of life bring it about that it becomes me pleasure and me duty to have business or sentimental dealings with the weaker sex, there's the utmost harmony prevailing. Clarence Riley puts the motion to the meeting; the lady seconds it. Clarence Riley counts the vote; the lady verifies the count. Clarence Riley declares it passed; and the lady extends thanks for being allowed to come in. No debate, no argument, except for a few explanatory or oratorical remarks by Mr. Riley. You get the idea. Authority. Never let them lose sight of it. Keep it ever before them. If they have an idea, let them find out what you think of it before they mention it.

"'Tis the same way with animals and the other alien races. How is it that a mere mite of a man like meself can walk up to an elephant as big as this Pullman and handle him like I was a four-year-old kid and he was a St. Bernard dog? Authority! Never let him find out his own strength. Never let him find out his own mind. Keep him bluffed. That's the idea. Make him do what you want him to do before he's waked up to any idea that he wants to be doing something on his own account.

"'Tis the place of woman in the world, after me own way of thinking, to make man comfortable; she's got no business to be knowing that there is such a thing as being comfortable herself. Now what would I have been after doing if I was Henry and that was me wife? Just this.

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"MY DEAR, YOU MUST BE NERVOUS."

Before the first half of me name was off her lips, I'd 'a' been out there in the aisle of the car with her neck tenderly but firmly in the grasp of me left hand and with me right forefinger rigidly though gently planted between her shoulder blades. And when I got her to the section, she would be set down (not too hard).

"'My dear,' I'd say to her, 'you must be nervous. You forgot yourself. Be calm,' I'd say to her, 'be calm, and remember that when your presence is required outside the smoking-room door I'll send the nayger porter for you.' —That's the way to handle them."

"Are you a married man?" I asked.

He seemed embarrassed. I explained that I didn't mean to be personal, but that really he had piqued my curiosity.

"Oh, it's not that at all," he protested. "It's only that I don't altogether know how to answer the question, not knowing your religious, social, and anthropological beliefs, if you will allow me to use the word. Am I married? According to me own feelings and finer senses, yes, I am. You see, it's like this: the lady is a Filipino, and I bought her from her mother for fifty pesos. She is no ordinary Filipino person, understand. She was the daughter of a Spanish general and her mother came of one of the finest of the native aristocracy—I'm thinking her brother was once *comandante* at Cavite. The widow had gone broke since Dewey's doings and she needed the money. Tall for a Filipino, me lady is, and slim and most distinguished in her behavior. And her devotion and love for me is so pathetic I hate to speak of it. She's a good girl, too. I was offered a hundred pesos for her when I left the islands—you see I had taught her to bake American bread and enhanced her commercial value by that much. But I didn't sell. I took her back to her mother to keep until I go out again, as I will be after doing right away. For she's a good girl, and all the wife I ever want. There's no 'Henry' business about Bridget. Sure, that's her name. I named her that to make the house more homelike. She'd jump out of the window before she'd be coming down here barking like a terrier at the smoking-room door. No nonsense at all, and never was. Never knew how to start being nonsensical and so didn't have to be cured.

"And as I was saying, it's the same way with the other alien races. Perhaps you know me name by me business? No? 'Tis no matter—'tis well known in the show business. I'm commonly known as Captain Riley, and I make me living bringing wild and barbarous savages from their poor but honest homes into the land of the free and the brave. 'Tis educating to the intelligent American masses, but it is demoralizing to the savages. You mind the Java Village at Buffalo? And the African Kraal at Chicago? And the Filipino Village at St. Louis? Mine, all of 'em. Were you in St. Louis when Miguel went *huromuntado*—that is to say what you would call *musth* in an elephant or running amuck in a Malay? No? Well, he did. He went *huromuntado* good and plenty. They had him locked up in a room and they sent for me. There was all kinds of advice to me about not going in there. He was the cook and he had a knife as long as me arm. They were for shooting him through the door. I would have none of it. He was the only real good cook I had. I just took a piece of a soap box and went in and argued with him, with a few side remarks, on the wickedness of letting the sun go down on his wrath. And before the board was split, he was down with his head on me shoes promising to be good and confessing that I was the only real benevolent philanthropist he ever met.

"'Tis always that way. I could tell you a

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thousand cases. Only I'm that glad to be getting home that I can't think of anything excepting me poor old mother who sent for me. Me mother is the grandest which ever was. I tell you what I think of her. I'm here on this train to-day because I get a cable from her saying—but you can read it for yourself."

He drew out a worn wallet and from it extracted a cable form on which was written, in the world-wide looped script of the telegraph receiver:

"Riley,
"Oriente,
"Manila.
"Come home quick or as soon as can or sooner.
"Mrs. N. Riley."

"You see," he explained, "the old lady is the best that ever was, but it ain't a telegram if it ain't got ten words. Otherwise she's cheated. And it's more than your life is worth, nor any man's, to try to explain that she's paying so much for every word of a cable, including the address and signature, and that ten words has nothing to do with it.

"That's all I know about why I am here. The mother, she says 'Come on home' and I come. That's all, for Riley. The first time I went out to heathen parts I went looking for me fortune. I didn't know what me fortune was to be. But I'd heard that there was gold in South Africa—and Clarence Riley for the gold! And I no more than gets to Delagoa Bay on the road to Johannesburg, but I gets one of these messages from the mother. 'Come back at once,' it was. And worried for fear she was dead or something, back I come on the same boat. For I had plenty of transportation money. Why, man, man, me father was on the New York po-lice; he had the Elizabeth Street station for ten years running, before Reform set in. I come home from Delagoa Bay. And me poor old mother she tells me that she heard tell of a man down to Coney Island who said there was forty thousand dollars in it if only he knew somebody who had the nerve to go out to South Africa and bring a Dahomey Village to the Chicago Midway. I goes back and gets the Dahomeys and I makes forty-one thousand, two hundred and ten dollars and fifteen cents, net! From that time on, Clarence takes mother's advice. You get that?

"So this time, once more, me poor old mother she tells me to come home and I come back. What are you after laughing at? Inconsistency? And what's that? With me theories as to the subjugation of woman? Oh, I'm getting your meaning. Well, in the first place, she's me parent; and parents, being necessarily born before yourself, is entitled to a few delusions and prejudices. And besides, a man's got a right to agree with his mother if he can't agree with no one else.

"Speaking of alien races, was I telling you of the trip we made in the Shawmut, coming over the time before the last? No? 'Twas the time I was bringing the Filipinos to St. Louis.

"There was me fifty-six Filipinos. There was Doc Hunt and his forty Igorrotes headed for Fred Thompson and Luna Park. There was two hundred Chinks trying to get away from home. There was a hundred and three Japanese looking for what looked good to them. There was forty returning missionaries. So Hunt, McAllister, and myself was the only white men on the ship outside of the officers and the crew. McAllister was me partner.

"There was a number of most agreeable white women, outside of the missionary people. Then it came on to be St. Patrick's day. Whether you've noticed it or not, I don't know; but I'm free to confess: I'm Irish. And by what you might call a coincidence some of the most important events of me life have hap-

"THERE'S NO 'HENRY' BUSINESS ABOUT BRIDGET."

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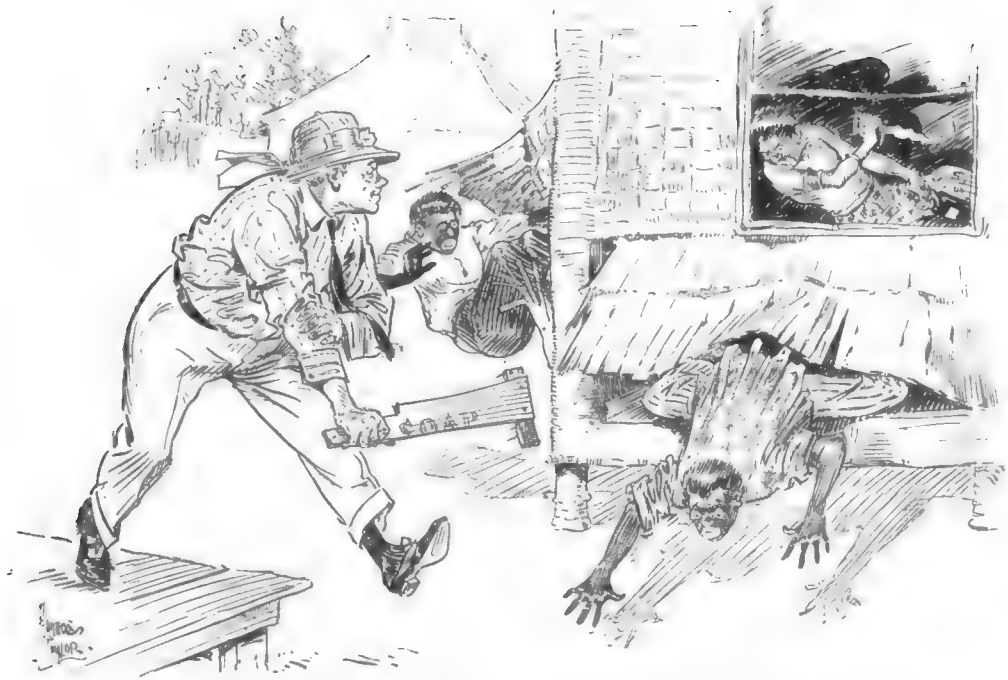

"I TOOK A PIECE OF A SOAP BOX AND WENT IN AND ARGUED WITH HIM."

pened on St. Patrick's day, or more or less subsequent thereto.

"Now, bear in mind, I've never had kindly feelings toward the Japanese, anyhow. Not since I was coming off from Yokohama me first trip out and, because the friend that was with me had some difference with a 'rickshaw man about a matter of three cents, and because I attempted to fix matters, and because a Japanese po-liceman butted in and put his hands on me, and because I resented this insolent action and threw him into the harbor —because of such trifling little things as that they wouldn't let the ship sail until they'd gone all over it looking for me and me friend. They didn't find us. But I've thought but little of them from that day to this.

"And this trip that I'm telling you of, it was worse. For I had me fifty-six Filipinos on me hands, and eighteen of them women. And they are better looking than the Japanese women and pleasanter spoken. And from the day the first Japanese man come aboard I was busier than the principal of a young ladies' boarding school. Couldn't I see the whole eighteen of them Filipino women deserting me in Seattle and marrying Japanese? So long as we were in Japanese waters I had to give meself such small satisfaction as would come from pulling the Japs about the deck by the scruff of their yellow necks. For to hit one of them was a jail offense. But every time I didn't hit them, I'd say to meself: 'Never mind, there's a good day coming!'

"There was. It was St. Patrick's day. St. Patrick's day in the evening. There had been some little joking on the ship about me pride in being Irish. And I had announced that all that wanted wine with their dinner on St. Patrick's day should have it as evidence of Captain Riley's Irish patriotism. And we did. And the ladies, they took a bit of green mosquito netting and some pasteboard and made the loveliest green crown you ever did see. And Doc Hunt, he had one of them green silk padded kimonos made like a bed quilt. And they rigged up a broomstick with an artichoke on the end and that was me royal scepter. And they crowned me the Irish King and they invested me in me royal robes, and the pianola played 'The Wearing of the Green' when I entered and took me seat—the captain giving up the head of the table to me for the night.

"It come along to be half past three o'clock the next morning. There was four of us left. There was me, the Irish King, and Mac,

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and the purser, and a young man that I had thought all the way over was one of the missionaries, only he turned out to be a Standard Oil agent. So great was me joy over the discovery of this one thorn among the roses that I was for transferring me crown and scepter and robes to him. But he wouldn't have it.

"Then somebody (how I don't know, I don't know) happened to mention the imperial Japanese nation. And it flashed over me that there was one hundred and three of the divvles living in the 'midships hold, which had been fitted up special for them with tiers of bunks five high. Up rose the Irish King in royal state and declared war against Japan. The purser, he said that it wouldn't do for an officer of the ship to mix in this and he faded away. The Standard Oil man he was willing, but cautious, as was but natural from his training.

"We made a most strategic approach to the hatch of the Japanese hold. But strategy was not needful. We might just as well have gone with a full brass band. For fifteen of the immoral Asiatic reprobates was sitting up playing some sinful gambling game. At that hour of the morning, too!

"I went down the ladder and Mac followed. Standard Oil, he stands up above and guards the hatch. I took a chair to pieces and gave one of the legs to Mac and told him to see to it that no reinforcements came out of the bunks. Then I delivered a brief address giving my views of the past, present, and future of the Japanese race. Meantime they were making shift to go on with their gambling and to make a noise like unconcerned persons.

"I fell upon them. I kicked the table over. I threw them all and severally on what was left of the table. Every time one of their ugly mugs emerged from the horrid struggling mass, I took a crack at it with me fist. Me royal robes got somewhat worse for wear, and the green crown spread and came down over me ears. But Ireland did its duty. And all the time Mac was dancing around the hold begging and beseeching some of them to come down and give him a chance. It's wonderful how sound the little yellow man can sleep when somebody is out after him with the leg of a good stout chair. They were meek as so many sheep. Give me the two platoons from the old Elizabeth Street station as me father used to lead them down Fifth Avenue the day of the police parade—an' I'd guarantee to lick the whole Japanese nation. G'wan! There's nothing into it!

"But I was telling you. I stopped for breath, and the gamblers untangled themselves and took it on the run, each one for his own bunk, like a lot of cockroaches when you turn on the light sudden in the kitchen.

"'And is that all?' says Mac, kind of sad like. 'Don't I get any of this?'

"I settled me royal robes and readjusted the crown and wiped the sweat from me royal brow and I thought. And a truly regal inspiration come to me.

"'No, Mac,' says I, ''tis not all. For there is a hundred and three of them in here and only a pitiful minority have been educated up to a sense of their inferiority. So I tell you,' I says, 'what to do. We will divide the hold in half and you go to the right and I'll go to the left and we'll take them out of their bunks and give them a bit of individual instruction. And when we meet we can shake hands, knowing that our duty has been honestly done.'

"And we did. Mac takes the right and I takes the left. One by one we takes them out of their bunks, mops 'em around a little on the floor, gives them a couple of wallops over the jaw, and puts 'em back where they belongs. Of course there was a few that had been in the gambling gang which had got

"THEY CROWNED ME THE IRISH KING AND THEY INVESTED ME IN ME ROYAL ROBES."

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"'OH, CLARENCE,' HE SAYS, 'WASN'T IT LOVELY!'"

theirs already. But we didn't discriminate against 'em on that account.

"And when Mac and me, meeting on the other side, shook hands, his face was as happy as a child's at the circus.

"'Oh, Clarence,' he says, through his smiles, 'wasn't it lovely!' He gets thoughtful, then, and says: 'Don't you think we ought to do something for these fellows?' he says.

"I didn't rightly get his meaning and I thought his conscience was troubling him because he hadn't done his whole duty by his side of the hold. I lost me temper at that and started right in and did that side over again, but giving them only one wallop apiece. For I was tired. I wasn't noticing the while that Mac had gone out.

"When I was through with this return visit, I looked around and found I was alone except for a few faces of the crew and coal-passers peering over the edges of the hatch and murmuring encouragement in large, coarse tones. Standard Oil was restraining of their desires but not of their joy. I starts up the ladder looking for Mac, fearing he might have got on deck and got himself into mischief, and I bumps into a steward coming down with a case of beer, twenty-four bottles, which Mac had gone and ordered for the vanquished. I went down. The steward went down. The twenty-four bottles went down amongst us and every last one of them broke. So I went up on deck and sent down another case; and Mac, not knowing I was doing this, he sent down another case—and Standard Oil he—oh, well, between the three of us we bought a good many and the party lasted until ten o'clock the next morning, when the Captain sent word down to stop, inasmuch as the missionaries were making serious complaint that the continuous shouts of '*Banzai, Saint Patlick!*' was getting on their nerves.

"Resentful? Not at all. They was pleasant as pleasant could be, smiling all directions at once—excepting also the direction of me Filipino ladies. Why, one of the girls had a keepsake one of the Japs had give her and I sent her to give it back to him; she had to chase him all over the deck and finally, when she cornered him, he had to be held to keep him from jumping overboard.

"Once more, I'm telling you, 'tis the only way to deal with women and the alien races. Convince them of your authority and never let them take the lead in anything and tolerate no independence from them. 'Tis the only way."

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The train had plunged into the New York tunnel and we went back to get our traps together. As we parted he said:

"I'm expecting me poor old mother to meet me when we get in. Keep sight of me when we land and take a look at the old lady. Of course she's only a woman and has all the weaknesses of the tribe. But she's the best of them all."

As we alighted, the side-whiskered Henry person was just ahead of us, convoyed by a large, robust woman with a hat almost as tall as it was broad.

"Man, man!" said the Irish King. "'Tis pitiful!" The wonderful plaintive note of the Celtic wanderer, everywhere in the world, crept into his voice. I knew his heart was full of the dear old lady who was waiting for him. "I've strayed far and into strange places, me friend. I've known 'em all, known 'em all. But it's taught me one thing: the test of a man. And that is his mastery of woman and the other alien races. Look at Henry and his wife. His mere existence is a confession of weakness. If a man can't control animals, he's to be pitied but not despised. If he cannot boss the brown and the black and the yellow man when he meets them, 'tis a disgrace. But the man who will take orders and insults from a woman—he is beneath contempt. So much me travels have taught me." His face flushed with joy and he left me, running toward the station gateway. "Ay, ay, there she is!" he cried.

In the cleared space, between the rows of waiting men and women, she stood, squarely in the middle. She was a bit of a woman, with sharp features like the old witch pictures and an eye flashing yellow fire. She wore a tiny black bonnet and a shawl, and in her hand was a bunchy green umbrella. So much I had time to see before he reached her. He slid his bags away from him along the concrete floor and opened his arms. She threw out her hand, palm outward, to warn him off.

"Why, mother," he gasped, "what's wrong with you?"

The bunchy green umbrella swung in a mighty arc. It landed squarely on his ear with a crack that made everybody on the big concourse turn and look. And again.

"You dir-r-r-rty boy," she shrilled, "dir-r-r-rty boy. Marrying a nayger woman! (*Whack! Bang!*) A nayger woman!"

He turned as though to flee, but she caught his arm.

"No," she cried. "You will not run. You will listen while I tell ye me mind. Never mind the people! Never mind them! I'm talking to you as is a mother's right. (*Bang! Whack!*) Now isn't it the truth? Have ye married a nayger woman or have ye not? (*Whack!*) Don't lie to me, for Susie McAllister she showed me the letter her brother wrote her, telling all the whole thing! (*Whack! Whack! Bang!*) I 'most died of shame."

She pushed his arm away and made for the gate.

"'YOU DIR-R-R-RTY BOY,' SHE SHRILLED, 'MARRYING A NAYGER WOMAN!'"

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"Where is the hussy?" she asked. "Let me see this woman that thinks she's good enough to be Norah Riley's daughter! Where is she?" The old lady turned back to the disheveled and crestfallen Irish King. "Where is she? Hiding back there on the train, afraid to face me? *You left her in the Islands?*"

The umbrella swung until it made a green halo about his head and shoulders. "Shame on you! And more shame! Leaving your wife in a heathen country! Deserting her like a brute! And now the neighbors will be saying you were ashamed to bring her home!"

He spoke to her rapidly, beseechingly.

"No, I will not be quiet!" she screamed. "No, I will not go home! Yes, I will, too! And I will pack up and we will take the next train back to them heathen islands where that poor trusting woman is waiting for ye. Have they priests out there? White ones? They have, eh? I've heard of these heathen jump-over-a-stick weddings. They've never had one in the Riley family, hear me? I'll be seeing a priest, and if her lines ain't good and regular out there or here or anywhere else, they'll be made so. And when you've finished your business, we'll bring her home, and if the neighbors don't treat her like the foreign princess that she is, it will be Norah Riley that will be after knowing why."

Her voice broke and softened.

"Ah, Clarence boy," she sobbed, "Clarence boy, I fear you've been too far and too long away from the old mother that loves ye."

I went away.

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# "WHAT HAVE I BROUGHT?"

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WHAT have I brought thee, dear,
Who gave me love and strength and counsel wise,
And girt me for my high emprise?
I come before thee bowed with fear.

I have so little done
Of all I dreamed to do in pay,
And evening shadows dusk the day,
To warn the laggard of the failing sun.

Will you at twilight stand
Against the West, like my avenging Fate,
To bar the thrice desired gate,
A flaming sword in your soft hand?

Ah, no, not that, dear heart!
The close-companioned, striving years,
The closer comradeship of tears,
You will not put away for baser part—

Nor count the fame you missed
Against the glory of the love you found,
That folded you forever round
In silences where angels kissed.

Just for that love I bore,
Who gave naught else but love to thee,
You will be very kind to me,
And stretch your waiting arms from Eden's door.

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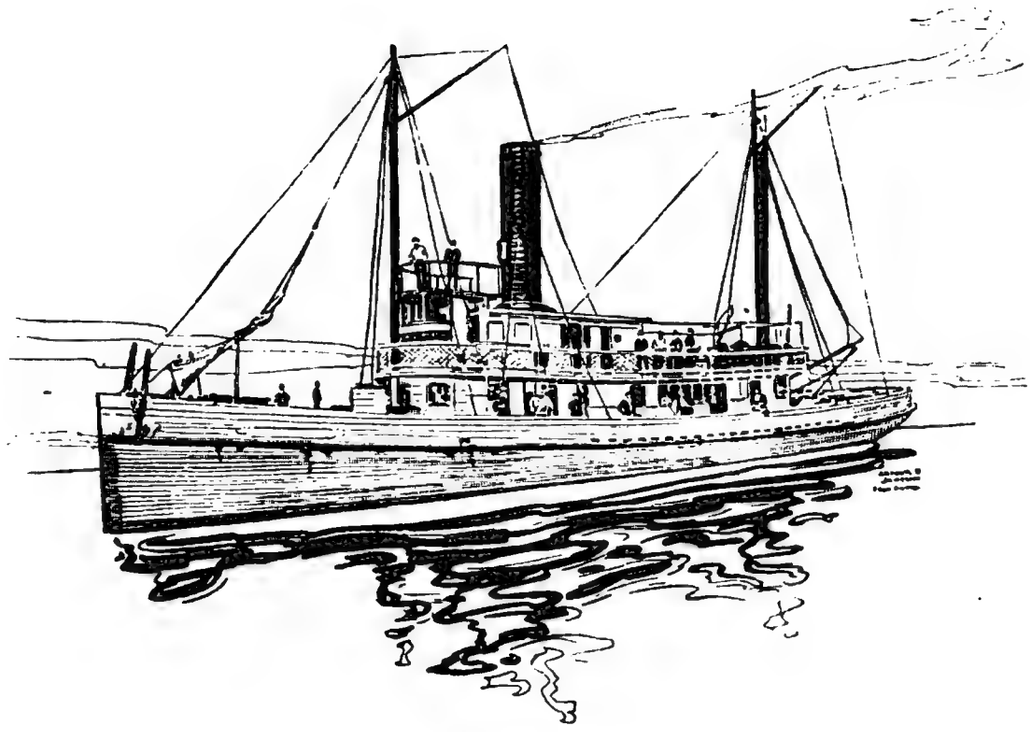

THE "THREE FRIENDS."

# From Deck Hand to Governor

## The Picturesque Career of Napoleon Broward

By RALPH D. PAINE

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—The possibilities of advancement and adventure in American life are exhausted! Are they, Mr. Pessimist? What would you say to the career of a penniless orphan boy successively cook, sailor before the mast, wrecker and filibuster, who was elected governor of his state and started the biggest reclamation project in the country? The age of romance is dead! Is it, Mr. Pessimist? You have forgotten the tugboat "Three Friends" and her daredevil performances carrying arms to the Cuban insurgents. This is not a defense of filibustering, nor an endorsement of the feasibility of converting the Everglades into farming land, but the story of a picturesque American whose successful adventures in life illustrate that Opportunity's latch still yields easily to the strong grasp.*

TWO years after the Civil War a penniless "Florida Cracker" led his wife and brood of children back to their old farm on the St. John's River, after an unsuccessful migration to one of the interior counties. They had been away for six years, during which War had spared not even their poor little homestead clearing that had been chopped out of the wilderness of pine and scrub palmetto. Fire had made a clean sweep of buildings and fences, and the great live oaks that had sheltered the house were scarred by the shell of Union gunboats. The fields had grown up in weeds and underbrush and had to be cleared by hand, for there was no money to buy a mule and plow. The father built a log house, with a wattled clay chimney, and foraged for food while the mother and the four small children took turns toiling with grubbing-hoes to make a patch of ground ready for planting. But for the mullet and other fish that were hauled ashore in the drag-seine they would have been starved out.

It was a very humble battle for life that this lowly Broward family waged, but of such as they was the skirmish-line of indomitable pioneers who made this nation possible. Napoleon, the younger of the two boys, was ten, his brother, Montcalm, twelve years old. Heroic names had they been given and of

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really heroic stuff were they made. From an uncle their mother secured for them a contract to whittle out, at one cent each, water-oak pins for pegging together rafts of timber. Instead of going to school these busy lads tended the seine, hoed the corn, and whittled away at the raft pegs between whiles. In two years the mother died; a few months later the father followed her, and the two little girls were taken from the farm to live with aunts in Jacksonville.

Thus bereft and so suddenly cast adrift, the pair of sunburned, ragged brothers, not yet in their teens, decided to stand by the homestead and fight it out alone, asking no help from their kinsfolk. Their nearest neighbor was two miles distant, and the river was the only highway through a region that forty years ago was little more than a semi-tropical wilderness. As best they could, Napoleon and Montcalm made their crops and kept track of their drove of razorback hogs and struggled with their primitive housekeeping. The usual meal was a mess of hominy, sweet potatoes, and a piece of pork boiled together in a pot over a fire of fat pine knots. Panthers screamed in the nearby "hammock" land, and after supper these brave urchins would bar the door, stand their shotgun against the wall close to the bed, and stick a bowie knife in a chink between the logs alongside the cornhusk pillows. Forlorn and lonesome and fearful these babes in the woods must have been, but they were not quitters, and they lived and toiled in this fashion for almost two years.

Then the uncle who had given the boys the contract for raft pegs persuaded Napoleon to work in his logging camp, and, Montcalm refusing to be left behind, the stripling brothers were raftsmen for two years. They were really getting on in the world, for after this rugged apprenticeship they became wage-earners as field hands on their grandfather's farm, Napoleon at seventy-five dollars a year, Montcalm at fifty. But when Napoleon was seventeen he forsook the land and sought to improve his fortunes on the water, shipping as cook and assistant fireman on a small St. John's River steamboat. Through the blazing summer months he sweated in the hold and on deck, working and saving that he might go to school in the winter and supplement the scanty country-school education he had been able to snatch when work was slack on the farm. He did succeed in saving enough to board with the lighthouse keeper at the fishing hamlet of New Berlin for two school terms, but that completed his education so far as the insides of books were concerned.

Before he had passed out of his teens, a spirit of adventure led Napoleon Broward to ship in a lumber-laden schooner bound to Boston. There he was paid off and turned adrift in the dead of winter. He had never before seen snow, but, shivering in his Kentucky jeans and gingham shirt, the Floridan sought employment in this frigid region with no thought of retreating to his balmy homeland. Then whooping-cough laid him on his back until all his money was gone. As soon as he was able to get about again, he decided to try to ship aboard one of the winter fishing fleet bound to the Banks. Fearing lest his racking cough might cause his rejection as an able-bodied seaman, he waited until he had hove in sight of a skipper, Captain Newcomb, of the schooner Emma Linwood, and then scurried into a near-by store to gulp down a dipper of water. Having checked the coughing spells for a few minutes, he hurriedly asked the skipper if he needed a man, and was able to pass muster.

In his flimsy clothing Napoleon sailed for the Newfoundland Banks with the ice-floes grinding off Boston Harbor and the spray freezing where it flew on deck. Yearningly he eyed the woolens and boots of his comrades, but the youngster had learned to take his medicine and work for what he got. During the voyage he whipped the bully of the forecastle and gained merit with the hard-bitted, hard-driving skipper by accepting the hardships and dangers with a cheerful, dogged endurance. His speech was drawling and slow, but his hands were not soft, and he stripped like an athlete in training.

From fisherman to seaman before the mast of a southbound sailing vessel, Napoleon Broward worked his way home again and continued to follow salt water in many vocations. At length he returned to steamboating on the St. John's, as a roustabout and wheelsman; and a steamboat man was Napoleon Broward destined to remain until he was called away from the deck of his tug to be governor of the commonwealth of Florida.

By the time he was thirty, this almost illiterate deck hand had become so much of a man in river traffic that he was able to buy a part ownership in a steamer which carried passengers and mail between Mayport and Palatka. His two-fisted courage and ambition were not to be denied, and Napoleon

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Broward was already known the length of the St. John's as a man who "toted fair," talked straight, and handled men and steamboats with masterful energy. His business ventures prospered, and his reputation in Jacksonville was such that when he decided to stay ashore as a candidate for sheriff of Duval County, his election was in the nature of a landslide, and he held the office for nine years. Six feet by two hundred and ten pounds were his dimensions and, kept in fighting trim by his battering life, he was a first-class sheriff for any emergency. If a "bad nigger" ran amuck with razor and pistol in a turpentine camp, Broward went after him and brought him in, dead or alive. If you asked the particulars he would reply with the pleasant-voiced drawl of the native Floridan: "Oh, I just located him and got him. I reckon that's all there was to it."

While Napoleon was engaged in his shore-going activities, carving out a career in politics, his sturdy brother, Montcalm, who had become a successful towboat man, looked after the river interests, and the two formed a partnership. In 1895 they came to the conclusion that a powerful sea-going tug built for offshore towing and wrecking along the Florida Reef would be a profitable investment. The estimated cost of such a vessel was forty thousand dollars, and they could scrape together less than half the amount. A third partner, George Decottes, was enlisted, but, like the Broward brothers, he had more pluck than cash, and the stout craft weathered some heavy financial weather before she was launched from a Jacksonville shipyard.

They named her "Three Friends" and expected to set her at her lawful business, but her paint was no more than dry when the Cuban Rebellion began and swarthy, secretive men were exploring the Florida ports in search of steamers fit to play the hazardous game of filibustering and run cargoes of guns and munitions past the Spanish blockading cordon of the island. These agents of the Cuban Junta offered the Broward brothers ten thousand dollars for every cargo the Three Friends might land on the beleaguered coast.

A crew of capable daredevils was signed on with promise of double wages. There was no lack of competent officers. As managing owner, Napoleon Broward must sometimes remain ashore, and when he could not take command, Montcalm Broward or Captain "Bill" Lewis, a seasoned towboat skipper, was to be in charge. As important as these captains three was the chief engineer, John Dunn, grizzled, portly, garrulous, who stuck by the Three Friends through her eight wild voyages to Cuba, who kept a clamp on his safety valve at sea, and drove his engines and strained his boilers until only a gracious providence held them together.

Fifty coastguard launches, gunboats, and cruisers under the Spanish flag hunted the Three Friends from Cape Maysi to Cape San Antonio with promise of dazzling reward if they should sink her at sea with all hands. At home the United States Government, urged by the protests of Spain, at that time a "friendly power," was trying to punish this insolent defiance of the laws of neutrality. Yankee cruisers were detailed to patrol the Southern coast, and revenue cutters kept watch in the deep-water ports and among the Florida Keys. The Spanish consuls employed an army of Pinkerton men ashore and swore feverishly because their efforts were futile.

The dashing success of the Three Friends won great popularity for the steamer and her crew throughout Florida, whose people could see no crime in the thrilling series of escapades that recalled the brave days of buccaneering on the Spanish main. Sympathy with the Cuban cause was rampant, and filibustering was regarded as a game of wits in which the governments of Spain and the United States held the losing cards. Napoleon Broward was "pestered," as he put it, by indictments and libel proceedings, but not a solitary conviction was secured against the Three Friends and her lawless company whose cargoes did much to prevent Spain from crushing the island rebellion.

Napoleon Broward commanded the tug during her first filibustering voyage, preferring to share with his men whatever risks were to be faced in this untried enterprise. In his own words the adventure turned out as follows:

"Early in the winter of 1896 the Cuban General Colasso and sixty-five men were hiding on the Gulf coast, waiting for a chance to run a cargo of arms. This expedition was loaded aboard a schooner which slipped down among the Florida Keys, and at the same time the Three Friends started from Jacksonville to meet her and transfer the men and stuff. Once across the St. John's bar I had the tug's hull painted steel gray, removed the name boards from her pilot-house, and ordered no lights to be shown. The schooner was found at Indian Key, the transfer made, and the Three

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Friends headed for a landing-place on the north coast of Cuba near Cardenas. It was a novel business for most of the men aboard her, and they shivered at sight of every steamer's smoke on the horizon line. The Cuban pilot who was relied upon to find the landing-place, lost his bearings and in thick weather anchored the vessel abreast of a Spanish fort. The lifeboats which we quickly filled with Cubans and cargo no sooner hit the beach than they found themselves in a hornet's nest. The men were fighting the Spanish garrison at close quarters, unable to retreat through the heavy surf, and the noise of the engagement soon drew a gunboat from Cardenas. I didn't want to lose my vessel, and I wasn't going to forsake the men of my own crew who had rowed the boats ashore, so I told those of my gang who were on board:

"'Don't use your guns. The firing will bring more gunboats down on us. Get your axes and lie down under the bulwarks. If this little gunboat tries to board us, take her men as they come over the rail. There's two boatloads of our men to come off from the beach, and I'm damned if I leave 'em adrift.'

"The boats were recovered in the nick of time, the cable was cut with an axe, and the Three Friends stood out to sea with the Spanish gunboat popping at us and crowding in chase. . . . Before we got to Key West the morning star suddenly shone through a rift in the clouds. The engineer poked his head on deck for a gulp of cool air, mistook the star for a vessel's light driving straight at us, and rushed forward, while he hurled a tin plate and spoon over the rail and shouted:

"'Throw the cargo overboard and lighten the ship. The Spaniards have got us sure. See that headlight close on to us, Broward?'"

Strong nerves were made skittish by morning stars and other sea phantoms on such voyages as this, but the Three Friends continued to slip from port and flee to the Cuban coast for more than a year. During her last expedition she had a midnight fight with a Spanish gunboat off the southern coast of Cuba. A shrapnel shell from a twelve-pounder mounted in the bow of the filibuster tore away the enemy's pilot-house and killed or wounded almost a dozen of her crew. By crippling the Spaniard in this desperate fashion the Three Friends escaped from the tightest corner of her career, and her crew was charged by the United States Government with the grave crime of piracy on the high seas. The case was never brought to trial, however, because none of the crew could be persuaded to turn state's evidence.

When there were no more lawless cargoes to be run and no more patriots to be landed on the white beaches of Cuba, Napoleon Broward and his brother Montcalm took the Three Friends to Key West to employ her in the profitable business of pulling stranded vessels off the deadly Florida Reef. It was a viking's life that these brothers led as wreckers, fit only for the hardiest and bravest men and the most consummate seamen. In storms when it was an even guess whether the tug would float or founder, she was driven out to sea to race for the salvage of imperiled tramp or square-rigger. They took big risks, but they were gambling for handsome stakes, and the staunch Three Friends stayed under them until she was so racked and worn by the terrific strain of her service in war and peace that she had to be rebuilt from keel to deck-house.

In 1903 this wrecker, filibuster, and tow-boat captain, Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, announced his intention of making a fight for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Florida. His cause looked like a picturesque forlorn hope. There were one hundred and sixty daily and weekly newspapers in the state, only six of which were on his side, and these were of trifling importance. It seemed absurd to try to beat Robert W. Davis, who had been a member of Congress since 1896, and was backed by the railroad and corporation interests, which are nowhere more powerful than in the state of Florida, and which he had served as counsel before going to Washington.

"I don't intend to go after the cities," declared Napoleon Broward. "Their newspapers are against me, and they don't take me seriously. But I'm going to stump every crossroads village between Fernandina and Pensacola and talk to the farmers and the Crackers and show them that their top ends were meant to be used for something better than hat-racks. I'm going to make 'em sit up and think. They won't mind mistakes in grammar if they find I'm talking horse sense."

Under forced draft, this big, iron-fisted native son charted his course up and down and across Florida, hammering away at his fellows of the pine lands, scrub palmetto, wire grass, and prairie, wasting no time in attempted eloquence, but telling them exactly what he proposed doing if they made him their governor. They flocked to hear him

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from curiosity, as the owner and master of the famous Three Friends, and they liked this new display of his grit. But they found also that he had employed a rarely retentive memory to pack his head full of facts and figures to buttress his arguments, and that he carried ammunition for fighting at long or short range. He had handled men for many years, and he had a masterful presence and address. He told them that what he wanted most to do was to increase the powers of the State Railroad Commission and to safeguard and develop the public lands of the commonwealth. His speeches carried the conviction that he was a strong and honest man who would fight in the last ditch for the gospel of the square deal, wherefore the Floridans made him their governor for four years. He had fought and won his own whirlwind campaign from start to finish, leaving an impression of rugged force and bigness in his wake.

GOVERNOR NAPOLEON B. BROWARD.

Napoleon Broward's crusade to develop the public lands meant nothing less than an imperial scheme for the reclamation of the Florida Everglades. He preached it as the greatest possible benefit that could come to the state. For more than a half century engineers and public men had threshed over this problem of drainage, agreeing that its solution would give to Florida more wealth than all the rest of her arable acreage. They had been continually at loggerheads, however, over the possibility of persuading the water to run into the Gulf and the Atlantic. This submerged area comprised three million acres peopled by only one Seminole Indian and a fraction per ten square miles. From a million acres of this fat, black bottom land could be procured enough cane sugar to equal the present imports from other countries, in value $157,000,000 yearly. When ready for cultivation this land would be worth from twenty to sixty dollars an acre, and, as Napoleon Broward reckoned it, for every million dollars spent in reclamation the state could put fifteen millions in its treasury.

The railroads fought him tooth and nail, as they had fought all other propositions to redeem this vast area for the benefit of the state. Although Florida is the second largest state east of the Mississippi, more than one half its area is classified as swamp or overflowed land. In 1847 the Federal Congress granted to the state all the national lands within its borders which were wholly or partly submerged, on condition that such areas should be drained and sold to settlers, the net proceeds after paying the cost of reclamation to be given to the state school funds. By the terms of this grant Florida received twenty million acres, more than one half its total area, and in 1855 the state legislature vested the control of these lands in the board of trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund.

In 1905 the state owned less than three million acres of this vast grant. Seventeen million

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GOVERNOR NAPOLEON B. BROWARD, HIS WIFE, AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

acres of swamp and overflowed land had been given away to railroads, canal and development corporations by one large-hearted legislature after another. If corporations have no souls, neither have they a sense of humor, for in this instance they set up claims to seven million acres more which they said had been promised them, or four million acres more than there was left to be handed over to them!

To save to the state the remaining three million acres of Everglade country was Governor Broward's purpose; on the soundness of his theories about it he staked his career. And though he gave battle against heavy odds and was called many hard names by his enemies, none of them accused him of being a dreamer. He did not preach reclamation until he had studied every survey made of the Everglades since the Seminole War; had gone down into that vast and mysterious country, and pushed through the saw grass from the coast to Lake Okeechobee. He found no forests to fell, no tangled swamps to clear. The region was like overflowed prairie on which the fresh water stood from one to three feet deep. It stretched as a wilderness of densely growing saw grass a hundred and forty miles from north to south, traversed only by the rivers and water trails used by the scattered bands of Seminoles, who dwelt on small wooded islands remote from any settlements.

Governor Broward knew that to put the water on the desert lands of the arid West, under the National Irrigation Act, has cost an average of twenty-five dollars an acre. He made his estimates, and swore by them, that to take the water off the black, fertile levels of the Everglades would cost less than a dollar an acre; and he hoped to make the enterprise pay its way by selling the land as fast as it should be reclaimed. The earlier sale of tracts of these overflowed lands had placed to the credit of the Drainage Trustees the sum of $350,000, which was available for reclamation operations without need of special legislative enactment. It was Napoleon Broward's capital with which to show the people who had elected him that he knew what he was talking about. To begin with, he personally superintended the building of two huge dredges, and when they had been thoroughly tested under his critical eye this militant governor announced:

"I am going to tackle the toughest end of the proposition first."

Accordingly his engineers were ordered to

CAPTAIN MONTCALM BROWARD.
At present the legislator of the three Friends.

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begin digging from the New River, which flows from the Everglades into the sea at Fort Lauderdale, on the east coast, a few miles to the northward of Miami. The Everglade region begins ten miles inland at this point, and the water which covered it was held in check by a rim of coral and limestone rock like the edge of a huge saucer. As soon as his dredges could chew and blast their way through three miles of this soft rock, declared Napoleon Broward, they would have nothing but black mud or muck to excavate on their northwest course to Lake Okeechobee, fifty miles away. This lake, thirty-five miles long and of about the same width, is the loneliest body of water in the United States. Its level is twenty-one feet above the Atlantic, and if it could be lowered no more than six feet by means of Napoleon Broward's experimental canals, there would be drained and made fertile a million acres of wonderfully rich land. In the whole state of Florida no more than a million acres are under cultivation, wherefore the drainage of Okeechobee alone would double the productive area. The two canals, along their route, would drain one hundred and twenty thousand acres more; and the land would be farmed as fast as it could be made accessible.

A SEMINOLE FAMILY IN CAMP FOR OVERNIGHT ON THE WAY TO THE TRADING POST, FORT LAUDERDALE.

During the first year of operation the two dredges fought their way through the rim of limestone rock and began to march ahead, digging canals three miles apart at a pace of a mile a month. They made a new low record

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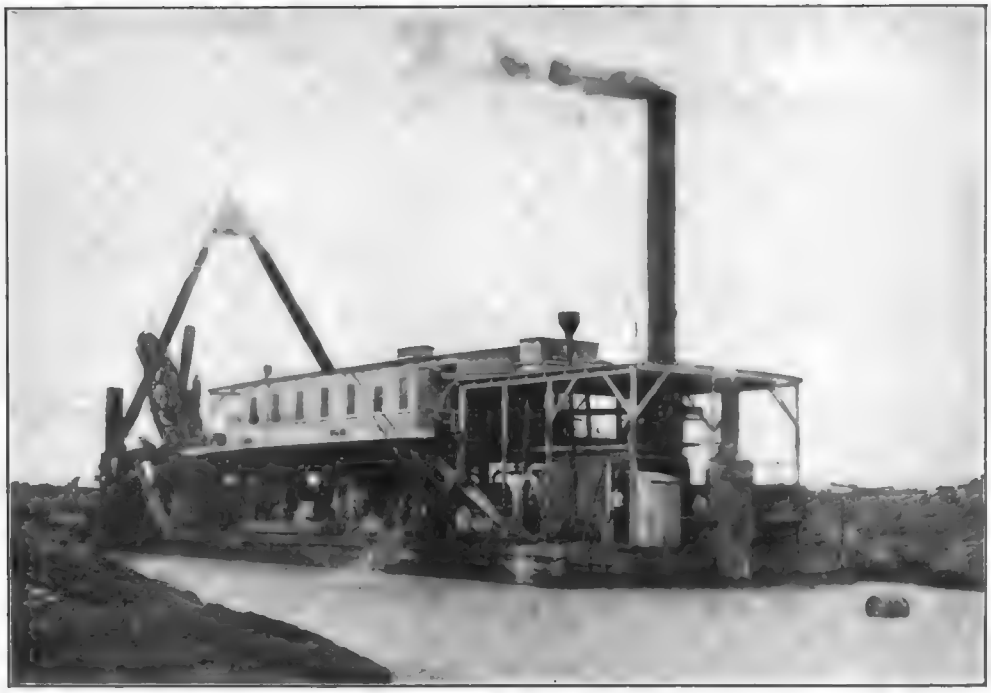

ONE OF NAPOLEON BROWARD'S DREDGES MAKING THE DIRT FLY IN THE EVERGLADES.

for this kind of excavation, a cost of only ten cents per cubic yard, partly because Napoleon Broward had built the dredges to fit this particular kind of work. In their wake followed the farmer and the fruit-grower, planting land in tomatoes, celery, oranges, and lemons, while the saw grass was still littered with dead fish left stranded when the water ran off into the canals. The settlers on these Everglade tracts did not have to wait for road building. The drainage canals were dug sixty feet wide and from eight to ten feet deep, ready to serve as highways along which gasoline launches and small barges might ply between the pioneer's dooryard and his market and railroad connections at Fort Lauderdale.

Thus was made the beginning of the reclamation of the real Everglades, the home of the Seminole, the last untutored, primitive Indian living by the chase as did his forefathers, without a reservation, without government care or control. Napoleon Broward's dredges clanked and grunted, and the dynamite gang blasted within a mile of the pal-

A PARTY OF ENGINEERS IN CAMP IN THE EVERGLADES.



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SEMINOLES RETURNING TO THE EVERGLADES FROM A COAST TRADING POST.

metto-thatched camp of Chief Robert Osceola. Now and then a withered squaw of his tribe stole down to the upheaved embankment, to shake her fist and mutter curses at the infernal monster of a machine which had come to destroy the Everglades. Driven back into the watery wastes of the interior by the encroachments of the white settlers on the fringe of coast, the few hundred red men had dwelt along inaccessible canoe trails, and only a few of them emerged at the trading posts to sell their otter, deer, and alligator skins and buy ammunition and cloth. They have always scorned the white man's schools, his ways, and his speech, content to be let alone, aloof though not hostile. Tall, straight, and robust, the American Indian as Fenimore Cooper pictured him, the Seminole of the Florida Everglades belongs to a type that is everywhere else extinct. The United States could not whip him in ten years of fighting and pursuit, and if Wyoming had her Custer battlefield, Florida has a tangled bit of woodland in which the command of General Dade, one

TRANSPORTING SUPPLIES BETWEEN HOMESTEAD AND THE COAST.



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CLEARING A "HAMMOCK"—OR ISLAND, IN THE HEART OF THE EVERGLADES. ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS TO FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THE DREDGES.

hundred and ten strong, was wiped out to a man

Such a country as this may seem hostile to settlement even when drained, but there is no malaria or fever in the Everglades proper, and mosquitoes are found only near the coast. When dry, these three million acres will be like savanna or prairie land, as flat as a table to the eye, and swept by cool winds from Gulf and Ocean. They will have the immense advantage over the irrigated-land regions of the West that the black vegetable mold needs no fertilizer and can be cultivated the year through in a climate where frost is almost unknown. Twenty acres planted in a winter crop of tomatoes will yield profits of from two hundred to five hundred dollars in a working season of only four months.

From these hundreds upon hundreds of square miles of submerged land, much of which has never been explored by white men, the water can be drained in ten years. And, large as is the state of Florida, she will soon need this land, for most of her dry soil is sandy and hard to till with profit. To live to see miles of sugar cane waving where the sharp-toothed saw grass baffles the hardiest hunter; to see Florida's six hundred thousand population increased by such immigration from the Middle West as has peopled the states toward the Canadian border—this was Napoleon Broward's vision of empire. He has been able to do no more than carve out the practical beginning, to show the way, but he has proved that what other men have called impossible or visionary can be done for the trying.

When twenty governors and a host of senators and congressmen met at Memphis to discuss inland-waterways projects, Florida discovered that she had reason to be proud of her own governor. This self-taught towboat skipper talked with such convincing force and breadth of knowledge that he was cheered beyond his fellow orators. Later, at Baltimore,

JOHN DUNN.

Chief Engineer of the Three Friends, during her filibustering career, now engineer of the Everglade dredges.

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during the National Drainage Congress, Napoleon Broward was the most prominent figure of a distinguished company of delegates who elected him president of the organization because of the impression he had made in public speaking. President Roosevelt has found no more valuable and better informed ally in his far-reaching plans for the conservation and development of the natural resources of the nation than Governor Broward, who was conspicuous among the governors called in convention at the White House to discuss these vital problems.

His term of office has recently expired, and he was defeated in the campaign for a United States senatorship which he chose to make last autumn. To-day the sea-going tug Three Friends is towing schooners across the St. John's bar. In her wheelhouse stands a tanned, deep-chested captain with a pleasant eye and quiet, unruffled demeanor. This is Montcalm Broward, as fine a specimen of the native American seafarer as can be found from Portland to Key West. If the political career of Napoleon Broward has been finished, it is most likely that you will find him back on the deck of his towboat, in partnership with his brother Montcalm, earning his living by hard, clean work on salt water, where his career began.

The people of his state have not lost faith in his integrity. This was not why he failed of election to the United States Senate. He was an aggressive governor, and he made new enemies, largely among those who played politics for selfish ends. His Everglades crusade, great though its splendid potentialities were, did not so inflame the popular mind as to swing him successfully through a second campaign. But beneath the wide, black slouch hat of Napoleon Broward was wrought out one of the biggest ideas of his time, and he brought it into being almost single-handed, not for the needs of the day, but for the needs of to-morrow. The feasibility of all of his theories of drainage has not been finally determined, but enough has been done to exhibit their possibilities and to encourage the people of Florida to go on with the great task.

Immensely picturesque as the career of Napoleon Bonaparte Broward has been, his story is chiefly worth telling because of his rugged, courageous devotion to duty as he saw it, and to the day's work as he found it. Without money, without education, he battered his way to the top, from deck hand to governor, before he was fifty years old. In the Capitol building at Tallahassee he was no more, no less, than the bronzed, resolute shipmaster, tall, bull-necked, and broad-shouldered, who had taken the Three Friends to sea as a filibuster or laid her alongside a wreck on the Florida Reef when no other vessel dared leave port. When the interests opposing his Everglades project were bestirring themselves with violent activity, he made a reply which somehow pictures more vividly than detailed description the character of the man:

"Shall the sovereign people of Florida supinely surrender to a few land pirates and purchased newspapers and confess that they cannot knock a hole in a wall of coral and let a body of water obey a natural law and seek the level of the sea? To answer yes to such a question is to prove ourselves unworthy of freedom, happiness, or prosperity."

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# THE SNOWBIRD

By ARTHUR STRINGER

STILL wid his wee ould bosom warm,
Och, mad as hare or hatter,
He pipes and jigs through iv'ry storm—
So *what* can Winter matter?

Faix, laugh and leave your tears behind,
And sing thro' toil and throuble,—
*There's still a kind of bein' blind,*
*That's more than seein' double!*

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IF HE WOULD LET ME STAY THERE—IF HE WOULD ONLY LET ME STAY!

—*The Journal of a Neglected Wife.*

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# The Journal of a Neglected Wife

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Illustration by Balfour Ker

Sept. 2d.

IS he with her again to-night? Since ten o'clock I have been watching at the library window. I try to sit quietly in my room and read or sew, but in a few moments I find myself back at the window, gazing down the street, hoping breathlessly that each coming figure will be he. And then always my heart sinks sickeningly when the street lamp at the corner shows it to be some passing stranger. And yet how little difference it makes whether he comes now or an hour later! I feel that he is with her —that he has been with her all evening. It always brings that sickening weight in my chest, and a trembling weakness like that of fright.

Sept. 6th.

How much longer can I bear this? If only I could go to some one for advice or help—to be able to unburden it all. But that is impossible. How can I confess to any one that for over a year my husband has been infatuated with another woman? It would only add to my sense of degradation to know that any one shared my secret.

Sept. 11th.

I feel sure that he has not seen her for several days. I am happier and more hopeful than I have been for weeks.

Sept. 12th.

At dinner he asked if I would not like to go to the theatre. There was a note almost of apology in his voice, as though there had come to him a sudden realization of how rarely he had taken me anywhere of late. But I felt that one of our old home evenings might bring us nearer than any theatre. So after dinner he read to me as he used to do. I have always loved our library—the dark woodwork, the soft rich colors of the hangings and rugs. And to-night as he sat beside the shaded light, with the gas-logs sending flickering shadows over the room, I had some of the old feeling of pride and security in my home. Surely no other woman could permanently come between my husband and his home. I am sure he has not seen her now for over a week. And yet I am almost afraid to hope. . . .

Sept. 15th.

He was with her again last night! He said he was detained at a stockholders' meeting. But I know—I *know!* What shall I do? Have I the strength to bear it?

Sept. 17th.

My worst fears are verified! Oh, Horace, Horace, how can you degrade me so? What have I ever done that I must bear such humiliation? And I must bear it in silence—I must pretend to be blind. *Once he knows that I know*—I would have to leave him. If there is in me any vestige of womanly pride, I could not continue to live with him and tacitly consent to be daily dishonored. And I have not the courage to leave him—to face life alone. Before that thought my mind cowers in shuddering fear.

It was almost dawn this morning when, after a sleepless night, I went into the bathroom for some bromide. The door that led into his room was partly open. I could see that he was asleep, his face turned from me, one arm thrown over his head. His coat hung on a chair near by. The desire to *touch* it, to breathe in the faint fragrance of cigars that I knew it would hold, to comfort my poor, starved soul with at least this semblance of nearness to him, made me stoop over, lift the coat from the chair, and bury my face against it. And then! Oh, the torturing knowledge that came to me then! From the arm and shoulder of the coat came a faint perfume, elusive, subtle, and yet unmistakably a perfume

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He had held her in his arms! On the shoulder where her head had rested was the odor most perceptible. It was true, then. I held in my hands the proof of his unfaithfulness. I never realized before how much I had hoped against hope. How in spite of all evidence I had clung to the hope that I *might* be wrong—that it might be only friendship. But now. . . .

Sept. 18th.

Sometimes I feel I would have suffered less if he had died.

Sept. 19th.

In what way have I failed him? What can this other woman give that I cannot? I have gone back over the seventeen years of our marriage. What is lacking in me, that I have not held the love of my husband?

Sept. 20th.

If I could feel that she was some ordinary woman of the chorus-girl type, however keen the humiliation might be, I would still feel that it was an infatuation that would not last. But I know he could never care for a woman of that kind. He could never overcome his innate loathing of all that is coarse and vulgar. Whoever she is, she must be, outwardly at least, a refined woman, a gentlewoman. I spend anguished hours in wondering what she is like, in trying to picture her. I have no clue except that one unsigned note I found last winter, and now this elusive perfume. . . .

Sept. 21st.

Every day he is growing farther and farther away from me. He is hardly ever at home now. And he has almost ceased to make excuses for his absence.

Sept. 23d.

The thought that many other wives have to endure all this, and perhaps more, does not help me. He has always seemed so much a part of me, so different from the men that figure in newspaper scandals of intrigues and divorce.

Sept. 25th.

Oh, what a pitiful thing it is to depend so completely on any one person for happiness! Had I only the courage to go away—to leave him a note saying that if he loves this other woman I want him to be with her! In desperate moments I have planned this note over and over again. But I have not the strength. He has made up my life for so long. To give him up now would be like tearing my very soul apart.

And even if I could force myself to go away—how could I live? I hate this thought, and yet it is often in my mind now. I have not enough money of my own, and if he were living with another woman—I could not take money from him. My whole nature would revolt at that.

What work could I do that would earn my living? Lately I have been taking the newspapers to my room and with a sick heart searching the help columns! But it is always young women that are wanted, women of eighteen to thirty—not women of forty-five. And even if it were not for the age—how few things I could do! I know nothing of stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping, and these are the things that are wanted. What *could* I do? How could I live? I loathe myself for even thinking of this phase of it—and yet how can I help it?

Sept. 27th.

This trembling, nervous, frightened feeling that I have had so much lately became almost unendurable to-day. Even Horace noticed at breakfast how pale I was, and how my hand trembled as I held my cup. He said he would stop at Dr. Martin's on his way down-town and have him come to see me. I am afraid of Dr. Martin's keen eyes, so I tried to persuade Horace not to send him. But he insisted, said I had not looked well for several days. *For several days!* Oh, my dear husband, how blind you have been! You have not seen that for months I have been sick—sick with a broken heart, the most horrible sickness a woman can have.

Sept. 28th.

Dr. Martin came yesterday. I answered his questions vaguely, tried to make light of it, said I was merely a little nervous and unstrung. But he waived all my evasions and asked bluntly:

"Mrs. Kennedy, what is worrying you?"

At that I burst into tears, hysterical tears. I could not help it. He was very kind, and did not press me with questions. Perhaps he knew it would be useless. He left a "tonic," and said he would call again. I wonder what he thinks? He sees so much of life. And yet he has known Horace and

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me for so long; there has always been such a quiet dignity about our home and our life.

For a moment the longing to confide in him was very strong. The relief it would be to tell some one of this misery—to unburden my heart of it all! But afterward, to know that any one shared my secret would only deepen my degradation. I must go on bearing it alone.

Sept. 29th.

I have been looking in the mirror at my worn, lined face. The tragedy of age for a woman! When the years take from her youth and beauty, why do they not take, too, her longing for love? Why do they mercilessly leave her with a young heart and a faded face?

Sept. 30th.

I must know who she is and where she lives. I cannot endure any longer these torturing doubts and suspicions. To-morrow I shall follow him. A year ago I would have shrunk from such a thought with untold horror, but now—I am *desperate* now. I must *know*.

Oct. 1st.

I have just bought a cheap black hat and heavy veil. How old it makes me look! I know now how kind my hats are to my face, with what art my milliner shapes them. But this straight, stiff brim cruelly hardens and ages my features. I have found a black skirt and coat that I have not worn for years, and that I know he will not recognize. In this disguise I will follow him.

Midnight.

It is over. I have followed him. I *know*. At four o'clock I was in Nassau Street, waiting by the door of the great trust building in which he has his offices. So many people were pouring in and out that I was afraid I might not see him, so I went inside the large corridor where I could watch the elevators. The place seemed throbbing, pulsating with the life of the business world. The thought that my husband was a part, a prominent part of all this, thrilled me with a momentary sense of pride.

All these men, hurrying away from their offices, well groomed and prosperous—some household, the life of some woman centered about each of them. How many of them, through neglect and indifference, were breaking the heart of that woman?

At last I saw him step from one of the elevators. My pulse beat wildly. How strange to have him pass me in that way—without even glancing toward me! Secure in my disguise, I followed closely, fearful of losing him in the crowd.

At the corner he stopped to buy a paper. I had thought he would take the subway, so I had no difficulty in following him there. But when he reached the entrance he hesitated, glanced at his watch, and then turned back and crossed the street to a drug store. Instinctively I knew it was to telephone—but to whom? Was he going to telephone me that he would not be home for dinner, as he had so often done of late? Or was the message for *her?*

As I passed the drug store I could see three telephone booths in the far end. I knew he was in one of those booths. The flashing thought that I might secure the adjoining one and hear the message made me enter the store, heedless of the risk. Through the glass door of the first booth I saw the head and shoulders of a man I did not know. In the second—was my husband. Quickly I slipped into the third. At first I could hear nothing, then quite distinctly I heard his voice. "Ring them again, Central."

"Hello! This is Mr. Kennedy, Ellen. Ask Mrs. Kennedy to come to the 'phone. She is out? Well, when she comes in, tell her that I have been detained at the office and may not be home until late—for her not to wait dinner. That's all. Good-by."

A pause. Then, "Hello! Hello, Central. Give me 13040 River." Again a pause. "Hello! Why, I am through earlier than I thought," with a strange gentleness in his voice. "I'm on my way up now. Yes, in half an hour or less. Yes," with a tender little laugh. "Good-by."

Blindly, with trembling limbs, I followed him from the store, across the street, back to the subway. There was a crowd at the ticket window. Would he be gone before I could get through? A local was drawing out—had he taken that? No, he was there on the platform, waiting for an express. In a moment one dashed in. I followed him into the same car. It was crowded. I could see that he was standing about the middle of the car. Some one had given me a seat near the door, and as the train sped on I closed my eyes. "13040 River!" The number seemed floating in red and black waves beneath my closed lids. That was her telephone! From

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that I could find her address. I need not follow him, and yet I knew that I should. I had no resistance then against the force that was sweeping me on.

A moment's stop at Fourteenth Street, and the train plunged on with its deafening roar. Forty-second, Seventy-second—where would he get off? I could see only his hand and arm as he held to a strap some distance away.

At Ninety-sixth I saw him making his way toward the door. Dizzily I followed. Out from the subway, across Ninety-sixth Street toward the park. How fast he walked—was he so eager to reach her? A little farther on and he entered one of the large apartment-houses that face the park. Everything blurred before me as I walked to the end of the block and looked back. In some part of that building was my husband with another woman! Even now he was greeting her. . . .

Oct. 8th.

I have been ill for over a week. That day broke me down.

Oct. 9th.

I have always thought that books in which women wring their hands and walk up and down the room crying, "Oh, God—God! What can I do? How can I bear it?" were melodramatic and absurdly unreal. I know now that they may be very real. The hysterical things I now do and say when I am alone are more tensely emotional than anything I have ever read.

While I was ill, in a strained, awkward way he was very kind to me. It was as though he were trying to make up for the infidelities of which he thinks I am ignorant. How much longer can I be silent?

I do not yet know her name. I have had no strength for anything more. But now, with her address and telephone number, it will not be hard to find the rest—only I cannot do it now.

Oct. 10th.

The nights are so horrible! If I could only sleep. But for weeks I have lain awake until three or four in the morning. And all through those long hours my mind is going over and over the same thing. Night and day the thought of that other woman is always with me.

Oct. 12th.

To-day I did a strange thing. I took a car to a cheap boarding-house section of the city and looked for a room. I had made a list of a few addresses from the morning paper advertising "Well furnished hall bedrooms, hot and cold water, excellent table board." For so long I have been haunted with the thought of how little I could live on that to-day I felt I must know. I went to all the places on my list. The "well furnished" rooms were alike wretchedly shabby and dingy. The battered furniture, the faded carpets, the dark halls, and the musty smell of cooking! And the dining rooms—invariably in the basement—were unspeakably horrible. Long tables with soiled cloths, thick plates, and heavy glasses, and knives and forks with the silver worn off. Along the center of each table were arranged the glass sugar bowls, the blackened catsup bottles, the smeared oil and vinegar cruets. A hall bedroom and board in these places cost from six to seven dollars a week.

Could I live like that? At each place the "landlady" looked curiously at my clothes. One of them asked bluntly for whom I wished the room, and I answered in confusion, "For a friend."

Oct. 14th.

Yesterday I asked him what yearly interest came from the fifteen hundred dollars I received from Cousin Allen's estate. He looked up in surprise. "Why, Mary, you don't mean that you need—" and I answered hurriedly: "Oh, no, I don't need the money; the amount you give me for my own and the household expenses is more than enough. I merely wondered how much a small sum like that would bring in yearly."

"Let me see; I bought some N. L. & J. with that—did I not? Well, I should say that would be about seventy-five dollars a year."

"And if it were sold outright, how much would it bring now?" I asked.

"Why, somewhere around eighteen hundred. But what do you mean? You never asked such questions before."

"Oh, nothing! I just had a fancy to know how much I had of my very own."

"Why, you know you have all that Western Union stock, don't you? And those lots in Brooklyn, and that land in Ulster County?"

"Oh, yes, I know all that is what you gave me. But I just wondered how much Cousin Allen's money would bring."

All through dinner he looked disturbed and worried. I suppose he has always felt

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that I was well provided for. Evidently the thought that, if we were ever separated, I would not touch a cent of his money nor of anything he had ever given me, had not occurred to him. And yet, living with me all these years—he ought to know. He ought to *know* that I could never share his money with another woman.

Oct. 15th.

I have written her a letter. Of course, I shall never send it. And yet I could not help writing it. It was not a bitter letter. I only asked if she knew the wretchedness she was bringing into another woman's life. That for me life held nothing but my husband. That for her—there was so much more. I felt that she was young and beautiful—that she had the whole world to choose from. Why had she taken from me all that I had?

Already I have destroyed the letter, and yet the very writing of it was humiliating—corrosively humiliating. That I should plead with another woman for my husband's love! Beg from a stranger for what is mine—mine by law, by seventeen years of love and devotion! Oh, does he never think of that—that I have given him the best of my life?—and now that I am faded and old he turns from me to a younger, fresher face. Is that the nature of man? Are all men so? Then why does God let woman be born to such anguish?

Oct. 18th.

I have still made no effort to find out her name. I have the feeling now that I would rather not know. In a few weeks it may be different; I may be again filled with that fierce desire to know—to *know*. But now I shrink from knowing any more.

Oct. 21st.

This is my birthday. In all these years he has never before forgotten; he has always brought me flowers. But to-day he does not even know. I shall not mention it. I want no remembrance that must be prompted. Forty-six to-day—and I look fifty. Oh, how horribly I have aged this past year! All these sleepless nights have carved deep lines in my face. And yet I must live on—I must take whatever life has in store for me. There is no escape.

Oct. 23d.

To-night at dinner he spoke of giving up the house. Asked what I thought of taking an apartment. Said it would be less lonely for me when he could not get home for dinner. That he often felt the uselessness of keeping this big house for just us two; it seemed almost as though it were kept up more for the benefit of the servants than anything else.

When he saw my distress at the thought, he said of course it should be as I wished—he wanted me to be where I would not be so much alone. After that he did not press the matter, but I could see he was disappointed.

So he wants to give up our home. He wants to live at a hotel, where he can be more free. It is the beginning of the end.

Oct. 24th.

Sometimes I wonder if I could have held his love longer had I dressed more and been more careful that he should never see me unless I was attractively gowned. When I look back I am filled with dismay to think how often he has seen me when I must have been most unattractive. It is true that seventeen years of married life have made me careless. I remember all the lacy, delicate, perfumed lingerie of my wedding trousseau, and how he used to admire them and call them "frilikins." But now I wear the plainest and sometimes most unbecoming things. I have felt that it was unnecessary and even extravagant to spend so much money on lingerie; instead, I have put it in the house—in rugs, cut glass, and silver—in things I could "keep."

Oh, how foolish I have been! How much wiser to have bought some expensive morning gowns than that solid silver tea set this fall. The gowns would have made *me* more attractive every morning at breakfast; and the tea service—I don't think he has ever noticed it.

And in the evening for dinner—how rarely I make any effort to dress when we are alone. I have a number of charming evening gowns, but I seldom wear them except when we dine out or have some one dining with us. What am I saving them for? I can have plenty more. Oh, how blind I have been! Why have I worn them only for the benefit of others? What do I gain from the passing admiration of strangers or even friends—compared to the admiration of my husband? Is it too late to begin anew? Can I ever efface the impression years of indifferent dressing have made upon him?

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Oct. 27th.

All morning delivery wagons have been stopping at our door. The maid has been bringing me boxes and packages innumerable. Yesterday I spent the whole day in the shops. And now my room is strewn with laced and ribboned lingerie—boxes and tissue-paper wrappings are everywhere. And yet how little of the natural woman's joy of possession I feel in all these dainty things—perhaps because I realize the hopelessness of the cause for which they were purchased. One after another I examine them; some I try on. An exquisite pale blue silk house gown I fold sadly back in its box to be returned. That I could never wear—its clear, cold blue is made for the freshest, youngest beauty. How mercilessly it brings out the sallowness of my skin and my faded hair!

A soft lavender is more kindly, and a morning gown of cream white with quantities of creamy lace is not unbecoming. And yet none of them can make me beautiful, can take from my face the signs of age and worry.

Oh, my husband, why can you not love me as I am? If you were to become deformed or pockmarked, it would not change my love. Horace, Horace—why is your love so different?

Oct. 28th.

This morning I came down to breakfast in one of my usual plain linen shirtwaists. For some reason I could not wear any of my new négligées. I felt absurdly shy and self-conscious, and there was a dread that he might divine my motive. I tried to pave the way. As I poured his coffee I remarked casually that I was going shopping to-day, that I had become suddenly possessed with the desire to have some new clothes, and lots of them.

He looked up from his paper and said kindly: "Why, yes, why don't you? I have always wanted you to have nice things. Do you want some money?" I laughed and said no, I thought I had enough.

"Well, if you run short, have them charged," he said comfortably, and returned to his paper.

It was foolish of me to feel disappointed; he was kind and generous—perhaps that should have been enough. And yet—if there only had been a note of real interest; if he had but made some little request that I should get something of some particular shade or design. If he had only made me feel that he *cared!*

Oct. 29th.

This morning I found courage to put on one of the daintiest of my new house gowns—a soft, lavender crêpe. I came down to breakfast and waited with beating heart for some approving comment. It was some time before he noticed it, then he said kindly:

"Is that one of the results of your shopping tour?"

I nodded.

"It is very pretty."

And that was all! Had he said, "That shade suits you," or "I like the softness of the lace"—even a slight criticism would have showed some interest. But "It is very pretty" meant so little.

Nov. 1st.

How pitiful are my efforts to make myself attractive; how futile to try to compete with *her* in that way! She has all the weapons, all the advantages—youth, beauty (for she must be beautiful), and the greatest thing of all—the charm of the unknown. He has never seen her when she was ill, or worn out. He has never seen her under the countless unfavorable conditions in which a man so often sees his wife. She always knows when he is coming, and can always be at her best.

Nov. 4th.

For several days he has seemed strangely harassed and worried. He does not go out, but spends the evenings alone in his study. He avoids me and will see no callers. Says he is not well, but I know it is not that. It is something about *her*. That another woman should have the power to make my husband suffer! The same question beats always in my mind: Why did God ever let this thing happen? Why did she ever come into his life?

I cannot bear to see him unhappy. If I could share with him or help him in his trouble—yes, I would do even that! I would lighten or bear, if I could, the suffering this woman has brought him. But he shuts me out completely. Says he hopes that I will not feel hurt, but just now he would rather be alone. Last night he could eat no dinner; until almost dawn the light burned in his room; and this morning he only drank a cup of coffee and hurried away to the office.

Nov. 8th.

He was out until midnight last night, the first time for over a week. And this morning he came down to breakfast radiant. So

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whatever the trouble that was between them —it is over. And that has made him happy! Oh, my husband, my dear husband!

Perhaps it was from a feeling of pity for me, or perhaps his happiness filled him with a desire to give me some pleasure, too, for all through breakfast he talked to me, tried to take an interest in the house, asked if there was anything he could send me.

Nov. 9th.

Have I been too complacent? Have I suffered in silence when I should have asserted my rights? But what can I do? He is a man whom reproaches and accusations would only embitter. I could never force back his love to me in that way. Once I put this thing into words it will completely estrange us. I should have to go away—I could not stay and let him know that I know. Oh, if I only had the *strength*, the *courage* to go away! Strange as it may seem, every fresh proof of his infidelity, instead of giving me the strength to go, only weakens me, makes me cling to him more and more. I sometimes feel that my very love for him has degraded me, that it has made me oblivious to every sense of womanly pride.

Nov. 11th.

This morning at breakfast I broke down completely. He was sitting across from me, his paper in one hand and his coffee-cup in the other. Unobserved, I was watching him, as I often do now, thrilled with a consciousness of every detail of his personality—the pose of his head and shoulders, the air of distinction with which he wears his clothes, the whiteness of his linen. I tried to keep my eyes on my plate, but again as by a magnet they were drawn to his strong, well-shaped hand, the edge of linen cuff, the cloth of his coat. . . . I burst into tears, caught up my napkin, and hurried sobbing from the room. Upstairs I locked my door and threw myself on the bed. Then I heard his knock. I buried my face in the pillows to muffle the sobs. A moment later I felt his hand on my shoulder. He had gone around the other way and come in through the bathroom.

"Why, Mary, what is it? What is the matter—dear?" Oh, how that "dear" hurt me—hesitating, reluctant, a concession, as it were, to bribe me from my tears.

He sat down beside the bed and gently drew me to him. For a second I clung to him in pitiful abandonment, and yet I knew that he only *held* me—held me as one would hold another who was in danger of falling. There may have been pity, but I could feel there was no love in his touch. I shrank away, and hid my face in the pillows again.

"Mary, are you ill? Tell me what it is?"

"Oh, you are killing me—*killing* me!" I sobbed.

A hideous silence. And then:

"What do you mean?" His voice was like steel.

And I knew then, had I never known before, how useless any appeal would be—how futile to beat myself against this wall he had placed between us.

"Oh, I am only nervous and hysterical—I haven't been well lately, that's all," I explained hurriedly.

"You are alone too much"—his voice was more kindly now. "If you would go out more—that is why I wanted to take an apartment. I felt you would be happier and less lonely. I am going to have Dr. Martin call again this afternoon."

I made no protests. I did not say that in all these years I had never been lonely before, that it was only now—now since he was always away from me. It would only have made him hard and bitter; it would not have helped.

Nov. 19th.

For years we have gone to my brother's for Thanksgiving dinner, and they have always spent New Year's with us. This morning I received a letter from Katherine, my brother's wife, with the annual invitation. I read the letter to Horace at the breakfast table.

"Do you really care to go this year?"

"Why, it wouldn't seem like Thanksgiving anywhere else, would it?" I asked, struggling against the sick wave that always comes over me now at each new breaking away from our old customs and our old life.

"Well, I had thought we might have dinner at home this year. If we could have it early, about six o'clock, it would give me an opportunity to accept an engagement for later in the evening—partially a business matter with an out-of-town client."

And then, as he saw the color leave my face:

"Of course we will go," he said hastily. "I didn't know you cared so much about it."

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Nov. 20th.

I have written Katherine that we cannot come this year. He was willing to go, almost insisted upon going when he saw how it affected me. But I have no heart for it now. He wants to spend the evening with *her!* It would be only pity that kept him with me—and I do not want that.

One by one all the ties and customs of our life together are being broken. The end cannot be far off. Shall I have the strength to meet it? Now and then my crushed pride cries out that I will never try to hold him through pity. And yet deep in my heart I am afraid—*afraid* that should it come to his leaving me altogether, I would try to hold him in any way I could, through pity, through my legal right—desperately I would use any claim, any means just to *hold* him.

Nov. 25th.

Thanksgiving day, and oh, such a pitiable one. The long course dinner is over. We had it all alone. Neither of us could eat. I could not swallow for the lump in my throat, and he seemed worried and absent-minded, as he almost always is now. After dinner he made some vague excuse about a client and hurried off.

I can see how he hates to lie. All his life he has despised an untruth more than anything else, and now—now— Oh, what power has this woman to change his whole nature—to force him into constant subterfuge and deception?

Dec. 2d.

To-day I held in my hand one of her letters. And I had not the courage to open it. It was not honor—I shall not deceive myself by that pretext—I do not think I even thought of that. It was fear—abject *fear!* The certainty—the *proof* of his infidelity that I felt that letter held would be more horrible than the uncertainty, the possibility of some other explanation that at times I still cling to. The letter came about three o'clock. It was a special delivery. The maid by mistake brought it to me.

"Why, this is for Mr. Kennedy, not for me," I said, and was handing it back to her, when a faint perfume reached me, soft and subtle,—the perfume I know so well.

"Never mind, Ellen; I will take it to Mr. Kennedy myself," I said.

When the maid had gone, I took the letter to my room and locked the door. My hands trembled so I could hardly hold it. The envelope was an ordinary one, and the address was typewritten. But when I held it to the light, I saw the paper inside was tinted notepaper, with an engraved monogram or crest.

I don't know how long I held it before I took it up to my husband. He was in the library. There must have been something strange in my face, for he rose at once and came toward me. "Why, Mary, what is the matter?" Then he saw the letter in my hand. Without a word I laid it on the table and left the room. A few moments later I heard the front door open and close. He had gone! She had sent for him—and he had gone. Without a word of explanation to me—he had obeyed her summons. He had left me to think what I chose.

Dec. 3d.

She had purposely used a plain typewritten envelope—on my account. Had he warned her to do that? Since that letter came yesterday, I have been able to think of but one thing—the hideous possibilities of their attitude toward me. For the first time I realized that they must have talked about me. They must have discussed ways of meeting, of writing so *I* should not know. That my husband should talk of me to another woman! I have been dragged through the very mire of shame and ignominy.

Dec. 5th.

*How* do they talk about me? What do they say? Does he speak of me as "my wife," or as "Mrs. Kennedy"? What does he tell her? Does he say that we have grown apart—that I no longer care? *Does she question him about me? Does he allow that? And does he answer her questionings?* How intensely curious she must be about the woman who is his wife. For two nights I have lain awake, torturing myself with the thought of all the intimate, personal things she might ask him. She may even know of my suffering and exult in her triumph; or does she—*pity* me? Oh! what must I do—*what can I do?* If there is a God—how can such things be?

Dec. 11th. Sunday.

I have heard her voice! For one throbbing moment I spoke to her over the 'phone. I do not know what I feel. Great waves of emotion have been sweeping over me ever since. It was near eleven when the telephone rang. I did not go down at once, for I

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thought he was there: he always spends Sunday morning in the library, and I knew he had been there only a few moments before. But when it rang shrilly again and again, I hurried down.

"Hello!"

"Hello!" It was *her* voice! Instantly I knew—I *knew!*

"Is—is Mr. Kennedy there?"

I seemed to feel every throb of fear and hesitation and uncertainty in that faint, far-away voice.

"Mr. Kennedy is not here just now—is there any message?" I managed to say, but my voice was strained and tense.

"No, thank you—it is not important." And then the click of the receiver as she replaced it.

She had *known* who I was! Did she know that *I knew*, too?

When he came in a little later I did not say that some one had telephoned. I could not. I knew I should betray myself if I did. Last Sunday she sent him a letter, and to-day she telephoned. Through the week she reaches him at the office.

Dec. 20th.

*He has gone.* I do not know where, nor when he will return. Last night at midnight a telegram came. There was a loud ring at the door; the maids had gone to bed, but the light still burned in his room. I heard him go downstairs. Half an hour later he knocked at my door. When I opened it, he stood there with a small satchel in his hand. He was very pale.

"A telegram has just come that calls me out of town at once. I may have to be away several days. You will not be worried?"

There was something like an appeal in his voice, something that seemed to ask me to help him—to make it easier. Almost unconsciously I responded:

"No—no, I will not be worried."

Then I heard the front door close after him. I was alone. Alone—more alone than I had ever been before. Had he gone to her? Why had she sent for him at midnight? When would he come back? *Would he come back at all?* All the long night I wandered from room to room through that silent house. In the hall I found the yellow envelope of the telegram, but it told me nothing. It bore only the address. He had not made even a pretense of an excuse; he had not tried to say it was a business matter. He had said nothing.

Dec. 23d.

Two days and no word. I know now that nothing I suffered while he was here could equal this anguish of the unknown.

Dec. 25th.

Still no word. I am waiting quiveringly for every sound of the bell and the telephone. How strange the holly wreaths look in the windows across the street! Can this be Christmas?

Dec. 29th.

*He has come back.*

Midnight.

How can I put the past twenty-four hours into words? Will it help me if I can?

Last night as I wandered about the house, as I have done every night since he left, I chanced to go downstairs. From under the library door shone a light! I was not frightened. I knew he was there. A great joy flooded through me. He had come back; nothing mattered but that. And then very softly I knocked at the door. There was no answer. I turned the knob. It was not locked. He was sitting before his desk, his head bowed on his folded arms. He must have heard me cross the room, but he did not look up. Gently I touched his shoulder; even then he did not move.

"Horace!" My voice rang out with a sudden fear. Then, for a moment, he raised his head. It was the face of my husband, but it was blanched and drawn almost beyond recognition.

I groped my way from the room. For hours I sat huddled on the stairs. The only feeling of which I was clearly conscious was a longing to be near him. If he should need me—I would be there. No sound came from the library. After a while the clock in the hall struck three—a deep, muffled sound. And again that tense stillness settled over the house.

At dawn once more I crept down to the library and opened the door. His head was still on his arms, and I knew that in all those hours he had not moved. Still without speaking I went over and knelt beside him. If he would let me stay there—if he would only let me stay! And then, for the first time, I noticed the bright steel of a revolver on the desk before him. With a cry of horror I caught it up. He raised his head.

"No, I have fought that all out. You need not be afraid." And then, in a voice that was almost cold, "She died yesterday at the hospital. The child died with her." . . .

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Jan. 15th.

I am going to stay. I am going to stay because he needs me. I cannot write of these last two weeks. But I have lived them; they are past. And life can hold nothing now from which I would shrink. I believe I could walk unflinchingly on red-hot coals—that I can suffer no more.

After that night in the library he went away. He was gone five days. I do not know where. But I knew he had gone to be alone with his grief. Sometimes I pictured him by her grave. But I shall never know. We will never speak of that again. No word or reference to what has been will ever pass between us. Before he came back he sent me a letter, and I knew then it was the only statement he would ever make. The letter I destroyed, but every word is burned in my memory:

*"I have no explanations to make now or ever. Of my own weakness, of my unfaithfulness to you and cruelty to her, you must think what you will. I do not offer it as an excuse when I say that in all these years there was never any one else—that you know. She knew that, too—it was all she had. I loved her. That I did not love her enough to shield her from myself, I shall suffer for as long as I live.*

*"It sounds like mockery to say I loved you, too; and yet for you I sacrificed her. Could I have been with her through all these months I believe she would not have died. For two days before the last she was delirious, and had I never known before the strength and purity of her love for me, I should have known it then. From the beginning the fault was mine—all mine. She did not know that I was bound until it was too late.*

*"You may wonder why, when I have tried to keep this from you all these months, I should tell you now when it can do no good. I can only say that something stronger than any volition of my own forces me to acknowledge to you now the love that, for your sake, I tried to deny while she lived.*

*"I expect nothing but that you will leave me. Your legal freedom is yours for the asking. Half of everything I have has been put in your name. This I did months ago. The income will be more than sufficient for your needs.*

*"But should you feel that you can stay—or that some day you could come back . . . I have nothing to offer you except the ghost of our former life, and yet the future would not seem quite so blank if I felt that you were still with me. I have relinquished all right to your love, even to your pity. But if there is any hope left in me, it is the hope that you will stay."*

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# OUR FIRST BURGLAR

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "That Pup," etc.

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

WHEN our new suburban house was completed I took Sarah out to see it, and she liked it all but the stairs.

"Edgar," she said, when she had ascended to the second floor, "I don't know whether it is imagination or not, but it seems to me that these stairs are funny, some way. I can't understand it. They are not a long flight, and they are not unusually steep, but they seem to be unusually wearying. I never knew a short flight to tire me so, and I have climbed many flights in the six years we have lived in flats."

"Perhaps, Sarah," I said, with mild dissimulation, "you are unusually tired today."

The fact was that I had planned those

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SHE HAD A HEREDITARY INSTINCT FOR BRINGING THE SILVER TO THE BEDROOM.

stairs myself, and for a particular reason I had made the rise of each step three inches more than the customary height, and in this way I had saved two steps. I had also made the tread of the steps unusually narrow; and the reason was that I had found, from long experience, that stair carpet wears first on the tread of the steps, where the foot falls. By making the steps tall enough to save two, and by making the tread narrow, I reduced the wear on the carpet to a minimum. I believe in economy where it is possible. For the same reason I had the stair banisters made wide, with a saddle-like top to the newel post, to tempt my son and daughter to slide downstairs. The less they used the stairs the longer the carpet would last.

I need hardly say that Sarah has a fear of burglars; most women have. As for myself, I prefer not to meet a burglar. It is all very well to get up in the night and prowl about with a pistol in one hand, seeking to eliminate the life of a burglar, and some men may like it; but I am of a very excitable nature, and I am sure that if I did find a burglar and succeeded in shooting him, I should be in such an excited state that I could not sleep again that night—and no man can afford to lose his night's rest.

There are other objections to shooting a burglar in the house, and these objections apply with double force when the house and its furnishings are entirely new. Although some of the rugs in our house were red, not all of them were; and I had no guarantee that if I shot a burglar he would lie down on a red rug to bleed to death. A burglar does not consider one's feelings, and would be quite as apt to bleed on a green rug, and spoil it, as not. Until burglarizing is properly regulated and burglars are educated, as they should be, in technical burglary schools, we cannot hope that a shot burglar will staunch his wound until he can find a red rug to lie down on.

And there are still other objections to shooting a burglar. If all burglars were fat, one of these would be removed; but perhaps a thin burglar might get in front of my revolver, and in that case the bullet would be likely to go right through him and continue on its way, and perhaps break a mirror or a cut-glass dish. I am a thin man myself, and if a burglar shot at me he might damage things in the same way.

I thought all these things over when we decided to build in the suburbs, for Sarah is very nervous about burglars, and makes me get up

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at the slightest noise and go poking about. Only the fact that no burglar had ever entered our flat at night had prevented what might have been a serious accident to a burglar, for I made it a rule, when Sarah wakened me on such occasions, to waste no time, but to go through the rooms as hastily as possible and get back to bed; and at the speed I traveled I might have bumped into a burglar in the dark and knocked him over, and his head might have struck some hard object, causing concussion of the brain; and as a burglar has a small brain a small amount of concussion might have ruined it entirely. But as I am a slight man it might have been my brain that got concussed. A father of a family has to think of these things.

The nervousness of Sarah regarding burglars had led me in this way to study the subject carefully, and my adoption of jet black pajamas as nightwear was not due to cowardice on my part. I properly reasoned that if a burglar tried to shoot me while I was rushing around the house after him in the darkness, a suit of black pajamas would somewhat spoil his aim, and, not being able to see me, he would not shoot at all. In this way I should save Sarah the nerve shock that would follow the explosion of a pistol in the house. For Sarah was very much more afraid of pistols than of burglars. I am sure there were only two reasons why I had never killed a burglar with a pistol: one was that no burglar had ever entered our flat, and the other was that I never had a pistol.

HE INTENDED TO GET THE SILVER IF IT TOOK ALL NIGHT.

A BURGLAR WAS ENTERING OUR HOME.

But I knew that one is much less protected in a suburb than in town, and when I decided to build I studied the burglar protection matter most carefully. I said nothing to Sarah about it, for fear it would upset her nerves, but for months I considered every method that seemed to have any merit, and that would avoid getting a burglar's blood—or mine—spattered around on our new furnishings. I desired some method by which I could finish up a burglar properly without having to leave my bed, for although Sarah is brave enough in sending me out of bed to catch a burglar, I knew she must suffer severe nerve strain during the time I was wandering about in the dark. Her objection to explosives had also to be considered, and I really had to exercise my brain more than common before I hit upon what I may now consider the only perfect method of handling burglars.

Several things coincided to suggest my method. One of these was Sarah's foolish notion that our silver must, every night, be brought from the dining room and deposited under our bed. This I considered a most

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foolhardy tempting of fate. It coaxed any burglar who ordinarily would have quietly taken the silver from the dining room and have then gone away peacefully, to enter our room. The knowledge that I lay in bed ready at any minute to spring out upon him would make him prepare his revolver, and his nervousness might make him shoot me, which would quite upset Sarah's nerves. I told Sarah so, but she had a hereditary instinct for bringing the silver to the bedroom, and insisted. I saw that in the suburban house this would be continued as "bringing the silver upstairs" and a trial of my carpet-saving stairs suggested to me my burglar-defeating plan. I had the apparatus built into the house, and I had the house planned to agree with the apparatus.

For several months after we moved into the house I had no burglars, but I felt no fear of them in any event. I was prepared for them.

In order not to make Sarah nervous, I explained to her that my invention of a silver-elevator was merely a time-saving device. From the top of the dining-room sideboard I ran upright tracks through the ceiling to the back of the hall above, and in these I placed a glass case, which could be run up and down the tracks like a dumb-waiter. All our servant had to do when she had washed the silver was to put it in the glass case, and I had attached to the top of the case a stout steel cable which ran to the ceiling of the hall above, over a pulley, and so to our bedroom, which was at the front of the hall upstairs. By this means I could, when I was in bed, pull the cable, and the glass case of silver would rise to the second floor. Our bedroom door opened upon the hall, and from the bed I could see the glass case, but in order that I might be sure that the silver was there I put a small electric light in the case and kept it burning all night. Sarah was delighted with this arrangement, for in the morning all I had to do was to pay out the steel cable and the silver would descend to the dining room, and the maid could have the table all set by the time breakfast was ready. Not once did Sarah have a suspicion that all this was not merely a household economy, but my burglar trap.

On the sixth of August, at two o'clock in the morning, Sarah awakened me, and I immediately sat straight up in bed. There was an undoubtable noise of sawing, and I knew at once that a burglar was entering our home. Sarah was trembling, and I knew she was getting nervous, but I ordered her to remain calm.

"Sarah," I said, in a whisper, "be calm!

"SARAH! BE CALM AND KEEP PERFECTLY QUIET."

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I SOON HAD HIM DASHING UP THE STAIRS AND—

There is not the least danger. I have been expecting this for some time, and I only hope the burglar has no dependent family or poor old mother to support. Whatever happens, be calm and keep perfectly quiet."

With that I released the steel cable from the head of my bed and let the glass case full of silver slide noiselessly to the sideboard.

"Edgar!" whispered Sarah in agonized tones, "are you *giving* him our silver?"

"Sarah!" I whispered sternly, "remember what I have just said. Be calm and keep perfectly quiet." And I would say no more.

In a very short time I heard the window below us open softly, and I knew the burglar was entering the parlor from the side porch. I counted twenty, which I had figured would be the time required for him to reach the dining room, and then, when I was sure he must have seen the silver shining in the glass case, I slowly pulled on the steel cable and raised case and silver to the hall above. Sarah began to whisper to me, but I silenced her.

What I had expected happened. The burglar, seeing the silver rise through the ceiling, left the dining room and went into the hall. There, from the foot of the stairs, he could see the case glowing in the hall above, and without hesitation he mounted the stairs. As he reached the top I had a good view of him, for he was silhouetted against the light that glowed from the silver case. He was a most brutal looking fellow of the prize-fighting type, but I almost laughed aloud when I saw his build. He was short and chunky. As he stepped forward to grasp the silver case, I let the steel cable run through my fingers, and the case and its precious contents slid noiselessly down to the dining room. For only one instant the burglar seemed disconcerted, then he turned and ran downstairs again.

This time I did not wait so long to draw up the silver. I hardly gave him time to reach the dining-room door before I jerked the cable, and the case was glowing in the upper hall. The burglar immediately stopped, turned, and mounted the stairs, but just as he reached the top I let the silver slide down again, and he had to turn and descend. Hardly had he reached the bottom step before I had the silver once more in the upper hall.

The burglar was a gritty fellow and was not to be so easily defeated. With some word which I could not catch, but which I have no doubt was profane, or at least vulgar, he dashed up the stairs, and just as his hand touched the case I let the silver drop to the dining room. I smiled as I saw his next

—SLIDING DOWN AGAIN AS IF FOR A WAGER.

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move. He carefully removed his coat and vest, rolled up his sleeves, and took off his collar. This evidently meant that he intended to get the silver if it took the whole night, and nothing could have pleased me more. I lay in my comfortable bed fairly shaking with suppressed laughter, and had to stuff a corner of a pillow in my mouth to smother the sound of my mirth. I did not allow the least pity for the unfortunate fellow to weaken my nerve.

A low, long screech from the hall told me that I had a man of uncommon brain to contend with, for I knew the sound came from his hands drawing along the banister, and that, to husband his strength and to save time, he was sliding down. But this did not disconcert me. It pleased me. *The quicker he went down, the oftener he would have to walk up!*

For half an hour I played with him, giving him just time to get down to the foot of the stairs before I raised the silver, and just time to reach the top before I lowered it, and then I grew tired of the sport—for it was nothing else to me—and decided to finish him off. I was getting sleepy, but it was evident that the burglar was not, and I was a little afraid I might fall asleep and thus defeat myself. The burglar had that advantage because he was used to night work. So I quickened my movements a little. When the burglar slid down I gave him just time to see the silver rise through the ceiling, and when he climbed the stairs I only allowed him to see it descend through the floor. In this way I made him double his pace, and as I quickened my movements I soon had him dashing up the stairs and sliding down again as if for a wager. I did not give him a moment of rest, and he was soon panting terribly and beginning to stumble; but with almost superhuman nerve he kept up the chase. He was an unusually tough burglar.

But quick as he was I was always quicker, and a glimpse of the glowing case was all I let him have at either end of his climb or slide. No sooner was he down than it was up, and no sooner was the case up than he was up after it. In this way I kept increasing his speed until it was something terrific, and the whole house shook, like an automobile with a very powerful motor. But still his speed increased. I saw then that I had brought him to the place I had prepared for, where he had but one object in life, and that was to beat the case up or down stairs; and as I was now so sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes open, I did what I had intended to do from the first. I lowered the case until it was exactly between the ceiling of the dining room and the floor of the hall above—and turned out the electric

NO SOONER WAS HE DOWN THAN IT WAS UP.

light. I then tied the steel cable securely to the head of my bed, turned over, and went to sleep, lulled by the shaking of the house as the burglar dashed up and down the stairs.

Just how long this continued I do not know, for my sleep was deep and dreamless, but I should judge that the burglar ran himself to death sometime between half past three and a quarter after four. So great had been his efforts that when I went to remove him I did not recognize him at all. When I had seen him last in the glow of the glass silver case he had been a stout, chunky fellow, and now his remains were those of an emaciated man. He must have run off one hundred and twenty pounds of flesh before he gave out.

Only one thing clouded my triumph. Our silver consisted of but a half dozen each of knives, forks, and spoons, a butter knife, and a sugar spoon, all plated, and worth probably five dollars, and to save this I had made the burglar wear to rags a Wilton stair carpet worth twenty-nine dollars. But I have now corrected this. I have bought fifty dollars' worth of silver.

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# THE ARISTOCRACY OF CATS

By VIRGINIA RODERICK

TWO or three years ago, according to a pleasant story, cats gained a new privilege. Now not only may they "look at a king," but they may also control the steps of a president. One evening an imposing procession of ambassadors, high officials, and distinguished women was advancing along a White House corridor. Suddenly the President, leading, drew to one side the amazed lady on his arm. The next couple perforce also swerved. And the next, and the next, until at this point the line made a great ripple. The cause was a complacent gray cat, which had calmly lain down directly in the way.

Now who among the animals but a cat would have had such assurance? Yet who has a better right? Are we to claim for ourselves the benefits of racial memory, and deny that the proud ancient days when she was worshiped in far-away Egypt have left no impress on the cat of to-day? Or—wait—was she perhaps reverenced because of that same conscious superiority, that poise and serene confidence which have marked her through all the centuries?

There is no answer—there is no answer to most questions about the cat. She has kept herself wrapped in mystery for some three thousand years, and there's no use trying to solve her now. We must be content to like her, or not like her. But for those of us who regard the question "Do you like cats?" as a sort of temperamental touchstone, it is significant to note how many of her admirers have been of contemplative habits. Everybody knows how gruff Dr. Johnson used to go out to get oysters for his cat Hodge, and how Scott lamented the death of Hinse, his "acquaintance and, in some sort, friend of fifteen years"; how cats tyrannized over popes and English prelates. The list of the cat's lovers is long and cosmopolitan. The songs sung about her by such poets as Arnold, Gray, Swinburne, and Cowper would make a sizable cat anthology; the prose studies of her by such as Gautier, Chateaubriand, Zola, and Agnes Repplier would fill a library shelf. Puss counts, besides, among her modern friends literary people like Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mark Twain, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Julian Hawthorne. And in addition to this friendship of individuals, there has come about in recent years a special exaltation, some faint reestablishment, on a new basis, of her old Egyptian standing. She has been again set up for the admiration of the multitude—this time in Madison Square Garden and similar exhibition places instead of in Theban temples.

Long rows of dingy cages, closed on three sides; a low murmur of conversation; a blended "meow" punctuated by some strange wailing voice that you shrink from tracing to its source—this is the threshold impression of an exhibition of the Feline Four Hundred.

But you begin walking down the aisle: you stop fascinated by the exquisite grace of a

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kitten making pretense of fierce attack on some wiggling thing visible only to a kitten eye; you catch a glimpse of some great white plume of a cat posing against silken hangings; you pass lordly creatures with inscrutable eyes and awesome dignity, in coat-colors soft or vivid, some of them "kitchen cat" colors furbished up, some of them perhaps quite strange to you——

Suddenly, as you come upon color after color, you realize what all this is like. If you could only look down from a gallery into open cages—on flaming oranges, jetty blacks, snowy whites, and delicate silvers in promiscuous arrangement, this roomful of cats would suggest a chrysanthemum show—cats and chrysanthemums are both so vividly beautiful, so increased in size and so varied in color by cultivation.

Some of those silvers, for instance, are particularly like the most artificial of chrysanthemums—those with petal tips of a different color from the rest of the flower. Stop here by Argent Glorious, standing on the ledge outside his cage, and see. A light silvery color he is, with a dark shade along his back and on face and legs; and as his mistress parts the long fur you see that this darker tone is only at the tips, while all beneath is clear, palest silver, as is also the frill of long hair about his neck—the Lord Mayor's ruff, which is part of a long-haired cat's equipment. He is a "shaded silver Persian," the Cat-Wise People who stand about will tell you, and they may challenge you to find four other kinds of silvers before you leave.

"Is there anything like them among the common cats?" you may ask, and you are told that the silvers (with one exception) are as truly a "made" class as are flowers that have been changed in form and color by careful experimentation, and that they are now the most fashionable of pussies—for there are styles in cats as in other things with which women are mostly concerned.

"But just what did you mean by a 'common cat'?" some one will ask you, and if you are no wiser than I was at my first cat show,

*Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.*

CAROLINE, A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE BEAUTY THAT A SHORT-HAIRED CAT MAY ATTAIN.
CAROLINE IS PURE WHITE, WITH UNUSUALLY DEEP BLUE EYES.

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THE PRINCIPAL RUN IN A LARGE NEW JERSEY CATTERY WHERE ONLY SHORT-HAIRED CATS ARE BRED.

you will say: "Why, anything that isn't an Angora, or some strange foreign breed. A cat with short hair; a common American puss."

And then they will lead you to another part of the room and show you "common" cat after cat, behind wires heavily hung with blue and white ribbons and medals. For the day of the short-haired cat, it seems, has dawned—only a few years ago in this country, to be sure, but brightly. You can match among the short-hairs almost any color you find among their more regal brethren—even some of the strange silvers, and creams, one of the latest things in pussy-cats. Indeed, though the long-haired cats are still in the majority among the aristocrats and hold the balance of prestige, the division between the élite and the masses is no longer determined by length of hair nor by the right to bear so proud a title as "Angora."

"Persian" seems to be the right word, however,—though an inquiry on this point among the cat breeders brings such various answers as to make one wonder whether truth is knowable.

A plausible theory is that in the Turkish province of Angora are cats with longer, silkier fur than in the neighboring Persia, but that with transplantation and interbreeding these differences have disappeared, the Persian quality predominating. At any rate, the people who know about cats agree either that there are no Angoras in this country or that there are no differences, and commonly use the name Persians when they do not say merely long-haired.

Short-haired and long, there are more than two hundred and fifty blue-blooded cats at this typical show, every one with his name and a more or less imposing diagram of his ancestry recorded in one of two pedigree books recognized by the Department of Agriculture. And this is but one of perhaps thirty shows held every winter by as many clubs all over the United States, from Springfield to Los Angeles, and in Canada—all under the supervision of two governing associations, one of which has about five hundred and the other about nine hundred cats on its books. Besides, there are societies for

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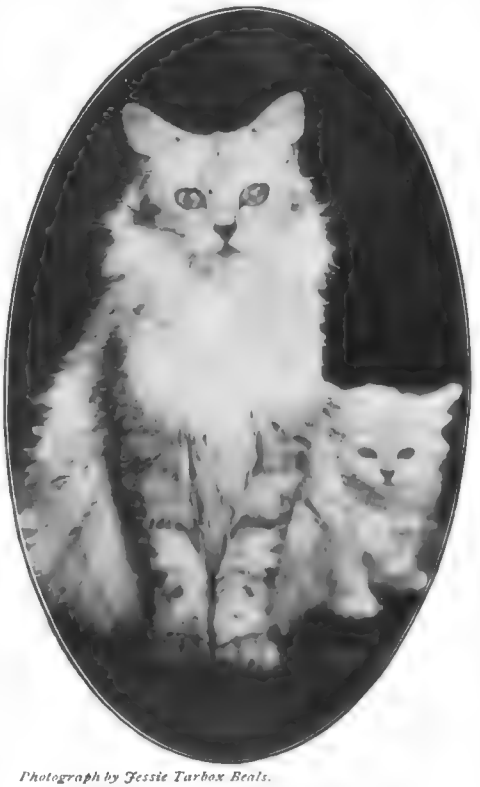
special kinds and colors, and two monthly magazines devoted exclusively to pussy-cats.

Behind all this machinery, at the foundation of the comparatively new business of cat breeding, is the ideal of beauty. There is no question here of adaptation to purpose, as in the case of dogs; no emphasis, for instance, on the cat's immemorial occupation—mousing; happily, however, it seems there need be none. Proud winners of ribbons, cups, and medals, if but given an opportunity, still catch mice as eagerly as the official mousers employed in post-office and warehouse. Columbia Patrick, over there, one of the finest black Persians in the country, has killed two rats almost in a breath!

But it is Columbia Patrick's beauty, not his prowess, that makes his mistress value him at more than $500. It is, in the final analysis, beauty that puts that value on several of these "kings" and "queens," as they are magnificently called, and makes any first-class, pedigreed long-haired cat, with a prize-winning record, worth from $150 to $300; a promising Persian kitten, or a short-haired cat, from $50 to $150. Though the $500 valuation is occasionally passed, the higher figure usually indicates a sentimental value and merely proclaims that the cats are not for sale. An instance is "Petie"—sometimes in the show, always at it, along with the "cat literature" of which his master has charge. His owner solemnly says that Petie is worth $2,000, but explains at once that the price does not represent commercial value. The Honorable Peter Stirling is, however, of unusual interest because of his remarkable intelligence; going a degree farther than the occasional puss one sees on a lead, he is the only cat known to fame that has walked quite unfettered with his master on Broadway.



*Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.*

A SILVER CAT AND HER SON, NOT YET AS BIG AS HIS NAME—"KING WINTER."

What constitutes the cat beauty that may be worth $500 and is the basis whereon this furry aristocracy has been established? One may not solve alone all the color problems, but by comparing the prize winners one can guess closely at what the cat should be in structure beneath his fine furs. For one example among many, look at Champion Osiris here, in a coat color so familiar as not to distract. Note his head—massive and round—an "apple" head; a face of that particular cast that we call a "baby" face—round, broad, with full, round eyes, straightly set; a short nose—a long nose the breeders speak of contemptuously as "snipey"—and short ears, rounded, lined with tufts, and set well down on his cheeks. Besides this general roundness, the cat beautiful, long- or short-haired, must have a "cobby," or compact, short body with good bone; and rather short legs and tail. Fanciers tell with glee of unenlightened persons who actually boast of the length of their cat's tail and are astounded to hear it pronounced a defect.

Cats the color of Osiris are what you or I might unwittingly call Maltese—or even "Maltee"!—in the belief, not very firmly supported, that this type of cat came originally from the island of Malta. It's one of the thousand and one points on which cat people cannot reach a common conclusion. But though we may not be sure where "Maltese" cats came from, we may know that their official name is not Maltese, but *blue*. Nor is the name merely name, either, for though no cat goes so far as to emulate the sky in shade, the color ranges from a lavender tinge to a very dark

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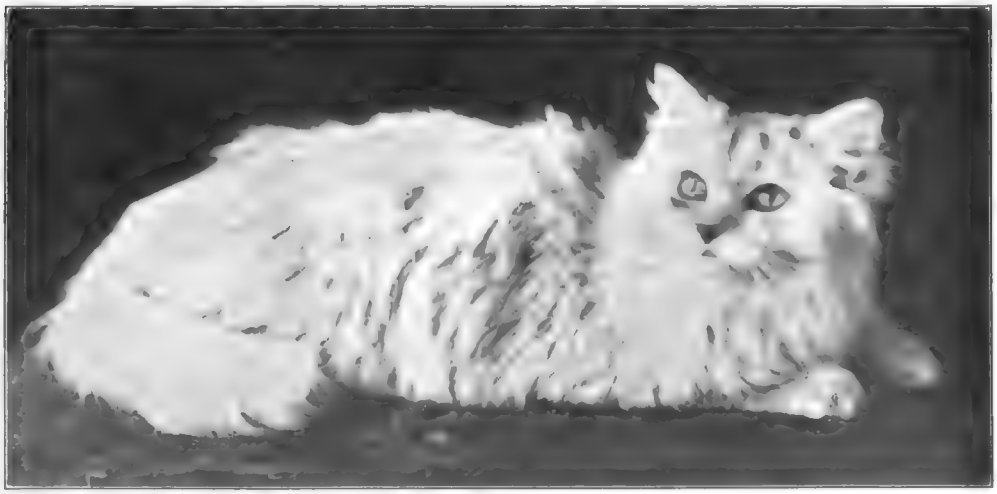
blue, and at least is nearer to blue than to any other color.

It is just possible that you or I would have thought any one of the blues or blacks here improved by a white shirt-front or a pair or so of white slippers. But such an adornment, however pleasing even to the eyes of the elect, would condemn any cat, of any color, to the outer darkness of the "Any Other Color" class, beyond hope of a championship. Even a few white hairs would shut him out from prizes. That white—except for all white—is taboo is a first principle of cat color.

*Photograph by George Brayton.*

KEWLOCKE, A NOTABLE SMOKE CAT.

There is another bugaboo besides white. As you've passed along the aisles, haven't you heard constant murmurs in tones now approving, now sharply uncomplimentary, about "tabby markings"? To understand the reason for the different tones is to understand another color convention. In the first place, "tabby" is not a mere pleasant nickname for any cat, nor is the cat world divided into Toms and Tabbies. The name, coming apparently from "Atab," a street in Bagdad inhabited by weavers of a kind of silk that showed wavy lines, indicates, at its simplest, a striped cat. Oyama here—a gorgeous fluff of bright orange fur with broad dark orange bands about his body and in smaller circles on legs and chest, is an orange (or red) tabby, and his markings are his glory; Champion Red Prince of Gladisfenn, who looks like a great heap of ripe oranges, is merely an "orange," and should have no markings at all—because, forsooth, the "fancy" decided to enrich the world by producing clear orange as well as orange-striped cats. In the same way, they have made clear silver cats—the chinchilla, approaching in Al Tarek and Silver Phantom the uniform pale beauty that is the ideal—while they have kept also the silver tabby, with its silver ground color and black markings. And they have taken the tabby marks quite out of the blues, but without leaving a blue tabby any place in good society. Oh, bold tasks they set themselves, and hard ones, for the primitive cat, it seems, had tabby markings—and they stick!



*Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals*

THIS CHINCHILLA, ARGENT BEAUTY EYES, WAS BEST LONG-HAIRED KITTEN IN THE 1907 ATLANTIC CAT CLUB SHOW.

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Brown, orange, or silver, the tabbies are indulged in only two colors—hardly more than two shades, indeed. The only cat that is permitted to have more—and compete for a championship—is the tortoiseshell, which has yellow, black, and orange patches, and presents, to my mind, a strangely scrambled appearance. The curious thing about this "calico cat" is that males are very rare among shorthairs and practically unknown among Persians. Miss Simpson, in her encyclopaedic volume on pussies, tells of a shorthaired tortoiseshell Tom exhibited many years ago at an English show by a man who had been paid a shilling by a London cook to carry the cat out of her area, and who was amazed to find himself the owner of a rich prize-winner and the envy of a whole show.

And now you come to that row of whites on the far side of the room—a long line of soft masses of ivory white, Persian and short-haired, rather sumptuously mounted on blue or red velvet cushions with great, bright ribbon bows on their cages. One hears that the addition of such accessories is frowned upon in some quarters, but the unprofessional spectator could wish it were compulsory to arrange each cat against his most becoming background.

*Photograph by Partridge.*

LORD KEW TANGERINE, A YOUNG ORANGE TABBY PERSIAN, OF BOSTON, WHO HAS BEGUN A PROMISING SHOW CAREER.

One notices at once the differences in color of eye: Champion Sousa, a white Persian male, with magnificent length and weight of coat, has eyes as blue as any baby's; so has White Aigrette, with her beautiful head; while Champion White Monk, also of splendid type, is golden-eyed. Blue-eyed whites are the favorites; but there is often a curious operation of the law of compensation against them: they are frequently stone deaf. A story is told of Carrara, deaf mother of one or two prize-winners here, that seems to show that deafness does not imply dullness. One day Carrara saw on the wall the shadow of some keys that her mistress was jangling. Her back was to the keys and, being deaf, she did not hear the sound. The intangible, uncatchable shadows evidently annoyed her. Presently, she happened to turn and, seeing the keys, looked from them to the shadow and back again several times—with what seemed like recognition—and then pounced upon the real keys triumphantly.

Another curious thing about white cats is that they sometimes have odd eyes—one blue and one yellow. So interesting an assortment of course disqualifies a cat from win-

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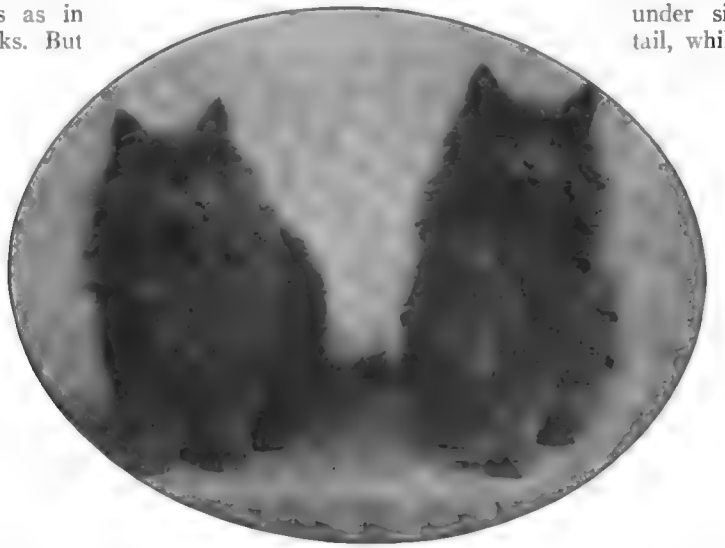
ning the highest prizes. There is, indeed, a rigidly prescribed color of eye for each color of coat. And here aesthetic claims make themselves strongly felt. Note the assortments: a white cat must have blue eyes, or, at second choice, golden; black and orange—deep orange eyes; blue—orange or copper color; cream—orange or hazel; silvers—sea-green with dark rim. The fashion in color of eye has been changed in several instances to accommodate rising aesthetic standards. For example, the fashionable eye for a silver used to be amber; but obviously green is better than amber with gray in cats as in women's frocks. But should they not have thought again before changing from green to orange eyes for the black cat? A green-eyed black cat is a witch-cat, and the type ought to be preserved as an institution, a historical monument. Besides, to give the real witch-cat high place in these modern shows would be to offer atonement for the cruel wrongs that she suffered throughout the Middle Ages, when innocent cats were tortured as were innocent human beings, because they were supposed to lend themselves to evil enchantments. Now—so much reparation at least has been made—black cats are supposed to bring good luck:



BLUE PERSIAN KITTENS WHOSE ROUND FACES AND EYES ARE CLOSE TO THE IDEAL.

> "Where'er the cat o' the house is black,
> The lasses o' lovers will have no lack."

There is a cat over there that looks like a black at first glance—only a bit dingy, perhaps. But when you go closer, and ask about him, you find he belongs to that five-branched silver family. You will not get a good look at him unless his mistress is about, for he lies drowsy and inattentive no matter what stranger may speak to him. But the moment his owner approaches the cage Kewlocke is up and anxious to come out; and then you can see what makes him a "smoke." Beneath that dark surface is a silvery white undercoat—so that each hair is white at the root and black at the tip. To further the contrast, his great Lord Mayor's ruff is silver, and so is the under side of the tail, while face and paws are jet black. Kewlocke's owner values him too highly to put any price on him, but kittens sired by him have sold as high as $100.

At last you are face to face with the author of the blood-chilling scale of wails that you have been hearing at intervals ever since you came in. You find him a short-hair for whom the term aristocratic is too mild. He is a royal cat, one of the Royal Siamese, which are carefully kept in the palace at Bangkok and are quite distinct from the common cat of the country. Comparatively few specimens are to be found in England and America, and it is only of late years that they have been obtainable at all. Several pairs have been given away by the King of Siam as presents, and the breed is now numerous enough that one or two specimens appear usually at the larger shows. Chief Justice

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*Photograph by George F. Hare*

CAESAR, AN AMERICAN-BRED CHINCHILLA CHAMPION. CHINCHILLAS, WHICH SHOULD BE PURE SILVER FROM NOSE TO TIP OF TAIL, ARE VERY FASHIONABLE CATS.

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Harlan has a pair imported directly from the Siamese court.

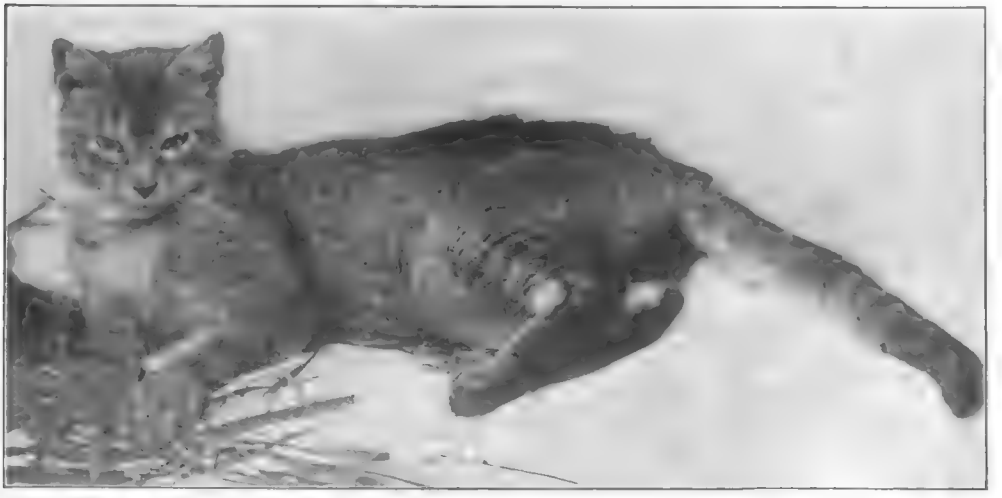
Now whether one's first impression of a Siamese cat be vocal or visual, it will be vivid. Vocally—you know him. In person he is of a cream color—sometimes fawn—with nose, ears, paws, and tail of a deep chocolate, looking as if some one had started to dip him in brown paint and had thought better of it. He has large, deep blue eyes, which are rather weirdly out of harmony with his make-up. In fact, it would seem that the Siamese cat and the standards applied to him abound in paradox and contradiction. For instance, to a casual observer, the Siamese look distinctly wild; yet they are reputed the most affectionate of cats, and are given to following their owners about dog-fashion.

*Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.*
A ROYAL SIAMESE CAT IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE.

Then, breeders cannot altogether agree as to whether there is a second distinct variety of Siamese, all chocolate colored, or whether these are only darker specimens of the cream-and-brown cat. The most interesting theory is that the Chocolate Siamese, with its amber eyes, is the temple cat in Siam, as distinguished from the showier and blue-eyed palace puss. All Siamese cats are born white and do not complete their dark markings for several months, the parts that are to be chocolate first beginning to look gray and gradually turning brown.

A yet more weighty question is whether the royal cat shall have a tail with a kink or a straight tail. A year or two ago a cat lost in a show because it had a kinked tail, the judge regarding it as a deformity, while in another instance the kink helped strongly to win "Best Cat in Show." At present the most votes seem to fall to the kink; and it does seem that a royal cat might be permitted this bizarre distinction.

Five other unusual varieties of imported short-haired cats are recognized by the Cat Fanciers' Association; of these the most important is the Manx, that curious puss whose most striking characteristic is the absence, or briefness, of tail. It may be prejudice, but I don't think I could love a Manx cat; it would seem so incomplete; I should pity it.



*Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.*
THE LENGTH OF THE ABYSSINIAN CAT'S BODY IS A DISTINGUISHING MARK. VERY FEW OF THESE FOREIGN CATS HAVE BEEN IMPORTED.

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There are delightful stories of the origin of these cats, which not only belong primarily to the Isle of Man and have been bred there, but alas and alas, have been there manufactured by the natives from cats rightfully entitled to tails. They are variously supposed to have originated from a cross with a rabbit, from the progeny of cats unluckily deprived of their tails, and from the wreck on the Manx coast of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada which had on board some tailless cats from the Far East, where they are still found. The most likely bit of fact to be gathered from these stories is that these tailless cats did at least originate in the East. But does not that leave forever unsettled the question as to how tailless cats got a start there? A suggestive bit of Manx biography is related by a writer in the *Scientific American*—about a tailless Manx puss that learned to let himself through a spring-shutting door, but always, having pushed himself part way in, made a quick turn to save the tail he'd never had.

If a flower garden of cats is pleasant to see transplanted to an exhibition room, it is far pleasanter on home soil, where the pussies are free from any sense of strangeness and can be natural. At his best, the cat at home is truly lapped in luxury. A well-equipped cattery in Grand Rapids, Michigan, for instance, is a complete house, with hardwood floors, electric lights, and furnace. Downstairs are separate compartments for the stud cats, opening on outside runs enclosed with wire netting. Little doors in the lower part of the wall are arranged so that every cat can take the air quite at his own pleasure. On the second floor is a large hall—a sort of dancing floor where the kittens prance and tumble by day with their playthings, and where on winter nights the females lie in cozy sleeping-boxes. Here, too, are pens for mother cats and young kittens, set apart from the stirring life of every day. In the front of the house below is a kind of reception room, paneled in red and green, pleasantly furnished with chairs, rugs, cat pictures, baskets for cats, displays of cups, medals, and ribbons, and all else that makes a fitting place for pussy's gracious entertainment of human visitors.

This elegance is by no means exceptional in cat homes. Several others similarly appointed come to mind—one near Los Angeles, standing beneath eucalyptus trees, and covered with blue moon vine and roses, where not more than a dozen cats are kept; one in New Jersey, on a hill overlooking a lovely valley, where as many as a hundred cats, members of the family and boarders, sometimes live during the summer. It is, indeed, rather a cat colony than a cottage, for besides two special buildings, the champion males have separate kennels, and a log cabin is given over to the mothers and babies. And this, one of the finest catteries in the East, is devoted exclusively to the breeding of short-haired cats. New Jersey can boast two or three fine Persian catteries, one of them—housing magnificent blues, whites, and silvers—probably the most successful in the country. In Connecticut is a cat home with all the "modern improvements" that an exacting tenant could ask, where are bred short-haired silvers, still very rare; and in a Detroit cattery splendid black Persians live pleasantly with a distinguished strain of brown tabbies.

Whatever be one's judgment of such a luxurious setting for cats, one service that the cat cult has rendered in teaching that kindly spirit to animals which is part of "civilization" should not be minimized. Very many of the clubs have organized refuges, where stray kits can be cared for, mercifully killed, or provided with homes, and have done all in their power to score the callous cruelty of persons who desert cats to care for themselves, on some thoughtless theory that the world is full of mice, or on no theory at all. Hundreds of years ago in England the law imposed on cat killers a fine of as much wheat as would serve to bury the cat when he was held up by the tip of the tail with his nose on the ground. Some modern requirement relatively as severe might help to lessen the number of neglected and abandoned pussies.

She deserves well of the world—this "fireside sphinx," as Miss Repplier calls her—who so combines service with beauty and grace; who is so devoted and ingenious a mother, and admits understanding human friends to so pleasant a companionship. As to whether or not she gives them also affection, or whether she rejoices only in the touch of hands on her fur—is it not as unanswerable a question as whether she purrs in solitude? Still, if Louis Wain, the cat cartoonist, be right in his theory that stroking cats soothes taxed nerves, conceivably the cat has her own opinion—she looks wise enough to think anything—as to how much of her master's professed love is a mere sense of well-being.

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# THE POISON OF THE STREET

By FREDERICK S. DICKSON

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of this article was manager of the Cleveland branch of the defunct stock-exchange firm of A. O. Brown & Co., whose spectacular downfall wrought so much ruin and disaster. A lawyer by profession, he it was, as trustee for the creditors, who steered the great Everett-Moore Syndicate of Cleveland through the sloughs of a seventeen-million-dollar bankruptcy back to prosperity. He is president of the Associated Western Yale Clubs, succeeding President-elect Taft. What this man has to tell about the methods of the New York Stock Exchange must be accepted as the truth.* YOU *don't speculate, you say; and you cannot conceive how the operations of this New York Stock Exchange affect your livelihood and your business interests. Yet you know that an infinitesimal injury to one of the valves of your heart may paralyze your system. Well, money is the blood of the body politic and Wall Street is its heart. If the New York Stock Exchange, which is the center of the circulation of the nation's wealth, is gangrened, then* YOUR *daily bread and butter are in peril. This article is brutal, unflinching, and it concerns you, be you housekeeper, storekeeper, farmer, banker, or professional man.*

PANIC in Wall Street?" queried Robinson, as he puffed on his pipe during the noon hour. "What's that to us? Just a lot o' rich gamblers, and what do we care which one loses or how much 'tis?"

This was the view everywhere early in October of 1907, and Robinson was not exceptional. He was making good wages on the new plant being built for the Electric Cable Construction Company in a busy manufacturing town in Ohio; he had been on the job for months, and there were months of steady work yet in sight. Robinson was not worried, either, when he read in his paper that the banks were issuing clearing-house certificates instead of paying money, for that, too, seemed to be a rich man's affair. But he was a bit disturbed when, on Saturday night, he and his mates found in their pay envelopes, instead of cash, checks with "payable through the clearing-house" stamped in bold red letters across the face. They wondered whether they could use this queer money for the rent and the store bills.

In the meantime, Robinson's employers were more worried over the condition of affairs than was Robinson, because they knew more and so could see farther. They had financed this extension with the good dividend-paying stocks in which their surplus had been invested, putting them up at the bank as collateral, as money was needed. Since March the value of these stocks had been steadily dropping, and the bank had been calling for more collateral or a reduction of the loan. The company had put up all the securities it could, and still the market fell and the bank increased its demands.

So the directors met, and, facing the loss from all this idle capital, on which interest had to be paid though it could earn nothing, resolved to stop the work until better times; and the following Saturday the men got notice that their services were no longer required. Then Robinson and his friends began to wonder if, after all, even they had not some little interest in Wall Street. This thought became more insistent when, on going to the savings bank to draw out something on which to live through the hard times, Robinson was told that the bank proposed to take advantage of the sixty days' notice clause, and for that time at least no money would be paid on savings accounts.

Now it is surely worth while to inquire into the methods of Wall Street if its operations can result in the loss of place and income, and the locking up of the savings, of even the humblest workers, in remote corners of our country. If Wall Street can at

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will decree high prices or low, and with them prosperity or adversity for us all, is it not time that the people should see to it that undue and unrestrained power is not lodged in the hands of a few, that the game they play is a fair one, and that the livelihood of all of us is not imperiled by unfair or gambling methods?

There are two general classes calling themselves stock brokers: First, the legitimate, or regular stock-exchange men, and second, the illegitimate, or irregular class, known as bucket-shop men.

Let us suppose Mr. Boddlepopster, of Oshkosh, having $16,000 to invest, goes to Messrs. Kraft & Skene, a legitimate stock-exchange house, and orders 100 shares of Union Pacific to be bought for his account at $160 a share. The order is wired to the main office near the exchange, and from there telephoned to the floor member. If it is an order to buy at the market, or if the price named is within a fraction of the then market, it may be filled promptly and advantageously by the firm's own representative. But if it is away from the market, the floor member is unable to spend time waiting for the market to reach the customer's figure, so he turns it over to a specialist in Union Pacific, who puts it on his note-book and fills it when possible and convenient. The specialist receives two dollars for his share in this transaction. He may be able to fill the order promptly; but in case the market shows sudden strength and advances immediately an eighth or a quarter, the specialist may and often does sell for his own account the stock he has bought for you, and instead of earning a paltry two dollars he makes twelve and a half, twenty-five dollars, or even more. If inquiry is made, he simply says, "That'n wasn't yours. 'Nother 'n ahead o' you," and that ends it. How can his statement be questioned?

### MORE MONEY IN MARGINS

Finally, however, the stock may be bought at the customer's bid price, and for this the broker receives a commission of one eighth, in this case a total of $12.50, out of which he must pay the specialist two dollars, while from the balance must be deducted charges for bookkeeping, messenger service, telephones, telegrams, postage, insurance, and the like, leaving but a trivial balance of profit or even an actual loss.

Let us suppose, however, that the insinuating Mr. Skene is able to persuade Mr. Boddlepopster to buy on margin instead of outright: Sixteen thousand real dollars would be ample margin for sixteen hundred shares, and so, if the stock advances, the customer's profits would be sixteen times as much as they would have been had he used his money to purchase only one hundred shares. Besides, an order of this size would probably be filled by the floor member of the firm, and so the charges of the specialist would be saved, and the firm, instead of making a gross profit of $10.50, would receive a net profit of almost $200, as there would be less cost for bookkeeping, and the charges for messenger service, insurance, and so forth would be wholly eliminated. In such a case Mr. Boddlepopster, in the language of the street, would be "long" of the market, or had he sold he would be called "short."

### BUTTON-BUTTON!

The rules of the exchange require an actual purchase of the stock involved in such a transaction from another member of the exchange, and the customer must be given the name of the broker who sells. This rule is invariably obeyed with scrupulous fidelity. But Messrs. Kraft & Skene having bought this stock from Messrs. Welsh, Dodge & Co. for the account of Mr. Boddlepopster, of Oshkosh, what power is there in the New York Stock Exchange to compel Kraft & Skene to keep the stock they have been forced by the rules to buy? Kraft and Skene can immediately sell to Messrs. Faquer & Co. on their own account, on a fictitious account, or on the account of another customer the identical stock that they have bought for the gentleman from Oshkosh, and the governors of the stock exchange will be none the wiser. Indeed, what would be gained if the governors were wiser? Is there any rule of the exchange which forbids a broker to speculate on his own account? Would the exchange prohibit a member from going short of a stock in which his customer was long? How could the exchange, as at present constituted, enforce such a rule if it existed? Messrs. Kraft & Skene, Welsh, Dodge & Co., Faquer & Co. and all their compeers alike, keep their books as secret as possible, even from their own employees; accounts are run for years with Nos.

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1 to 1,000, and only one or two trusties could give a name to any one of them. Never was Richard Canfield more careful to guard from the public the names of his patrons than are the members of the New York Stock Exchange to-day to conceal the identity of their customers who have margin accounts.

### PAYING INTEREST ON NOTHING

Again, in the course of a single day's business Messrs. Kraft and Skene may buy 5,000 shares of Union Pacific, in lots, for a score of different customers, and may sell for as many others 4,900 shares of the same stock; so if, at the end of the day, the firm could show in its box a hundred shares of Union Pacific, it would be perfectly safe from loss, and no matter which way the market turned it could not lose, but would stand to win commissions, both going and coming, of $2,475. And the state tax! If the broker pays it, the customer reimburses him; and if payment is avoided, so much more are the broker's profits. Most brokers do pay this tax most of the time, but the customer always pays it.

Then there is the question of interest, a vital one, it appears, for it is the uniform claim of active brokers that the interest account pays all the running expenses of the office and that the commissions are all velvet. Manifestly, simple interest on the capital of a brokerage firm would pay but a small fraction of the expenses of running an office, and therefore the profits on the interest account must be made either by charging a customer a higher rate of interest than the market rate —or the rate at which the broker is able to borrow—or by charging interest on balances which have only a fictitious existence.

Figure out the case of Kraft & Skene, some of whose customers were long 5,000 shares of Union Pacific, and others short 4,900 shares of the same stock, while the brokers held just 100 shares in their vaults. In this case, the holders of long stock would have paid in, as margin, ten points, or $50,000, and the short sales at least five points, or $24,500—a total of $74,500. Out of this fund the brokers could have paid $16,000 for the hundred shares needed to balance accounts, leaving in their hands $58,500 of their customers' money to do with as they would. In such circumstances they would have charged their customers interest on the total amount of the stock—$800,000, less the margins—$50,000, or upon $750,000, which at six per cent. will show a profit of $125 a day.

On the other hand, suppose they actually carry all this long stock at a cost of three per cent., and yet charge their customers six. In this case their profits on the interest account would amount to $62.50 a day, and it is by means such as these that the interest account of a brokerage firm is made to pay the expenses of running the office, while all the time the broker is assuring his customers that he is charging them only actual cost for interest on balances.

When Welsh, Dodge & Co., sell for the account of Mr. Lamb one hundred shares of Reading, Mr. Lamb naturally wants his money when he delivers his certificate and, if he is a wise lamb, he will insist upon receiving a certified check. Banks, trust companies, and large operators always insist upon certification, and the ordinary run of customers sometimes do, so the broker must be prepared to give certified checks whenever asked. The broker prepares for these demands by an arrangement with his bank whereby he agrees to leave on deposit a certain balance to his credit, say of fifty thousand dollars, and in return the bank may agree to certify checks to the extent of half a million, or a million dollars, daily, and the broker agrees to deposit the checks to make up for the certification as soon as he receives the amounts due from the customer to whom he in turn has sold the stock.

### PERILOUS BANKING

In practice, this usually works out all right at the end of the day, but all the same the bank does certify that the broker has a balance far in excess of the actual balance, and the bank's funds are in some degree imperiled by this practice. Sometimes the stock has to be delivered to an out-of-town customer, and in that case the broker deposits the certificate of stock with draft attached, addressed to the individual, firm, or corporation that has bought the stock, and the bank receives this draft as cash. Here again the bank runs a risk, for invariably the draft is for the full market value of the stock, plus commissions, and in some cases the broker can and does add an unliquidated balance to the draft and the bank receives the draft without examination or hesitation, though if any figuring had been done the draft would have been shown

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to be far in excess of the value of the stock attached. Here again the funds of the bank are imperiled by the operations of the broker.

The floor-traders, or specialists, are an important and interesting institution of the stock exchange. Often their only asset is a seat on the exchange, and desk room their only expense. They need no clerk, their bookkeeping is of the simplest, they have no customers save other brokers, and they receive two dollars on every hundred shares of stock that pass through their hands. They may devote themselves to a single stock, or to a group of inactive stocks, and practically all the trading in small lots of their specialties is done through them. They can not only absorb odd eighths and quarters now and then, but have still other sources of profit.

For instance, suppose our good friend Mr. Boddlepopster, of Oshkosh, has bought on margin through his brokers, Kraft & Skene, 1,000 shares of an inactive stock like Electric Cable Construction Company, at 85, and suppose this stock has dropped suddenly, as it often does, and unexpectedly, as it always does, to 75. Of course, Kraft & Skene have called for more margin, and as Mr. Boddlepopster turns in his check for $10,000, he says, "Now, look here, I don't want to put up any more margin; when this is exhausted let her go." Under these instructions, Kraft & Skene wire the main office in New York to "sell 1,000 ECX at 65, stop," and the New York men turn this order over to the specialist who is looking after this particular stock. If the stock is an active one, the broker may keep the order in the office until the stock drops to within a point or so of the limit; but in the case of inactive stocks, which are liable to drop five points or so between sales, such a stop order is turned over at once to the specialist, who enters it on his list. Maybe trade is a bit dull, with the last sale at 75 and no bids near the market, and as the specialist runs his eye over his list this is what he may find:

ECX

Buy 200 at 70—Welsh, Dodge & Co.
100 at 69—Faquer & Co.
200 at 68—Long, Short & Matcham.
100 at 67—Crooke, Kirby & Co.
200 at 66—Piker & Plunger.
200 at 65—Ketcham, Best & Quick.
Sell 1,000 at 65, Stop—Kraft & Skene.

Just one thousand to be bought and just one thousand to be sold. Why, it's dead easy, and in less time than it takes to tell it the specialist has sold to all these buyers and filled the orders from Boddlepopster's 1,000 shares, which he then buys for himself. And Boddlepopster's face blanches as he watches the ticker out in Oshkosh and sees his pet stock drop point by point on the tape until the fateful "1000 ECX 65" appears and he realizes that his second ten thousand has gone fading away after the first. What comfort is it to him to see this stock at the very next sale jump up to 70?

## MARKED CARDS

This is the way the trick is worked on an inactive stock, involving a few hundred shares. When it comes to an active stock like Union Pacific, or Reading, or Southern Pacific, a combination of operators is required to accomplish the same thing, in precisely the same way, and with the same result, only with larger stakes and far larger profits. The operator is like the Irishman roused from his sleep by his wife with, "Michael, there's a burglar in the room."

"I have me oi on him," says Michael, "an' if he foinds anythin' I'll get up an' take it from him."

So the lamb who thinks he can filch money out of Wall Street is permitted to succeed in his operations only until he has enough to make it worth the while for a professional to get up and take it from him. What possible chance has the gambler in such a game as this? Would he play poker with no chance of seeing the cards dealt, or of knowing how many cards his opponents draw, and with more than a suspicion that the cards are marked? Yet he does worse than that when he deals in stocks on a margin through the New York Stock Exchange. Does he ever realize that the winnings in the game played there depend on his own losses, and that the broker who receives his money on margin knows, not thinks, nor suspects, but *knows*, that in the end he will inevitably join the great majority before him, who have played and lost?

"If it were not against the rules of the New York Stock Exchange," exclaimed the head of a legitimate brokerage house, "I'd bucket every order I took."

"Do you mean to say that your customers are more likely to be wrong than right in their guesses?" was the surprised question of Mr. Lamb.

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"Sure," was the reply, with an indulgent smile of superior wisdom on the frank, open face of the broker. "A speculator on margin is not only likely to lose, he is *sure* to lose. Of course, he sometimes wins, gets on the right side of the market, and in a day or two walks off with twenty thousand dollars in his jeans. Do you think he stays away? Not much! That was too easy; and the next time he loses his twenty thousand of winnings and as much more besides as he can raise. Why, this business we're in is pure gambling, and we're not one whit better than Dick Canfield."

### NECESSARY NEW PREY

Remember, please, that the speaker was not a bucket-shop man, nor yet a crank reformer, but the head of a legitimate New York Stock Exchange house, with thousands of customers; and he knew the game from beginning to end. But was he quite just to the memory of Dick Canfield's game? Was Canfield ever suspected of using marked cards, or loaded dice, or fake wheels?

"How many customers have you now?" asked the head of a stock-exchange house of the manager of one of his branches, and on being told he said, "Look after that; you must add new men to your list daily, for the old ones will drop out as soon as they've lost all they've got."

The head of still another stock-exchange house declared that their list of customers changed entirely every three years. A telegraph operator who had been with a bucket-shop in a small Ohio town said, "We've closed out there. The boss said we'd got all the loose money in town and it wasn't worth while to keep open any longer." A few days later this man was marking the board in a new office, in a fresh field—and so it goes.

That there must be an essential and marked difference between the methods of the legitimate stock-exchange brokers and those of the bucket-shop men, the following inspired paragraph implies:

"The bucket-shop law in New York, which went into effect Tuesday, is an excellent one, as it drives out of business a very pernicious element. Several of the attacks upon Wall Street have been due, in large measure, to the rascally dealings of the bucket-shop interests, and the brokers on the legitimate exchanges have been made to suffer in the public mind through their nefarious working."

Let us examine the points of difference. In the first place, the bucket-shop man *does* do a legitimate investment business, just as the stock-exchange house does. He buys, sells, and delivers the certificates, and does it through a stock-exchange member, who fills these orders as promptly and as efficiently as he would do for any other customer.

On a margin order the bucket-shop man does not buy the stock at all, nor does he pretend to, while the stock-exchange man actually does buy the stock, yet may at once sell the same stock for his own account, or for a fictitious account. If this *is* done, then in both cases the broker is in the market against his customer, and all that the customer loses the broker wins.

The bucket-shop man charges no interest, for he makes no pretense of the existence of a debit balance, while the stock-exchange man often charges more interest than he has paid, or charges interest on a balance which has but a fictitious existence.

The bucket-shop man uniformly gives his customer the market price, while on odd lots the stock-exchange man almost invariably charges his customer an eighth or a quarter more on a purchase, and gets a fraction less on a sale.

The bucket-shop man will take orders on a margin of one or two points. The stock-exchange man demands five or ten.

### THE POT AND THE KETTLE

The bucket-shop man takes margin orders on five shares or even less, while the stock-exchange man refuses to carry less than fifty or one hundred shares on margin.

The customer of a bucket shop is sold out automatically when his margin is exhausted, while the stock-exchange man strives to induce the customer to increase his margin, and thereby his probable loss and the broker's possible gain.

The bucket-shop man simply makes a wager with his customer that his client's expectation of the market is wrong, and he pretends to nothing else, while the stock-exchange man invariably pretends to a virtue to which he often has no valid claim.

The bucket-shop man makes money, much money, out of the vanity and folly of his fellows, and herein is the vital point of difference between the two; for the stock-exchange man deems it quite irregular for any one to do this save a member of an accredited exchange.

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For every dollar lost through a bucket shop a thousand dollars are lost through legitimate stock-exchange houses. Even this does not satisfy, for the legitimate one wants that other dollar.

The bucket-shop man is almost invariably an old employee of a stock-exchange house, and therefore knows the methods of the street, and when he reads such a paragraph as the one quoted above, assuming a wide difference between the street and the bucket shop, can you blame him if he plaintively asks, "Well, now, don't that beat hell?"

The passion for gambling is all pervading, and no class is immune. After many years of arduous toil in China, a missionary returned to this country for a well-earned rest. In some inscrutable way the fever of speculation, of gambling, seized him, and he paid the savings of years over the counters of a legitimate broker, a member of the New York Stock Exchange. His kin remonstrated with him and urged him to shun the markets, but he was deaf to all entreaties.

### A NATION OF GAMBLERS?

Finally his wife's brother went to the broker —not a bucket-shop man, mind you—and after telling him with what labor and privation this missionary had accumulated his paltry dollars, and how necessary these savings were to the wife and the little children, he begged the broker, out of mercy to the helpless ones, to refuse to fill the gambling orders of the father. The broker heard his story and then told his visitor coldly that they were in business to do business, and would fill any orders, provided the customer met their requirements as to margins. That was the end of it, and the missionary went on with his gambling until his savings were gone and he was ruined in purse and character.

Is it worth while to multiply incidents? The victims of the street conceal as best they may their loss and their folly from the ken of man, but the truth is known to the wives and children, for their portion is privation and misery. And these homes, where are they? Nay, where are they not? Is there a hamlet in the land too insignificant to pay tribute to Wall Street? Missionaries, draymen, bank clerks, clergymen, farmers, all are drawn into the whirlpool from which none escape uninjured, and in which thousands every year go down to death and destruction. Is it possible that honest Americans will longer tolerate what has long since become intolerable?

A few years ago visitors were admitted to the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange by ticket, easy to get. To-day no one is admitted unless a member accompanies him to the gallery and stands by his side while he is there. Members say without hesitation that this precaution is taken for fear that some one might some day toss a bomb from the gallery into the crowd of brokers below. Existing conditions being as they are, who can say that these measures are not wise?

A broker once made a loan at a bank and gave as collateral a certificate for one hundred shares of Electric Cable Construction Company stock. Three weeks later he had an order from a customer to buy one hundred shares of the same stock, and to his surprise the broker from whom he bought handed to him the identical certificate which he had deposited with his loan at the bank. He delivered the stock to his customer and said nothing to the bank. Twice afterward this same certificate passed through his hands in transactions in this stock, and when finally he went to the bank to pay off his loan he was told that the loan had been placed with a country bank and it would take a few days to get back the collateral. He was more than surprised when finally his own collateral was handed back, and he has never yet discovered how this certificate got into the street, nor yet how it got back to the bank; but it is a fair illustration of how far the poison of the street may spread.

### THE PROOF OF WASH SALES

During the week ending September 26, 1908, there were sold on the New York Stock Exchange a total of 5,576,000 shares of stock. The average value of the stocks dealt in was a little over $102 a share, making the stupendous sum of $568,752,000 worth of stocks supposed to have changed hands in five days of five hours each, and one day of two hours, a total of twenty-seven hours, or an average of over $21,000,000 an hour. During this period 1,058,100 shares of Union Pacific stock were reported sold out of a total capitalization of 1,954,469 shares, or over fifty-four per cent. of the capital. Over half the capital stock of American Smelters was sold in the same week, and of Reading's 1,400,000 shares no less than 1,132,000 shares were

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sold, or within 267,100 shares of the entire capitalization of the corporation. All the capital of all the railroads in the United States, and of all the great industrial corporations, is sold on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange twenty times over in the course of a single year.

Mr. L. G. Powers, of the United States Census Bureau, estimates the wealth of the country in 1904 at $107,000,000,000, and this figure includes the value of all the land, live stock, and farming implements, all railroads and factories, all accumulations of the products of the farms and factories, even our stores of food, clothing, and furniture, everything in the United States that we call property. *Enormous as the figures are, an amount equal to this total wealth of the country passes through the New York Stock Exchange every twenty months!* By the report of the comptroller of the currency on September 23, 1908, there were 6,853 national banks in the United States, having total loans and discounts of $4,750,612,731. Wall Street would exhaust this enormous sum in forty-seven days. The total banking power of the United States in 1908, as represented by capital, surplus, profits, deposits, and circulation was $17,642,705,274. This exceeded the world's banking power in 1890, and yet Wall Street would absorb it all in 173 days.

### THE HIGH PRIEST

"Do you ever buy stocks on your own account?" the head of a New York Stock Exchange house was asked, and he answered with fine wit, "We believe stocks were made to sell." Nearly all small operators, especially in out-of-town districts, are optimists and buy stocks for a rise, while the New York broker or operator finds his profit generally on the other side of the market, in selling short what the lamb has been persuaded to buy.

When your broker is in the market against you, you are certain to lose, because his resources are greater than yours—he is even using your own resources against you—and he is closer to the game than you can hope to get.

But when he is in the market against you he is also sure, sooner or later, to get in the way of some one whose resources are still greater, and who is, maybe, enthroned in the very holy of holies of the gambler's temple, and then it is the turn of Welsh, Dodge & Co. to be sponged off the slate. So you lose not only directly, through your own gambling, but indirectly, through the gambling of your broker, all of the money, or paper profits, or certificates of stock that may be in his hands when the final crash comes, and the whole of it, yours as well as his, drops into the ever-gaping coffers of the high priest.

### A GRIP ON THE GOVERNMENT'S THROAT

For there is and always has been a high priest of Wall Street, changed from time to time, but for a space with power undisputed. Thus it was, when the trenchant altruism of Theodore Roosevelt brought consternation to the holy of holies in Wall Street, that it was decided that the president, and the people he served, must be taught an unforgettable lesson. So every utterance of the president was met by a sale of so many hundreds of thousands of shares of stocks, and as prices fell the unthinking said, as they were intended to say, "See how the president is alarming the country." A heavy drop in prices in March, 1907, failed to frighten either the president or the people, and so in October a still more drastic fall in values was decreed, which upset the financial life of the continent and brought weak banks and firms tottering to the ground. Money was made scarce, and values shrank from no cause at all save the desire to discredit the president and frighten the people into a trembling quiescence.

All this, from the nature of things, is not susceptible of actual proof, but that the machinery of the New York Stock Exchange is used daily to serve the selfish purposes of a single man, or rather of a group of men acting as one, possessed of preponderating wealth, and of almost unlimited power, is known and believed of all men who know aught of the inner life of Wall Street. It is quite unnecessary that this man, or this group, should be given a name, for it matters not at all what the name may be, if the thing exists. No man, no group of men, is entitled to use such a weapon as this against the people. Has Wall Street succeeded in frightening into inactivity the people, the governor of the state, the president that is, and the president that is to be?

Here is a seething, struggling mass of humanity intent upon acquiring the money of others by any means not in actual violation of the letter of the rules of the New York

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Stock Exchange. If a big operator gets in the way of a bigger one, the weaker is as ruthlessly ruined as is the lamb by the little operator. If the power behind the throne decrees that the market shall go down, woe unto him who resists. If an advance is decreed and an operator is found to be largely short of the market, thus hampering or even imperiling the movement for advance, his position is made daily more precarious by the withdrawal of stock from the street, thus making it more and more difficult for him to borrow the stock necessary to make deliveries. If this is not sufficient and he still refuses to get out of the market, he may be given sudden orders to sell enormous blocks of stock on behalf of the known leaders of the street. Of course, he falls into the trap, and sells other hundreds of thousands of shares on his own account.

### WHERE'S OUR TYBURN HILL?

In the meanwhile, through other brokers, the leader buys his own stock back as fast as it is offered, and with it the added obligations of the doomed man, who cannot deliver the stock he has sold. To make assurance doubly sure, the leader notifies the banks which he controls to withdraw all certification accommodations from the tottering firm, and suspension and bankruptcy follow.

Possibilities only? Yes, doubtless! We may know even the probabilities of Wall Street, but we never grasp the concrete. Things are done, firms are ruined, men put pistols to their heads and pull the triggers, women and children are turned homeless on the world to starve, or worse. These things we know, but how it was all done, or who were the doers, no one ever knows. Only guesses are possible. Men disappear, bodies are buried, blood stains are washed away, and the shouting is never interrupted. The governors of the exchange appoint a committee to investigate, who are reminded that this is but a "gentleman's club" that does not court publicity, and would not wash its linen in public. How this all harks back to the days of Gentleman Jonathan Wild, or Gentleman Richard Turpin, and the gallows on Tyburn Hill! But where's *our* Tyburn Hill?

The New York Stock Exchange, while by far the largest and most important, is but one of a number of such institutions; all of our large cities have one or more of such aggregations of brokers, all of them organized on a like basis and doing business as far as they can in the same way. Realize also that this enormous business is done to-day free from any public control whatever, that these exchanges are in no case incorporated companies but are, they claim, simply "gentlemen's clubs." It may be observed, however, that "gentlemen's clubs" are almost invariably incorporated institutions, while only those aggregations of men or women which are organized to evade or violate the laws avoid incorporation.

The constitution of the New York Stock Exchange declares its object to be "to furnish exchange rooms and other facilities for the convenient transaction of their business by its members, as brokers; to maintain high standards of commercial honor and integrity amongst its members; and to promote and inculcate just and equitable principles of trade and business." If this be the object, the real object, of this institution, why should it not welcome the gladly proffered aid of the legislatures of our states, which would willingly promote ambitions so praiseworthy?

The control of the exchange is lodged in a governing council, which may suspend and expel a member for "failure to comply with his contracts," for "fraud or fraudulent acts," for "misstatement upon material points made to the committee on admissions," for "connection with other exchanges," for "dealing with non-members," for "violating the constitution or the resolutions of the governing council," for "any conduct inconsistent with just and equitable principles of trade," and finally for "*any act detrimental to the interest of the exchange.*"

### A STOCK EXCHANGE TRIAL

As a legislature, the council passes its resolutions; as a judge, it construes their meaning; as prosecutor, it strives for conviction; as a jury, it decides questions of fact; and then again assuming judicial powers, it passes sentence. The accused member cannot be represented by counsel, the proceedings are secret, and the evidence produced is never made public. If the accused is acquitted, no one ever knows the nature of the charge, and if convicted, all that is ever disclosed is the sentence pronounced.

With such transcendent powers as these, it is clear that if there is to-day anything

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evil in the conduct of the exchange, that evil thing exists with the consent of the governing council and of the exchange itself, and so it is worse than useless to look to the exchange for amendment. If amendment is to be, it must come from the legislatures of the states and by act of Congress.

### LOSING $3,000,000 A DAY

During the week ending September 26, 1908, there was sold, as we have said before, $568,752,000 worth of stock, and during the same week $19,471,500 in bonds. In other words, the value of the stock presumed to be sold was over twenty-seven times the value of the bonds actually sold. The total number of bonds reported may all have been honestly sold, but the total shares of stock were just as certainly not honestly sold. Most members of the New York Stock Exchange will tell you that only about one per cent. of the sales of stocks is for actual investment, the balance being sales upon margin, invariably simply gambling contracts. But let us be conservative and acknowledge that one tenth of the sales are for investment. If we deduct ten per cent. from the sales of the week we have been considering, we find that 5,018,400 shares were dealt in on margin, an average of 836,400 shares a day. At ten points margin this would mean that every day the sum of $8,364,000 was risked in gambling contracts on the New York Stock Exchange. Take the most generous estimate of winning orders, one out of four, and figure that the unsuccessful gamblers lost but half their margins, and we find a gross loss in one day of $3,186,500. *During 1907 the winnings of the bank at Monte Carlo were $7,500,000. Wall Street takes more than that from its gamblers in two and one half days.* And yet governors, and legislators, and district attorneys, and police, and magistrates worry over the petty gambling of the race-track, the trivial operations of Dick Canfield, or the newsboys who shoot craps on the sand pile.

To sell a million shares of stock in a day is considered merely good business on the New York Stock Exchange; yet *there is no question whatever that there is not on the street enough stock available for delivery to satisfy the demands of a single day's business.* One certificate, therefore, passes from hand to hand, and is made to satisfy the demands for delivery in a dozen transactions in a day. Fifty per cent. of the stock of a corporation may be sold, or appear to be sold, in a single week; yet at no time could the street produce five per cent. of the stock, and if suddenly called upon to do so, every house on the street would totter, unless the exchange suspended its rules. But this never happens and never will happen under existing conditions, and at the close of business each day the brokers gather in a corner on the floor of the exchange and there amicably borrow from each other the stocks they have already sold yet never owned.

"Sell one thousand Reading." Such an order, coming from a man who does not own a share in the Reading Railroad Company, is received by the broker without surprise, and executed without hesitation. Indeed, the broker is never surprised, except when the customer really delivers the thing sold. But on a margin order the broker, being short, is compelled to borrow the stock from another broker, or from a customer, who, by the way, is never consulted in the transaction and never credited with the profits of the loan. Ultimately the customer selling short closes out the transaction by buying in the stock at a price which may show either a profit or a loss to him. For a man to sell what he has for future delivery, or even to sell what he has some reason to believe he is going to get, may be proper speculation, but to sell what he has *not* simply for the purpose of depressing values, and so forcing real owners to part with their property at less than its intrinsic value, is the meanest and most dangerous form of gambling, and the most injurious to the honest public. Here existing conditions invite with peculiar force the intervention of the state, for if you prevent, or even restrict, the selling short of stocks, you will manifestly, and in equal degree, restrain gambling on the long side of the market.

Let the law then compel him who would sell short to describe in writing and with particularity the thing that he would sell. If it is stock, let him give the number of the certificates, and state in whose names they are registered, and let him also aver that he is the rightful owner of the stock which he offers for sale. Punish him if he states that which is false, and punish also the broker who accepts an order that does not comply with these conditions. The same course can also be pursued in sales of wheat, corn, oats, cotton, pork, and the like commodities, and he who would sell them should be able to state where the thing sold is stored, and what

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markings there may be on barrel, bale, bin, or car-lot. What hardship would this work on the man who simply wishes to sell for future delivery that which he owns? And why should the law be tender to him who strives to sell what he does not own, to the injury of the real owner?

Most of the legislation that has been proposed for the regulation of stock-gambling evils contains only general prohibitions against margin trading. Buying more stock than one has the money to pay for is no more an evil than buying real estate subject to mortgage, or borrowing money for the extension of a manufacturing plant or the development of a railroad. If a man, therefore, wishes to buy stock or commodities of any kind and pay but a portion of the cost, the law should not interfere with him.

The evil of stock speculation, as now indulged in, grows out of the fact that the gambler is able to borrow more than the real loan value of the stock, the excess being furnished by the broker out of his capital as an encouragement to gambling. The control of the loan end of the collateral remains wholly in the broker, who uses both as if he were the sole party in interest. Let the law then, while in general prohibiting margin trading, also in particular prohibit the broker from lending any additional sum beyond the bank loan, and insist that the broker shall inform his customer of the number and description of the certificates which he has bought, the amount of the loan, and the name of the bank where the loan is placed. Make it clear also that the ownership of the stock is wholly in the customer, and that it will be grand larceny for the broker to use this collateral for his own advantage. Such provisions as these would make the prohibition against margin trading instantly effectual, and nothing short of this would.

### ABOLISH THE TICKER

Ordinarily, one of the most effective means of controlling gambling is the confiscation of the necessary implements of the trade, and laws should be passed in the several states making illegal the use of a blackboard, or any other contrivance for the purpose of recording and displaying the fluctuations of the market. The blackboard is purely a gambler's implement, serving no useful purpose, and is never even looked at by the investor.

Then there is the ticker, which records the sales on thousands of machines simultaneously, hundreds of miles from the exchange; and, coming from New York or Chicago, the record is relayed from ocean to ocean. This is without doubt the one essential tool in the gambler's outfit, and were its use made unlawful all gambling brokerage offices would be forced to close their doors.

Publicity is the most effectual of restraining forces, and virtue is insured by the certainty of being found out. If we would restrain crime, turn on the light, for we have the best authority for believing that it is the wicked only who love darkness. Insist, therefore, not only upon publicity in all the operations of the exchange, but publicity also in the work of the brokers.

### STAMP IT OUT!

But, the main effort of legislators should be directed to securing intelligent and just control by the state of this most vital of public utilities by insisting upon the incorporation of all exchanges. We have had enough of "gentlemen's clubs." An institution which does more business in a single day than most of our thriving corporations do in a year, should be regulated by public authority and operated in the interest of the state. Gradually developed into a machine of almost infinite power, the exchanges have been used for the selfish advantage of a few and the lasting injury of the many. The system has been so perfected that the control of an insignificant fraction of the stocks dealt in has enabled a few men to dictate the rise and fall in values of billions of securities, and to make almost all business good or bad at will.

The state must demand the incorporation of the exchanges, provide the terms and conditions of membership, devise just rules of government, insist upon the widest publicity in its operations, and allow no one to do the business of a broker unless associated with such a corporation. A law of this scope can be framed so as to encourage investment and legitimate speculation, facilitate honest buying and selling, and stamp out forever the wild, feverish gambling that has in the past disgraced our financial history and brought ruin and death to thousands of innocent people.

That existing conditions should long continue is unthinkable, because they are no longer endurable.

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# THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

IV

Photographs by Emmett V. O'Neill

## The Long March Up and Around

BENDING beneath what heavy burdens of work, groping through what thick clouds of dust of work, have women stumbled their way, felt their way, onward and upward, to the level of light at which, their work lying at last disclosed to view, the world exclaims: "Observe! They work!"

"When Adam delved and Eve span," back in the gray beginnings of things, there was a primal partition of toil on which all subsequent economic history has been erected; but one may not unjustly surmise that even at that time, while delving was totally imputed unto Adam for work, spinning was in large part by common consent (especially Adam's) imputed unto Eve for domestic felicity.

Certainly Eve spun the yarn to clothe the human race for scores of centuries without advancing beyond the grade of "helpmeet." It was her destiny to spin in cotton mills before Adam would fully apprehend that she was earning her living.

Not till the woman works outside the home does the world award her, along with the pay (high or low), the rank (low or high) of a worker.

Take the world by the nose and say: "From 1870 to 1900, in the United States, while population was increasing 95 per cent., the number of women engaged in gainful occupations increased 190 per cent.; which means twice as fast!" The world shakes itself and says: "Woman is working," and if it sympathizes, as much of it does, with the feelings of the greatest of French romantic historians, Michelet, it cries, as he did:

"'Workingwoman,' vile, sacrilegious word, word which no language knew, which no era recognized, till the dawn of this age of iron, word which in itself will outweigh all our pretended social advance!"

Michelet's part of the world, therefore, observing a girl working in a bakery, laments the degradation of woman. Woman, it appears, is baking. *There* is a novelty. *There* is a scandal.

On second thought, however, it isn't baking that degrades woman. On second thought, we recollect having eaten her bread, we and our fathers, every day, ever since a few stray stones and a casual fire in a wet, wild wood made the first oven. No, it isn't baking that degrades woman. *It's baking in a bakery!*

Ah, Adam, interloper, invader! Will you, by erecting bakeries, rob woman of her work, take her "job" away from her? In part you do now. In the really modern bakery you have taken all the actual baking into your own masculine hands. For Eve you leave only the wrapping, the packing, the labeling of the loaves. And you wish to debar her from that.

But she will not be debarred. The transfer from the kitchen to the bakery is the first stage in her upward march. Her work ceases to be imputed unto her now for domestic felicity. It is appraised now at $5.50 a week, which she pockets. And it is her own. And her share in the creation of the wealth of the world stands manifest. And her position as a recognized worker is won.

Two documents of worth has woman won: the pay slip and the college diploma. And from the union of those two ideas (the independence typified by the pay slip and the intelligence typified by the college diploma) emerges the one novel feature of the recent history of women in industry in this country.

That women should work (it cannot be too often repeated, too deeply inpressed on the memory) is no novelty at all. There stand the Caryatids, erect female figures, serving for pillars in so many Greek edifices, perpetuating for us the burden-bearing women of an-

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tiquity! And here stands the homely griddle of the farmer's wife of to-day, engaged, as Mr. Dooley so touchingly observes, in a never-ending struggle with the hired man's appetite! And every hour of intervening time is filled, always and everywhere, with Eve, enduring, besides her own special curse of childbirth, a considerable part of Adam's special curse of toil!

Ada Heather-Bigg put it precisely in the first volume of the *English Economic Journal*. "The share taken by women in industry," she said, "has not altered in amount, nor even in intensity, only in character."

And if one cannot be surprised that women work, neither can one be surprised that in the United States the number of women at work *in gainful occupations outside their homes* is increasing.

The United States has been a primitive, undeveloped country. It is becoming a modern, finished country. It is still far behind the more completely finished countries of the world (such as England) in the relative number of its women compelled, or permitted, by the growth of urban, manufacturing, commercial life, to pass from their old work in their homes to their new work outside their homes. But the United States will continue automatically to make a gain in the number of its wage-earning women along with almost every gain made in industrial organization. We cannot, for instance, bake our bread in bakeries instead of in kitchens, without transferring a certain number of women from kitchens to bakeries, there to continue their necessary participation in the task of feeding the country.

When, therefore, the progress made industrially by the United States from 1870 to 1900 is remembered, the mere, bare, unanalyzed fact that during that time there was a large increase in the number of its wage-earning women ceases to be astonishing. A large increase was inevitable.

Finally, there is no novelty in the sad, disgraceful fact that a great many wage-earning women exist in circumstances of hideous destitution. That fact is frightfully old, scandalously old.

In 1830, almost eighty years ago, Joseph Tuckerman wrote and published his "Letter from a Gentleman in Boston to his Friend in Philadelphia on the Wages Paid to Females." In that pamphlet, so yellow now with time, fading so much faster than the evils at which it was directed (though they, too, fade slightly, slowly), Mr. Tuckerman gives, among many other incidents, this:

"I have recently been told by a very respectable keeper of a slop-shop that he has for some time past had fifty applications a day from females for work with which he could not supply them; and the work sought by them is coarse shirts to be made at ten, eight or even six and a quarter cents each, or labourers' frocks or duck pantaloons, at the same prices. Now let it be considered that there are among us hundreds of these poor females, mothers and widows, who are deeply anxious to support their families by their own exertions but who, even while their families are in health and when employment can be obtained for every hour of the day, can at best earn but a dollar or a dollar and a quarter in a week; who yet, however, are sometimes taken off from their labours by their own or the sickness of their children; and often, even when they are all in health, cannot obtain more than two or three days' work in a week."

No, there is no news in the fact of steady toil or in the fact of frequent misery. The real news, let us be thankful, lies rather the other way. The real news in the case is news of expanded opportunities, of broadened ambitions, of a new scope given to the field of women's activities through the union, previously hinted at, of the spirit of independence typified by the pay slip and the spirit of progressive intelligence typified by the college diploma.

The rise of women of the "working class" into the less mechanical, more intellectual forms of work; the entrance of women of the "middle class" into the less home-bound, more outside-worldly, less academic, more commercial forms of work; the gradual mutual approach in industry of these two classes of women, one of which first won the pay slip and the other first the college diploma, may safely be said to constitute the most remarkable, the unique, fact about workingwomen to-day.

Observe, for instance, what has been happening in the telegraph business. It is a business that requires considerable education, considerable skill.

In the year 1870 there were some 8,000 men telegraphers in this country and only some 350 women in the business with them.

In 1900 there were some 48,000 men in the business *and some* 7,000 *women*.

In 1900, therefore, there were six times as

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many men as in 1870, *but twenty times as many women.*

While from 1870 to 1900 the total number of workingwomen in this country increased 190 per cent., the number of women telegraphers increased 2,000 *per cent.*

Now, among women telegraphers there are both "working class" women and "middle class" women: "working class" women who have climbed up from the more mechanical levels of toil; "middle class" women who, before the development of such employments as telegraphy, would have been obliged (since domestic service and factory labor were for them "impossible") to remain encumbrances on their families or else to adopt one of those numerous furtive expedients (such as painting amateur roses on cheap china in the back parlor) which are outlined in great detail in those pathetic volumes entitled, or deserving to be entitled, "One Thousand Ways of Making Money Without Seeming to Do So."

But the "middle class" has two sections. There is the stolid "middle class." And there is the intellectual "middle class." The latter section won for the whole class the opportunity of education in women's colleges and in coeducational universities. It was a distinctly, grandly intellectual movement. Running parallel in time with the industrial movement which was taking women of the "working class" from their homes to mills and factories to work, this intellectual movement took women of the "middle class" from their homes to colleges and universities to study. It also took many of them, finally, *via* the colleges and universities, into money-earning occupations of the professional sort, especially teaching.

In so far as these professional occupations yielded financial returns, the "middle class" intellectual movement and the "working class" industrial movement tended to approach each other. In our day we see them beginning to converge still more closely. We can observe, here and there, an impulse among even the most intellectual of "middle class" women to consider the attractions of occupations which are less strictly professional and more frankly commercial.

A straw blown by this wind came whirling out of Wellesley College last year. It was only a straw, but it could not have been cast aloft except by a wind of considerable volume and velocity.

In the May issue of the *Wellesley Magazine*, published by the undergraduate girls of the college, there appeared an article, the leading article, seventeen pages long, thoroughly prepared, admirably written, epoch-marking, on—not on "Caroline Herschel and Other Women Astronomers" but on—"*Opportunities for College Girls in Department Stores.*"

In this article undergraduate readers are called upon to observe that in six of the largest Boston department stores there are now thirty-seven women occupying responsible executive positions as buyers, floor managers, heads of workrooms, and heads of clerical departments, at salaries ranging from $780 to $6,500 a year. *It is also pointed out that these successful women rose from the ranks and that an emulation of them implies a start behind the counter at perhaps six dollars a week.*

Here, in the persons of the salesgirl who has risen to be a buyer and of the college woman who is contemplating a start as a salesgirl, we see the industrial emancipation of woman and the intellectual emancipation of woman—the twin guiding stars of her recent history—in conjunction, for just an instant, to prefigure no social astrologer can say exactly what strange future.

But if the future is perplexing, the present (considered by itself) is scarcely less so. How can we understand a complicated social movement, driven by the accumulated momentum of the whole past, urged onward by its own gathering energy, without pause, full speed, into the future, by snap-shotting the momentary look of it as it flashes by us? It is like taking an instantaneous photograph of a trotting horse. The posture is there, awkward, fantastic, but the stride is lost. You get the fixed, strained muscle, but not the motion.

And the woman's invasion is all motion, meaning next to nothing if you consider it at any one passing instant, meaning profound things to the business life, the home life, and finally the political life of the country, if you consider the long sweep and purpose of it. What it requires is not a camera with one glass plate, but a camera with a turning strip of celluloid behind the shutter, capable of recording the events of a considerable period of time, and of exhibiting, along with the extent of the invasion, its much more important features—its speed, its changing character, its shifting direction.

Such a continuous film exists in the census

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records. From 1870 to 1900, during a period of thirty years, what a quick-moving array of figures marches across those pages, figures that represent masses of workingwomen, advancing here, retreating there, crowding into this column, thinning out (comparatively) in that, effecting a lodgment by surprise, by escalade, by direct frontal attack, on the walls of citadels formerly held exclusively by men, *giving way before the answering attacks of men in many traditional feminine areas of occupation*, winning at one point, losing at another, till, finally, through the struggle of the whole thirty years, there emerges this conclusion:

The army of the woman's invasion has gained an entire new wing. The main historic body is by comparison weakened. It retains its absolute original strength, but, by comparison, there is an enormous shift of emphasis from the old historic feminine occupations to the newer masculine ones, from the mechanical occupations to the commercial and professional ones, from the occupations of pure routine to the occupations of individual adventure, from the lower to the higher, from those occupations which might have been prosecuted forever without woman's being more than a helot in industry to those which, if persevered in, will tend to force her into a demand for complete industrial and political equality.

This is the real news, stated in general terms. Let us see now how it works out in detail.

The census recognizes 303 occupations. It then distributes them into five great groups.

The first of the five, in order of historical importance for women, is "Domestic and Personal Service."

This group represents and perpetuates woman's most ancient occupations. Let us see how it fared from 1870 to 1900. During that period of time the total number of women at work increased from 1,836,288 to 5,319,937. *This was an increase of* 190 *per cent.*

Meanwhile the number of women in "Domestic and Personal Service" increased from 972,613 to 2,095,449. *This was an increase of only* 115 *per cent.*

This loss of comparative importance on the part of "Domestic and Personal Service" was particularly noticeable in the case of "Servants, Waitresses, Housekeepers, and Stewardesses." In 1870, all the servants and waitresses and housekeepers and stewardesses in this country numbered 873,738. In 1900 they numbered 1,430,602. *It was an increase of only sixty-three per cent.* Obviously, therefore, these women, engaged in the most primitive of all the primitive employments in "Domestic and Personal Service," fell behind even faster than the total number of women in that service.

But now observe a distinction. "Servants and Waitresses" are employees without authority. "Housekeepers and Stewardesses" are employees of a higher rank, with considerable authority. In 1870 they were confused with each other in the census returns. In later years they have been disentangled. It is possible to compare them with each other for the period from 1890 to 1900; that is, for the ten years between the last two censuses. And here is the result of that comparison:

"Servants and Waitresses" increased from 1,216,639 in 1870 to 1,283,763 in 1900. Less than six per cent.

"Housekeepers and Stewardesses" increased from 86,089 in 1890 to 146,929 in 1900. *More than seventy per cent.*

The occupation with no responsibility went down, badly. The occupation requiring responsibility went up, spectacularly.

The same kind of increase is seen in "Boarding- and Lodging-house Keepers." They have large responsibility. In 1870 there were only 7,060 of them. In 1900 there were 59,455. *A gain of 742 per cent.*

Again, consider the case of "Hotel Keepers." Here is a still larger responsibility. In 1870 there were only 865 women hotel keepers in the United States. In 1900 there were 8,533. *A gain of* 886 *per cent!*

Without giving further illustrations, which could be indefinitely protracted, it may be observed, as a total conclusion, that in "Domestic and Personal Service," as a whole, women's comparative losses are in the occupations which are traditionally feminine, while their greatest comparative gains are in those occupations which are more masculine by tradition and which require greater responsibility and enlarged executive power.

The same kind of development will be observed in the next great occupational group, the group which the census calls "Agricultural Pursuits."

Women have hoed and weeded and harvested ever since the time when men were too busy killing wild animals and one another to be bothered with the details of the cornfield and the garden patch. We probably owe to the Indian squaws and not to

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the Indian braves the centuries of cultivation which transformed a prairie grass into maize. But men, having got their hunting pretty much all done, have long since made such inroads into agriculture that in this country to-day little actual field labor is performed by women except in the case of negresses in the fields of the South and in the case of immigrant European women in the truck gardens of the North.

Much work of supervision and direction, however, is done by native American women in both sections of the country. Which brings us back again to the distinction between employments which imply responsibility and employments which do not imply it.

The agricultural laborer has no responsibility.

In 1870 there were 373,332 women agricultural laborers in this country. In 1900 there were 663,209. Women still do some hard work. But the gain in the number of women agricultural laborers, after all, was only seventy-seven per cent.

Compare it with the gain in the number of women "Farmers, Planters, and Overseers." In 1870 there were 22,681. In 1900 there were 307,706. *It was a gain of* 1,256 *per cent.* In other words, while the women laborers, the subordinates, failed to double their numbers during the period from 1870 to 1900, the women "Farmers, Planters, and Overseers," the persons in authority, doubled their numbers more than six times over.

The story in "Agricultural Pursuits," like the story in "Domestic and Personal Service," is a story that points not downward but upward.

The third of the great occupational groups is "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits."

"*Domum Mansit: Lanam Fecit*" was the epitaph of the perfect Roman lady. Which may be translated: "Though Home She Stayed, Wool-Yarn She Made." Though the pink of gentility, she manufactured.

What invaders, what interlopers, have men shown themselves to be throughout the field of light, and even of heavy, manufacturing! The really old-fashioned primitive man, for instance, whose manners and customs are perpetuated for us among savage tribes like those of the Canadian Northwest, will slay an antelope, but he will not flay it nor tan its hide nor dry its flesh. Those manufacturing processes are for the squaw. In the stockyards to-day the modern new-fangled man has no such scruples. He not only knocks the steer on the head, which is his right, but he hacks it into pieces, which is woman's sphere. He even objects now to her cutting the big pieces into smaller pieces. He resents the presence of the "petticoat butcher." Six thousand years ago he wanted her to do all the butchering possible.

All of which indicates that if you are going to argue about "woman's sphere" on the ground of tradition, much depends on what century you decide to take your tradition from. Most persons who argue about it in that way stop short with their grandmothers. Their love for tradition ought to keep them harking back till they strike some real antiquity.

When woman's historical, incessant, never-slackened toil from the beginning of known time down to the present hour of the present day is considered, how perverse Michelet's tirade about the "workingwoman" comes to sound! The history of his own country refutes him.

Those female vassals of the old feudal baron, bringing him required offerings of yarn and cloth, while their husbands and fathers and brothers brought him grain and hay! Those same female vassals, later on, laboring in large numbers in workrooms on the baronial estates, spinning, weaving, dyeing, bleaching, sewing! Their female descendants, still later on, at the time when the Book of the Trades of Paris was made for the good king St. Louis in the thirteenth century, controlling with their feminine toil-trained fingers, all the "jobs" in five of the one hundred trades there enumerated and many of the "jobs" in the other ninety-five! And those thousands, scores of thousands, of busy Frenchwomen, long before the inauguration of the modern "capitalistic" system, making, delicately, laboriously, the lace and the embroidery for their own and for foreign countries!

What a record of industry it is! And how justified Leroy-Beaulieu was, knowing as much about history as Michelet and more about economics, when he said, speaking of mediæval times: "No woman then, except in the highest social ranks, was idle; no woman gave herself entirely to the cares of the household. That ideal society in which the man is able to provide by himself for the

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A ROOM IN A CHICAGO SCHOOL DISTRICT WHERE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT HOUSEHOLD DUTIES. THIS IS IN A DISTRICT WHERE ALMOST ALL THE MOTHERS ARE EMPLOYED IN FACTORIES AND CAN GIVE LITTLE ATTENTION TO HOME LIFE.

needs of the family and in which the woman has nothing to do but attend to the house and the children has nowhere existed in the past."

Certainly it did not exist in France. Certainly it did not exist in England.

When Daniel Defoe, known somewhat more widely as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," made his "Tour" through England long before the modern "capitalistic" system had produced the word "working-woman," he did not find women idle. Near Halifax, for instance, he observed that "the houses are full of lusty fellows, some at the dye-vat, some at the looms, others dressing the cloths; *the women and children carding and spinning, being all employed from the youngest to the oldest.*"

And if they were employed in old England, they were equally (as was shown in the first article in this series) employed in New England at the same time.

To the illustrations of this fact given in that article one further illustration may here aptly be added.

Almost all the early cigars in this country, "long nines," "supers," "short sixes," were "rolled" at home by the wives and daughters of Connecticut and Pennsylvania tobacco farmers. When what was probably the first cigar factory in the United States was started at Suffield, Connecticut, in 1810, the employees were, virtually without exception, women. In this and in all other light manufacturing processes, too, women were then a part of the order of nature, acting scrupulously by ancient right within their own sphere.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of great interest to know just how women are now faring in that great occupational group which the census calls "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits."

There are three occupations within the "Manufacturing and Mechanical" group which may be put together under the heading, rough but useful, of the "Needle Trades." These three occupations are "Dressmakers," "Seamstresses," and "Tailoresses." Together they account for more than two fifths of the women in the whole group.

Now observe the following crucial fact:

In the decade from 1890 to 1900 there were only four of the important occupations for women which increased at a rate slower than the increase of the total population of the

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A ROW OF WORKERS IN A FACTORY FOR THE MAKING OF WOMEN'S NOVELTY GOODS

country; which, therefore, in the technical sense of the word, "declined."

Three of these "declining" occupations were "Dressmakers," "Seamstresses," and "Tailoresses"!

From 1890 to 1900 the population of the United States increased 22.2 per cent. The number of women at work increased 32.8 per cent. And the increases made by the "Needle Trades" were:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dressmakers: | 292,668 | to | 344,794 | —17.8 per cent. |
| Seamstresses: | 146,043 | to | 146,105 | — .04 per cent. |
| Tailoresses: | 64,509 | to | 68,935 | — 6.8 per cent. |

The fourth and last declining occupation for women—"Servants and Waitresses"—has already been mentioned. In it the number of women workers increased *less than six per cent.*

"Dressmakers"! "Seamstresses"! "Tailoresses"! "Servants and Waitresses"!. Could four more traditionally feminine occupations be found? And they are the "declining" occupations!

Outside of the "Needle Trades," in the other occupations of the "Manufacturing and Mechanical" group, there are some more surprises, but surprises of a different sort. These other occupations may be put together under the heading, again rough but again useful, of the "Factory Trades."

Ten of them are particularly important, employing between them almost 400,000 women.

Now the curious fact is that five of these ten "Factory Trades" are less important today for women *compared with men* than they were a half-century ago. Men have been interloping and invading.

In silk mills, for instance, women in 1850 furnished 70 out of every 100 employees. In 1900 they furnished only 60 out of every 100.

In boot and shoe factories, in 1850, women furnished 31 out of every 100 employees. In 1900, only 19.

Similar declines in the relative importance of women have taken place in woolen mills and in printing establishments. Women are less important in them now than they used to be in the middle of the last century.

It is in cotton mills, however, that this kind of decline is most glaringly noticeable.

The brilliant and painstaking researches of Miss. Edith Abbott into the industrial history of the women of this country have bound all scholars to her by obligations which extend into every corner of the whole field, but she has nowhere laid bare a more

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astonishing series of facts than in connection with the employment of women in the cotton industry.

In the year 1811, out of every 100 employees in the cotton mills of America, women were 87. In 1831 they were 68. By 1850 they had declined to 64. By 1870 they had declined still further to 58. In 1900 they were only 49.

And cotton is the great historical factory trade for women!

In all the five "Factory Trades" so far mentioned—in silk, in boots and shoes, in printing, in wool, and in cotton—women were less important in 1900 than they had been fifty years before.

In the other five of the ten important "Factory Trades"—in bookbinding, in boxmaking, in hosiery and knitting, in shirts-collars-cuffs, and in tobacco—women gained on men (in some cases very rapidly) during the period from 1850 to 1900.

If, however, you take the whole "Manufacturing and Mechanical Group" for 1850 and compare it with the whole "Manufacturing and Mechanical Group" for 1900, you will get this astonishing result: *In* 1850, *out of every* 1,000 *persons engaged in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits,"* women were 236. *In* 1900 *they were only* 185.

The popular notion that women are "driving men out of factories" is therefore a delusion.

It would be equally a delusion, of course, to think that the absolute number of women in factories has not increased. Certainly it has increased. The point is simply that the number of men has increased faster.

On the whole, therefore, it may be said without hesitation that while the women in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits" made a notable increase during the period from 1870 to 1900, still the meaning of that increase is greatly modified by the astonishing absolute decline of women in the "Needle Trades" during recent years and by the equally astonishing relative decline of women compared with men in certain of the "Factory Trades" during the longer period from 1850 to date.

The upshot is that we cannot, in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits," any more than in "Domestic and Personal Service" or in "Agricultural Pursuits," account for the new deep impression which the presence of women in industry is making on the public mind today. There have been certain changes in cer-

UNEMPLOYED MEN EAGERLY SCANNING "HELP WANTED" COLUMNS.

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THE ACCOUNTING, AUDITING, TYPEWRITING AND OTHER CLERICAL WORK IN THE LARGE MERCANTILE ESTABLISHMENTS, WHICH WAS FORMERLY DONE BY MEN, IS NOW PERFORMED BY GIRLS.

tain occupations within those groups, but the occupations themselves are ancient and the changes are internal. The external signs of an "invasion" are not there. And for a very good reason. It is not there that the real "invasion," in the strict sense of the word, is taking place. The real "invasion" discloses itself only when we go on to the last two groups, the two groups that are comparatively new for women: viz., "Professional Service" and "Trade and Transportation."

"Professional Service" means architects, artists, ministers, dentists, lawyers, writers, scientists, musicians, government officials, doctors, teachers, and so on. It is "intellectual."

"Trade and Transportation" means agents, bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers, merchants, packers and shippers, saleswomen, telegraph and telephone operators, and so on. It is "commercial."

Women did a great deal in "Professional Service" before they did much in "Trade and Transportation." This was because of the intellectual movement, already mentioned, among "middle class" women, which carried them into a successful fight for admission to equal educational and professional opportunities with their "middle class" brothers. The commercial movement, among "middle class" women, as well as among "working class" women, came later.

We are now ready to understand the full meaning, so far as percentages of increase can convey it, of the industrial history of women in America during the period from 1870 to 1900.

Here is a tabular summary of that period:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gain made by total number of workingwomen in all groups from 1870 to 1900 | 190 per cent. |
| Gain made in "Domestic and Personal Service" | 115 per cent. |
| Gain made in "Agricultural Pursuits" | 146 per cent. |
| Gain in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits" | 270 per cent. |
| GAIN IN "PROFESSIONAL SERVICE" | 337 PER CENT. |
| GAIN IN "TRADE AND TRANSPORTATION" | 2,369 PER CENT. |

Increases, when given in percentages, however, are likely to be misleading. Both "Professional Service" and "Trade and Transportation" are, after all, by far the smallest of the five groups. A small thing can make a big gain, expressed in per cent.,

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without itself becoming very big or having much importance. It is like the Western town which announced a growth of fifty per cent. in a single year because the man and the woman living there had a christening in their family.

Percentages are the most tempting and the most indigestible species of statistics. They are like cheese—quite helpful in assimilating a meal, but likely to cause the consumer to see strange, elating visions if taken on an empty stomach. Let us bring forward, therefore, some straight, unseasoned facts for the percentages in this case to work on.

In 1870 the women in "Professional Service" and the women in "Trade and Transportation," put together, were not one third as numerous as the women in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits." No handicap of this kind could possibly be overcome in thirty years. But the race was interesting, nevertheless.

From 1870 to 1900 the women in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits," since they increased from 354,021 to 1,312,668, can be said to have gained 958,647 new recruits. It was an enormous gain, but there was an enormous basis to make it on.

Meanwhile the women in "Professional Service" increased from 92,303 to 403,597, *which meant that they had gained* 311,294 *new recruits!*

And the women in "Trade and Transportation" increased from 20,383 to 503,347, *which meant that their new recruits numbered* 482,964!

*The clear gain made by the two groups taken as a unit was* 794,258!

This gain does not compare badly with the gain of 958,647 made in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits," when the original handicap in the race is remembered.

The net statistical result is that, while in 1870 the women in "Professional Service" and in "Trade and Transportation," put together, had less than *one third* of the numerical strength of the women in "Manufacturing and Mechanical Pursuits," the events of thirty years had so changed the situation that in 1900 the numerical strength of "Professional" women and of "Trade" women combined was nearly *three quarters* of that of "Manufacturing" women.

This means a great and violent shift in the center of gravity of the body of working-women in this country.

Almost all the occupations in "Professional Service" and in "Trade and Transporta-

WOMEN ARE NOW DOING ALL THE SWITCHBOARD WORK IN TELEPHONE EXCHANGES.

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tion" are occupations which "middle class" women can, and do, enter. Many of them (the law, for instance) are occupations which virtually *only* "middle class" women enter. Almost all of them (department-store work, for instance) confer heightened social prestige on the "working class" women who enter them from the adjoining sections of the manufacturing and mechanical field. Many of them (stenography, for instance) give such women not only a social but also a mental and financial advance. Several of them (bookkeeping, for instance) place women on the road toward executive responsibility.

On the whole, therefore, whether the women themselves come personally, as a matter of family, from the "working class" or from the "middle class," it is clear that the occupations in "Professional Service" and in "Trade and Transportation" are overwhelmingly "middle class" occupations and that the women who enter them must necessarily become for all practical purposes "middle class" women in habit of life and twist of mind. Their psychology must be, and is, a "middle class" psychology. Try to organize a trade union in a big department store and compare how you get on with how the organizers in a glove factory get on with their girls.

All that has been said about the changes that have taken place among workingwomen in this country in recent years may be summed up in the statement that those changes constitute a kind of "middle class" surge. The movement is a movement by, and into, the "middle class."

Miss Sophonisba Breckenridge, of the University of Chicago, and Miss Edith Abbott, of Wellesley, in the course of the only thorough study of the statistical changes in the employment of women between the census of 1890 and the census of 1900, remark:

"For women, then, 'Trade and Transportation' alone shows a really disproportionate increase. Since this group represents middle class rather than working class women, it seems fair to conclude that the increase in the gainful employment of women has been caused by an increase in the number of middle class women who are becoming self-supporting."

The increases made by women in some of the occupations in "Professional Service" and in "Trade and Transportation" are so phenomenal as to sound incredible.

In 1870, just 14 women architects, draftsmen, and designers in the United States! In 1900, ten hundred and forty-one! Artists and teachers of art, from 412 in 1870 to 11,021 in 1900! Clergymen from 67 to 3,373! Dentists from 24 to 807! Journalists from 35 to 2,193! Lawyers from 5 (just five) to 1,010! "Literary and Scientific Persons" from 159 to 5,984! Musicians from 5,753 to 52,359! Government officials (note this particularly) from 414 to 8,119! Doctors (in spite of the long, ignorant clamor about "hen-medics") from 527 to 7,387! And teachers (accomplishing unchecked, as long as men cannot be bribed away from commercial pursuits to perform their uplifting task of masculinization, the feminization of our schools) from 84,047 in 1870 to 327,614 in 1900!

The gains in "Trade and Transportation" are even more marvelous than those in "Professional Service."

In the year 1870 all the women bookkeepers, accountants, clerks, copyists, stenographers, and typewriters in this country were lumped together by the Census Office and turned out to number 8,023! In 1900 they were sifted apart, but if they should be thrown back together again into the same column they would show up with a membership of 245,517!

Women agents in 1870 amounted to 97. In 1900 they amounted to 10,566!

"Women office boys" (the diction is taken from the census) existed in 1870 to the number of 60. In 1900 they had grown to be 6,663. And if they should acquire all the positions now held by that most appallingly inefficient element in our population, "men office boys," there would be few business men who would have cause to weep.

In 1870 there were 2,775 women who were allowed to be saleswomen. In 1900 there were 149,230!

The gains made by women in these various occupations in "Professional Service" and in "Trade and Transportation" have been great enough to affect profoundly the sex character of each group as a whole.

In 1870 out of every 1,000 persons engaged in "Professional Service," 248 were women. *In* 1900, 342 *were women!*

In 1870 out of every 1,000 persons engaged in "Trade and Transportation," only 16 were women. In 1900, 106 *were women!*

So here, for the present, ends the last stage in woman's long march up and around. It has ended by giving to the workingwoman question, for the first time, a strong, distinct "middle class" flavor. It has brought into

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that question the fate not only of the woman washing dishes in a kitchen but of the woman analyzing water in a municipal laboratory; the fate not only of the woman weaving cloth in a cotton mill but of the woman who, as purchasing agent, buys that cloth wholesale.

What will be the effect of the new prominence of "middle class" occupations?

First, it should be said that the customary withdrawal of women from industry after marriage bears harder on women in "middle class" occupations than on women in "working class" occupations.

In a factory, for instance, the girl who starts at fourteen has probably reached the utmost technical and financial possibilities of her "job" by the time she is eighteen. In a department store, in a jobbing firm, in a municipal laboratory, on a newspaper, the girl's personal capacity and her financial reward have possibilities which are much more elastic. The longer she stays, the more valuable, generally speaking, she is. And real success in such occupations is not usually won till after long years of experience.

Whatever success there is in the "working class" occupations comes quickly. Whatever success there is in the "middle class" occupations comes slowly.

The ambitious girl in a real "middle class" occupation, therefore, has just made her start, has just begun to be valuable, has just tasted her first sip of success, has just acquired a liking for the zest of it, when marriage summons her away.

The struggle between industry and household life will be keener, more tragic, because more mental, among women in the "middle class" occupations than among other women. And if there is ever a real movement, a real agitation, for such a rearrangement of the details of housekeeping as will permit the prolongation of work after marriage, the revolutionary spirits in that movement will be found in the "Professional Service" and "Trade and Transportation" groups which are so rapidly gaining in numerical strength.

MANY OF THE IMMIGRANT WOMEN WHO COME TO AMERICA WORK IN THE FIELDS.

But if withdrawal from work after marriage presses more heavily on women in "middle class" occupations than on women in "working class" occupations, so does another social custom now to be mentioned.

Women are better fitted, apparently, to get ahead in "Professional Service" and in "Trade and Transportation" than in "Manu-

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facturing and Mechanical Pursuits." Their lack, as a class, of technical skill is a great handicap to them in factory life, and there are other handicaps, too, so that it is hardly surprising that virtually none of them rises above the ranks. But in professional life the required intellectual qualities, and in commercial life the required personal qualities, are by no means scarce among women. It is therefore, again, hardly surprising that a woman, here and there, becomes a really successful lawyer, that a woman, here and there, becomes a really successful manager of a business.

For commercial life, particularly, women are not badly equipped. A large part of real commercial success lies not in technique, not in pure speculative intellect, but in the arts of personal management. And few people would claim that in the arts of personal management women are inferior to men.

But success in business usually implies being put in a position of authority over others. Now men do not like to work under women and, as a rule, won't. Why?

No matter how many reasons may be given, there is one reason at least, and a big one, which pretty soon among women in "middle class" occupations will be up for an even more serious consideration than at present. It is this:

No disfranchised class of persons can ever, as a class, win to positions of authority. Their noticeable exclusion from the official councils of the state; their obvious failure, constantly before the public mind, to participate in the functions of government; their perpetual absence from among the rulers; their perpetual presence among the ruled, stamp them indelibly for inferiors. The popular impression of that inferiority travels unabated from the mental atmosphere of the polling booth to the mental atmosphere of the market place. There can be no real equality at the one point without real equality at the other.

Women in the "working class" occupations, when they resent, as many of them do, their deprivation of the suffrage, resent it mainly because it handicaps them in their fight for industrial legislation in the matter of hours and working conditions. Women in the "middle class" occupations have cause to resent it not only because it is a handicap in that respect (which is a broad, social respect), but also because it is an impediment to their individual, personal success.

The recent admission of women to the broader industrial opportunities of the "middle class" occupations will not divert them from political agitation but, on the contrary, will finally focus their minds intensely upon it as an indispensable preliminary to the really full enjoyment of the opportunities in question. The more "middle class" women there are working—not at home, but *working*—the nearer comes the day of "votes for women."

But votes or no votes, and work after marriage or no work after marriage, there is one thing which the increased importance of the women in the "middle class" occupations will inevitably assist in accomplishing. And that thing is the passage of laws which will make industrial work tolerable to a feminine physique.

Women are in industry to stay. We cannot very well discharge 6,000,000 workers tomorrow morning. Industry, therefore, must be managed in a way which will keep the moral and physical health of women intact.

The women of many of the "middle class" occupations are themselves as much affected personally by lack of industrial legislation as are the women of the "working class" occupations. The intensity of effort in many a telegraph office is physically as demoralizing as any of the cruder hardships of a tannery.

And, outside of this partnership in common physical disadvantages, there is an expanding partnership in common sentiments which spreads even into those "middle class" occupations in which hardly any feasible improvement in physical conditions could be suggested. Never before has there been such an alliance between "working class" women and "middle class" women for the securing of the legislation by which it is the industrial woman's destiny to humanize industry, not only for her own benefit but for the benefit of the whole human race.

In the March number Mr. Hard will discuss **The Industrial Woman and Industrial Legislation**

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*Photograph by Arthur Eldredge*

LOUISE HOMER

# OPERA AND THE PEOPLE

## By MARY GARDEN

Portraits made especially for Everobody's Magazine

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is the most prominent American-born prima donna who says that the English-speaking race is incapable of great expression in music and that grand opera in English is impossible. We are progressing musically, she writes, but we are still prostrate before the throne of the Golden Voice, the cost of which makes opera the most expensive entertainment in the world.*

THEY tell me the stage management at the Metropolitan Opera House is excellent this year. Already at that house at this writing d'Albert's "Tiefland" has been produced, and other novelties are promised. There is the sense of new blood in that ancient institution; new things are in the air; Art is being attended to as well as Aristocracy. It is all quite a triumph for Oscar Hammerstein!

For it seems to me unquestionable that the new impetus Mr. Hammerstein gave to opera in New York city by the successful establishment of his Manhattan Opera House and his successful propaganda of works new to America, has roused a new interest in opera in the United States. I sang recently in Philadelphia, for the first time at the new opera house there, and found that city quite as appreciative as New York.

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*Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn*

MAURICE RENAUD

The Golden Voice is good. About $2500 is the amount of gold it assays at each performance for its possessor. How many people, I wonder, come to hear the opera when the owner of a Golden Voice sings, how many to hear the voice they have read is so expensive? New York (and now, it would seem, with new opera houses springing up, one might substitute "America") a recent writer called "the biggest musical market in the world." It is, it undoubtedly is. But "market" somehow isn't a word which suggests artistic idealism. There are stock markets and meat markets and vegetable markets, where men buy and sell. At a musical market men buy and sell, too. But, as you can buy a turnip in a vegetable market but cannot raise it there, so, unfortunately, you can buy a voice in a musical market but not train it there. Art is not born in the market place—only sold.

They are now building a new opera house in Boston, amid great public enthusiasm. From all reports Chicago, too, is waxing ever more desirous of opera. Without question, we have not yet done with building opera houses in America. And without question, the new interest means a greater understanding of opera, a wider and more liberal acceptance of new works, new modes—even though *Lucia* still pursues the flute into the sublime regions to prove how mad she is, how mad an audience may be. No, a people does not change entirely in a day, nor in a year. America, worshiping as, alas, she does, the Golden Calf, still worships, too, the Golden Voice. But we are swinging into the new road rapidly, none the less.

And that is why, though all the singers of Europe are undoubtedly looking eagerly for American engagements, they are looking for them to increase their salaries, not to increase their reputations or develop their art. They look for training, for operatic knowledge, for wise appreciation, for fame, on the other side, even the ones that were born in America. They don't do this out of vanity or unpatriotic snobbishness, believe me, but out of stern necessity. And the necessity exists, first, because Americans demand the European stamp, and, still more, because operatic conditions in America still preclude adequate training here. The singers hold this view logically. They won't change it till America makes them. I have said much

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JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE

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the same thing before. I am repeating it now because a new opera house or two, an increased number of opera goers, a demand for new works, a change in public taste, does not all at once remake America as an operatic training ground, whatever in our first flush of pride we may fancy.

I get for one performance here as much as I get for a month's work in Paris. And I'm glad enough to take it, too—now. But fifty dollars is better pay to make an artist with than fifty thousand. As long as the most predominant American sentiment is the sentiment for money it is only natural, if not inevitable, that this sentiment s h o u l d affect opera, affect the singers, throw things out of their true perspective, make the work, the sacrifice, the p r i v a t i o n, the struggle up from the bottom t h r o u g h the whole gamut of rôles—so essential to the training of the real artist—well-nigh impossible in this country.

*Photograph by Arthur Eldredge*

ERIK SCHMEDES

Does this statement still seem to conflict with what I said about the increased appreciation of opera in America? Or, rather, will this new and wider appreciation, this growing number of American opera houses, not bring about in time an American training school for operatic singers? At present an American-made reputation—when such a thing exists—is worth nothing abroad, but that need not matter to the singers, so long as they can stay here at higher salaries. It does matter to the public, however, because it means that these singers are not grounded in their art as their art is understood in the advanced musical centers, are not trained to the proper stature.

But when a house like the new Boston opera house, where, I understand, a stock company will be trained to play all minor rôles in the repertoire with imported stars merely as "guests," has been going awhile, will that not offer something like an adequate training school, especially if the public learns to care more for good ensemble, for opera for its own sake, and not merely for the Golden Voice? It will do much, I think. To real operatic art in America local companies such as that proposed in Boston must inevitably be an aid. But I feel almost certain that conditions here will never offer an adequate substitute for the European training until new operas are actually produced here frequently, not imported, reproduced, but put virgin on our stage under the direction of the composers.

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*Photograph by Frederic Colburn Clarke*

AUGUSTA DORIA

For instance, suppose I had been trained only in America, where would I have secured the repertoire in which my success has been made? Charpentier's "Louise," Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande," Massenet's "Thaïs," the same composer's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," were never heard here till we sang them at the Manhattan. They were written in Paris, produced in Paris. They are the flower of the French soil, the French genius. Naturally they were of necessity produced first in France, and but reproduced here. Take "Pélléas et Mélisande," written under Russian influence as well as French. We know absolutely nothing about Russian opera in this country yet, so far as I am aware there having been no performance of it ever given here. In Paris we rehearsed "Pélléas et Mélisande" for three months under Debussy's direction, every day but Sundays. We followed the composer in every shade of his meaning, and were taught by him to get his work upon the stage finally as he meant it to be. After that it was comparatively simple to reproduce it here. But to produce it here, on alien soil, with an alien staff of musicians and other workers, without the composer's guiding hand (and probably without adequate rehearsals) would have

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*Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn*

GERALDINE FARRAR

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MARIA LABIA

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been well-nigh impossible. To sing it rightly here it was necessary to learn it in Paris. That is why, it seems to me, we shall always have to go abroad for our singers, or send our own abroad first.

"But," I hear some patriot soul aspire, "what if we should come to have an American school of grand opera?" An American grand opera is impossible; any English-speaking race is incapable of great expression in music. And I say this in spite of Purcell and MacDowell and some other lone exceptions. Painters, writers, sculptors, yes; but composers, never. And as for English being sung on the operatic stage, deliver me! Never, never, never will I sing opera in English. When the day comes on which I am asked to, I shall go back to Paris by the first boat. Did you ever hear "Madame Butterfly" in English? Did it not thrill you when the tenor inquired in golden tones, to luscious melody, "Will you have some whisky?" Perhaps you say, "Ah, but in Italian is not his question just as colloquial for Italians?" It is not. Why isn't it? I do not know. It just isn't.

But whether a singer gets his or her training in Europe or in America, the tremendous revolution in operatic style from the old costume concert to the new lyric drama has made some advice in general principles needful to all young aspirants for operatic honors. Much more is demanded of a singer now than good singing, even in America, and especially by the rising generation. Good singing, however, ought still to be essential. It is no easier to sing well than it ever was. It is vastly more difficult to keep on singing well when you have to sing not "Lucia" but "Louise," not Rossini but Strauss. The greatest artist I have ever seen on the stage was Ternina. Next to her I place Emmy Destinn. She is marvelous. She has a glorious voice, a glorious temperament. She knows how to sing, she knows how to act. I am not acquainted with her personally, but she must be a charming woman. It seems to me she might well serve as a model for what the new operatic singer should be. Nowadays you must have brains to be an opera singer, you must have a personality, you must get a drama as well as an aria over to your audience, in order to depict human emotions. But, just because you are appearing in music drama, not on the theatrical stage, you must also know how to sing.

People have said I don't know how to sing. Maybe I don't. But if I don't it isn't because I didn't work to lay the foundations of the art. Bless the dear critics, I sang "Lucia" and "The Barber" and the rest of the Roman-candle rôles over and over—though not in public! I am a bit of an altruist in my way, too! Wagner has ruined more vocal cords than a Garcia could repair in a lifetime. Strauss is as hard as Wagner on the human throat. Charpentier follows in their footsteps. I have sung his "Louise" between two and three hundred times, and I should like to go on record now as saying that you have to know a little bit about singing to do that—and survive it; you have got to possess the voice fundamentals. I doubt very much if Melba could sing "Louise" two hundred and fifty times and save her vocal cords in their incomparable perfection. I doubt if God made her throat strong enough. After singing Saint-Saëns's "Hélène" she said it would be impossible for her to go on with the rôle and also sing her other parts, because it used different muscles in her throat. When the dramatic actor or actress is combined with the great lyric singer and a beautiful stream of tone is poured forth in the trying rôles of modern music drama, it means two things: first, that the artist has had a thorough grounding in the art of pure song, and, second, that God has given him, or her, a superbly strong throat. Emmy Destinn and Dalmores are good present-day examples of what I mean. Both of them can sing beautifully and correctly; both of them can withstand, alike by art and natural strength, the assaults of modern music. And yet neither of them would be hailed as a great artist—not singer, merely, but operatic *artist*—in this day and generation, if each did not know how to act, did not possess trained dramatic skill, brains, temperament.

People tell me that in New York to-day the better class of people are deserting the theatres for the opera houses and the concert halls. Probably it is because they hear better works performed in the latter places. And surely, to take one example, when to Mozart's heaven-kissed melodies you add such acting as Renaud's in "Don Giovanni," the public is not to be blamed for preferring it to "Little Nemo."

I say, with the oldest of the critics, to all young aspirants for operatic honors, "By all means learn how to sing as well as anybody can teach you; you'll need all

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your knowledge to keep your voice." But I also say, with the younger critics, who have been raised since Wagner and the War: "For Heaven's sake, learn to act, also; learn that there are new works to be interpreted, new operatic tendencies to be fostered, new things clamoring at our doors to urge us forward; learn that opera to-day is not a costume concert, but a throbbing, vital, human portrayal of loves and hates and passions—of red passions of the earth and subtle passions of the soul; learn that to-day a voice without a brain is like faith without works."

Critics! I once heard a critic defined as a man who walks ahead of the procession crying, "Come on." But I rather agree with the other version, that a critic is a man who walks at one side of the procession crying "Come off!" Those dear, sweet, well-meaning, elderly gentlemen, called critics, who don't live with us to-day, ought to be put tenderly on the shelf, having passed the age limit, just as singers pass it. Their usefulness is over when their minds and hearts refuse to work, just as a singer's usefulness is over when his voice refuses to work. Certain of them in New York—and they, unfortunately, perhaps the most widely read—greet every attempt to do something new, to bring a fresh message to the stage, to give the young a chance, to shake up the old routine and bounce people out of their ruts into the broad road of progress, not with encouragement, nor with tolerance, but with scorn and jeers. Put them on the shelf, I say, and put young blood in. If America is striding forward into a new appreciation of opera, and an appreciation of new opera, it isn't the old fogies who are the leaders in any department of the game. The leaders are the young; leaders are always the young. These old-fogy critics, with their stilted and stunted ideas, once fought valiantly for Wagner, against the old fogies of their day. Now they are condemning Strauss and Debussy and Reger. It is time they fell back and young critics took their places. The banner of artistic progress is only to be borne on by men with young enthusiasms and by those who march breast forward. No wonder the old fogies don't see whither we are going; they are looking backward!

And in the ranks of progress—let me repeat what I said in this place a year ago—must be found, not Society with a big S, but the people of all classes, who make up the real taste of the nation. Opera always has been and always will be, no doubt, the fad of the rich. And modern music drama is still the most expensive of all forms of artistic entertainment. But why? By what right or reason? As far as artistic satisfaction goes, I would rather sing for nothing to a crowd of poor people than for $3000 in a salon. So would any artist. Why should men and women every bit as capable of appreciating music as the very rich and fashionable be kept out of opera houses by the price of seats? But until we have good opera through the country, with plenty of seats at a reasonable price, we cannot be wholly sure whether we have a real public at large for opera or not, whether our affection for music drama goes deep into the fiber of public taste or is merely a superficial thing on the glittering surface of fashionable life.

Incidentally, we cannot very well have plenty of seats at a reasonable price until we pay a more reasonable price for our singers. The Golden Voice is in no small measure to blame for the cost of opera. When a manager pays $2500 a night for one singer alone, he's got to get it back out of the public. I wonder if any human voice is really worth $2500 a night? Isn't that price a hothouse product, a forced value? Until it comes down, the price of opera will not come down to what it ought to be for the masses. The rich, of course, may always be permitted to pay what they choose for their boxes.

A word in closing. Perhaps modern music drama, by seeming—only *seeming*, I say—not to demand the old, thorough vocal training, is itself to blame for the dearth of great singers in the world to-day. They say opera has gone into a sleep in Paris for want of singers. There can be none in Europe, or we should have heard of them. Here we have, to mention only a few of the number, Mmes. Sembrich, Melba, Tetrazzini, of the older school. We have Emmy Destinn, Mlle. Labia, Mme. Gerville-Réache, who sings Delilah so effectively; Miss Farrar, the popular little American whom we have brought back from abroad. And we have great men, as everybody knows. But how many of them are new to us? Only three or four. The times were never riper for the rise of singers to dazzle the world than now, the opportunities never wider—never half so wide, in fact, for the past year has shown that all America is going soon to open up as a field for operatic talent. And the top of the ladder was never less crowded.

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# AVUNCULUS

## By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Illustrations by Hermann C. Wall

THE library of Haworth College had been founded, like the college itself, in 1818, and it was a firm article of undergraduate belief that the librarian, Mr. J. M. Atterworthy, had sat behind his battered desk from that date on to the present time. As a matter of fact, he was but just gliding down hill from middle age, having behind him the same number of years as the active and high-spirited president of the college. And yet there was ground for the undergraduate conviction that "Old J. M." as he was always called, was an institution whose beginnings dated back into the mists of antiquity, for of his sixty years he had spent forty-four in Haworthton, and forty as librarian of the college.

He had come down, a shy, lanky freshman of sixteen, from a little village in the Green Mountains, and had found the only consolation for his homesick soul in the reading-room of the library. During his sophomore and junior years, there had sprung up in the bookish lad, shrinking from the rough fun of his fellows, the first shoots of that passionate attachment to the library which was later to bind him so irrevocably to the old building. In those early days there was no regular librarian, the professors taking turn and turn about in keeping the reading-room open for a few hours, three or four days a week. In his senior year, "J. M." (even at that time his real name was sunk in the initials, the significance of which he jealously concealed), petitioned the faculty to be allowed to take charge of the reading-room. They gave a shrug of surprise at his eccentricity, investigated briefly his eminently sober-minded college career, and heaved a sigh of relief as they granted his extraordinary request.

On the evening of Commencement day, J. M. went to the president and made the following statement: He said that his father and his mother had both died during his senior year, leaving him entirely alone in the world, with a small inheritance yielding about fifty dollars a month. He had no leaning to any profession, he shrank with all his being from the savage struggles of the business world, and he could not bear to return to Woodville, to find himself lonely and bereaved in the spot where he had had such a cloudlessly happy childhood. In short, Haworthton was the only place he knew and liked, except Woodville, which he loved too poignantly to live there with the soul gone out of things; and the library was the only home he now had. If the president could get the trustees, at their next meeting, to allow him the use of the three rooms in the library tower, and if they would vote him a small nominal salary, say thirty dollars a month, enough to make him a regular member of the college corps, he would like nothing better than to settle down and be the librarian of his *alma mater* for the rest of his life.

The president of that date was, like all the other presidents of Haworth, a florid, hearty old gentleman with more red blood than he knew what to do with, in spite of his seventy years. He was vastly amused at the inexperienced young fellow's simple-minded notion, and, clapping him on the shoulder, said with his cheerfully Johnsonian rotundity: "Why, my dear young sir, your recent sad bereavement must have temporarily deranged your mental faculties, that at your age you can contemplate adopting such a desiccated mode of existence. Your proposition is, however, a highly advantageous one to your college, and I shall see that it is accepted. However, I am willing to lay a wager with you that a year will not be out before you are asking to be freed from your contract."

J. M., trembling in suspense, took in nothing of the president's speech beyond the acceptance of his offer, and, pale with relief, he tried to stammer his thanks and his devotion to his chosen cause. He made no attempt to

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contradict the president's confident prophecies; he only made the greatest possible haste to the tower-rooms which were to be his home. His eyes filled with thankfulness at his lot as he paced about them, and, looking out of the windows upon the campus, he too had a prophetic vision of his future, of the simple, harmless, innocent life which was to be his.

Of the two prophets he proved himself the truer. The head of his college and one generation after another of similar presidents laughed and joked him about the *Wanderlust* which would some day sweep him away from his old moorings, or the sensible girl who would some day get hold of him and make a man of him. He outlasted all these wiseacres, however, watching through mild, spectacled eyes the shifting changes of the college world, which always left him as immovable as the old elms before the library door. He never went away from Haworthton, except on the most necessary trips to New York or Boston on business connected with book buying for the library.

He explained this unheard-of stagnation by saying that the utter metamorphosis of the village after the college life stopped gave him change enough. Only once had he gone farther and, to one of the younger professors who had acquired an odd taste for old J. M.'s society, confessed hesitatingly that he did not go away because he had no place to which he could go, except to his childhood home. He said he couldn't bear to go there lest he find it so changed that the sight of it would rob him of his old memories, the dearest—in fact the only possessions of his heart. After a pause he had added to his young listener, who found the little old secular monk a tremendously pathetic figure: "Do you know, Layton, I sometimes feel that I have missed a great deal in life—and yet not at all what everybody thought I would miss, the stir of active life or the vulgar excitement of being in love. All that kind of thing seems as distasteful to me now as ever."

Here he stopped and poked the fire until the young professor, overcome with sympathetic curiosity, urged him to go on. He sighed at this, and said: "Why, fortune ought not to have made me an only child, although I can't say that I've ever longed for brothers or sisters. . . . But now I feel that I should like very much to have some nephews and nieces. I never could have stood having children of my own—I should have been crushed under the responsibility; but a nephew, now—a young creature with a brain and soul developing—to whom I could be a help. . . . I find as I get older that I have an empty feeling as the college year draws to a close. I have kept myself so remote from human life for fear of being dragged into that feverish center of it which has always so repelled me, that now I do not touch it at all." He ended with a gentle resignation, taking off his glasses and rubbing them sadly: "I suppose I do not deserve anything more, because I was not willing to bear the burdens of common life . . . and yet it almost seems that there should be some place for such as I——?"

The heart of his young friend had melted within him at this revelation of the submissive isolation of the sweet-tempered, cool-blooded old scholar. Carelessly confident, like all the young, that any amount or variety of human affection could be his for the asking, he promised himself to make the dear old recluse a sharer in his own wealth; but the next year he married a handsome, ambitious girl who made him accept an advantageous offer in the commercial world. With his disappearance, the solitary door in the prison walls which kept J. M. remote from his fellows swung shut.

He looked so hopelessly dull and becalmed after this that the president was moved to force on him a little outing. Stopping one day with his touring-car at the door of the library, he fairly swept the sedentary little man off his feet and out to the machine. J. M. did not catch his breath during the swift flight to the president's summer home in a trim, green, elm-shaded village in the Berkshires. When he recovered a little he was startled by the resemblance of the place to his old recollections of Woodville. There were the same white houses with green shutters, and big white pillars to the porches, the same green lawns and clumps of peonies and carefully tended rose-gardens, and the same old-New-England air of distance from the hurry and smoky energy of modern commercial life.

He spoke of this to the president's wife and she explained that it was no wonder. The village was virtually owned by a summer colony of oldish people who had lived there in their youth and who devoted themselves to keeping the old place just as it had been. "We haven't any children to bother about any more," she said, laughing, "so we take it out in putting knockers on the doors instead of bells and in keeping the grocery stores out of

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THEY STARED AT THE WOEBEGONE OLD STRANGER BEFORE THEIR GATE.

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sight so that the looks of the village green sha'n't be spoiled."

After J. M. returned to deserted Haworthton, he could not keep out of his mind the vision of the village he had just left, and the thought of the village like it which he had loved so well in his boyhood. It seemed to him that if Woodville kept its old aspect at all, he would find it a comfort to try to inspire the people now living there to preserve the old-timey look of it, as the president was doing for his old home. There was positively a thrill for J. M. in the thought of his possibly influencing other people, and before he knew it the plan had made itself the main interest of the interminably long, empty days of the summer vacation. The crystallizing of a vague feeling of a lack in his life about a definite attempt at filling it, was enough to stir him from inertia and, leaving word with the registrar of the college, a newcomer who was not at all surprised that the librarian should follow the example of all the rest of the faculty, J. M. made the three hours' journey which had separated him for so many years from the home of his youth.

As the train wound along the valley beside the river and as the familiar outlines of the mountains rose up like the faces of dear, unforgotten friends, J. M. expanded and bloomed with delight in his new idea; but it was a very shriveled and dusty little old scholar who finally arrived at the farther end of the Main Street of Woodville and stood, in the hush of the noon hour, gazing back with a stricken face at the row of slovenly, unlovely front yards separating the wretched old houses from the street.

He stood before the house that had been his home, and when he looked at it he turned very pale and sat down quickly as though his knees had failed him. Apparently the house had not been painted since his childhood, and certainly it had not been repaired. Broken, dangling shutters gave it a blear-eyed look which it made him sick to see, and swarms of untidily pin-feathered chickens wandered about over the hard-beaten earth of the yard, which was without a spear of grass, littered with old boxes and crates and unsightly rags, and hung with a flapping, many-legged wash. From the three rural mail-delivery boxes at the gate, he gathered that three families were crowded into the house which had seemed none too large for his father, his mother, and himself. He put on his glasses and read the names shudderingly—

Jean-Baptiste Loyette, Patrick McCartey, and S. Petrofsky.

"Good Heavens!" he observed feebly to the vacant, dusty road beside him, and in answer a whistle from the big, barrack-like building at the other end of the street screamed so stridently that the heavy August air seemed to vibrate about him in hot waves.

At once, as if all the houses on the street were toy-barometers, every door swung open and a stream of men and boys in dirty shirts and overalls flowed out through the squalid yards along the sidewalks toward the factory. From the house before which the librarian of Haworth College sat in a crushed heap of resentment, came three men to correspond to the three mail-boxes; one short and red-haired; one dark, thick-set, and grizzle-bearded; and the third tall, clumsily built, with an impassive face and dark, smouldering eyes. They stared at the woebegone old stranger before their gate, but evidently had no time to lose, as their house was the last on the street, and hurried away toward the hideous, many-windowed factory.

J. M. gazed after them, shaking his head droopingly, until a second eruption from the house made him look back. The cause of the hard-beaten bare ground of the yard was apparent at once, even to his inexperienced eyes. The old house seemed to be exuding children from a thousand pores—children red-haired and black-haired and tow-headed, boys and girls, little and big, all apparently yelling on a wager about who owned the loudest voice, all dirty-faced, barelegged, and scantily clothed. J. M. mechanically set himself to counting them, but when he got as high as seventeen, he thought he must have counted some of them twice and left off.

A draggle-tailed woman stepped to a door and threw out a pan of dish-water. J. M. resolved to overcome his squeamish disgust and make a few inquiries before he fled back to the blessed cleanliness and quiet of Haworth Library. Picking his way gingerly through the chickens and puppies and cats and children, the last now smitten into astonished silence by his appearance, he knocked on the door. The woman who came to answer him was dressed in what had been a black and purple percale wrapper, she had a baby on her arm, and was making vain attempts to fasten up a great coil of hair at the back of her head. No, she told him volubly, she couldn't remember the town when it was any different, though she and Pat had lived there ever since

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"YOU WERE HURTED BY THE LADS THROWIN' A BASEBALL INTO YOUR RIBS."

they were married and came over from Ireland, and that was the whole of sixteen years ago.

"Oh!" with a sudden gush of sympathy, "and so it was your old home! Isn't that interesting now! You must come in and sit awhile. Pat, git a chair for the gentleman, and Molly, take the baby so I can talk better. Oh, *won't* you come in? You'd *better*, now, and have a bite to eat and a sup of tea. I've some ready made." Of course, she went on, she knew the house didn't look so nice as in his day. . . . "Its all along of the children! Irish people can't kape so tidy, now, *can* they, with siven or eight, as Yankees can with one—" But it certainly was a grand house, she didn't wonder he came back to look at it. Wasn't it fairly like a palace, now, compared with anything her kin back in Ireland had, and such a fine big place for the children to play an' all.

J. M. broke in to ask a final question, which she answered, making vain attempts to button her buttonless collar about a fat white neck, and following him as he retreated toward the street, through a lively game of baseball among the older boys. No, so far as she knew there wasn't one of the Yankees left that had lived here in old times. They had gone away when the factory had come in, she'd heard said. J. M. had expected this answer, but when it came, he turned a little sick for an instant and felt giddy with the heat of the sun and lack of food and a desolation in his heart sharper and more searching than any emotion he had known since his boyhood. Through a mist before his eyes, he saw his hostess make a wild gesture of warning to him, and heard a yell of dismay from the crowd of boys, but before he could turn his head, something cruelly hard struck him in the side. In the instant before he fell, his clearest impression was utter amazement that anything in the world could cause him such incredible pain, but then his head struck heavily against a stone, and he lay quite still in a little crumpled heap under the old elm which had sheltered his boyhood.

## II

For an instant after he opened his eyes again, all his life after leaving Woodville seemed to have melted away, for there at

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the foot of his bed was the little, many-paned window out of which he had watched the seasons change all through his boyhood, and close above him hung the familiar slanting roof of his own little, old room. However, when he stirred, it was not his mother but a rosy-faced Irish woman who stopped her sewing and asked him in a thick, sweet brogue if he needed anything. As he stared at her, recollecting but dimly having seen her glossy brown hair and fair, matronly face before, she explained: "Ah, I'm Bridget McCartey, you know, an' you were hurted by the lads throwin' a baseball into your ribs. It's lyin' here a week sick you've been, and, savin' your pardon, the sooner you tell me where your folks live the better. They'll be fair wild about you."

The sick man closed his eyes again. "I have no family at all," he said. It was the first time in years that the thoroughgoing extent of that fact had been brought home to him.

His nurse was moved to sympathy over so awful a fate. "Sure an' don't I know how 'tis. Pat an' I left every one of our kith behind us, mostly, when we come away, and it's that hungry for thim that I get. I daresay it ill becomes me to say it, but the first thing I says to myself when I see you was how like you are to one of my father's brothers in County Kerry. It's been a real comfort to have you here sick, as though I had some of my own kin near. *His* name was Jerry. It's not possible, is't, that the J on your handkerchief stands for Jerry, too?"

For the first time since he had left Woodville J. M. disclosed the grotesque secret of his initials. In the flaccid indifference of convalescence it flowed from him painlessly. "My name is Jeroboam Mordecai."

"Exactly to a hair like Uncle Jerry's!" cried Mrs. McCartey, overjoyed by the coincidence. "Except that his J. stood for Jeremiah and his M. for Michael. If you will tell me your last name, too, I'll try and lambast the children into callin' you proper. Not havin' sorra name to speak of you by, and hearin' me say to Pat how you favored my father's brother, haven't they taken to callin' *you* Uncle Jerry—more shame to them!"

The mention of the children awoke to life J. M.'s old punctilious habits. He tried to sit up. "But you have so little space for all your family—you should not have taken me in; where can the children sleep?"

Mrs. McCartey pushed him back on the pillow with an affectionate firmness born of "the bringin' up of sivin." "Now lay still, Uncle Jerry, and kape yourself cool." The name slipped out unnoticed in her hospitable fervor. "Wasn't it the least we could do when 'twas our own Mike's ball that came near killin' you? An' the children—the boys, that is, that this is their room—isn't it out in the barn they're sleepin' on the hay? An' that pleased with it. Pat and I were thinkin' that now was a good chance to teach them to give up things—when you've no old folks about you, the children are so apt to grow up selfish-like—but they think the barn's better nor the house, bless them, so don't *you* worry."

She pulled the bed-clothes straight (J. M. noticed that they were quite clean), settled the pillow, and drew down the shade. "Now thin, you've talked enough," she said. "Take a sup of sleep for a while." And to J. M.'s feeble surprise he found himself doing exactly as he was told, dozing off with a curious weak-headed feeling of comfort.

He came to his strength slowly, the doctor forbidding him to think of taking a journey for a month at least. Indeed, J. M., thinking of his isolated tower-rooms in the deserted college town, was in no haste to leave Mrs. McCartey's kindly, dictatorial care. He had been very sick indeed, the doctor told him seriously, and he felt it in the trembling weakness of his first attempts at sitting up, and in the blank vacancy of his mind.

At first he could not seem to remember for more than an instant at a time how he came to be there, and later, as his capacity for thought came back, he found his surroundings grown insensibly familiar to him. He felt himself somehow to have slipped so completely into the inside of things that it was impossible to recover the remote, hostile point of view which had been his as he had looked over the gate a fortnight ago. For instance, knowing now, not only that the children's faces were scrubbed to a polished redness every morning, but being cognizant through his window of most of the palpably unavoidable accidents of play which made them dirty half an hour later, he would have resented as unreasonable intolerance any undue emphasis on this phase of their appearance.

The first day that he was well enough to sit out on the porch was a great event. The

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children, who before had made only shy, fleeting visits to his room with "little handfuls of bokays," as their mother said, were as excited and elated over his appearance as though it reflected some credit on themselves. Indeed, J. M. found that he was the subject of unaccountable pride to all the family, and one of the first of those decisions of his between McCartey and Loyette occurred that very morning. The Loyette children insisted on being included in the rejoicing over the convalescent's step forward, and soon Pierre, the oldest boy, was haled before J. M. himself to account for his having dared to use the McCartey name for the sick man.

"You're *not* his Uncle Jerry, *are* you?" demanded Mike McCartey.

J. M. thought that now was the time to repress the too exuberant McCartey familiarity. "I'm his Uncle Jerry just as much as I am yours!" he said severely.

It took him a whole day to understand the jubilant triumph of the French-Canadians and to realize that he had apparently not only upheld the McCarteys in their preposterous nickname, but that he had added all the black-eyed Loyettes to his new family. Mrs. McCartey said to him that evening, with an innocent misconception of the situation, "Sure an' mustn't it sound fine to you, that name, when you've no kith of your own." J. M. realized that that speech broke down the last bridge of retreat into his forsaken dignity. It is worthy of note that as he lay in bed that evening, meditating upon it, he suddenly broke into a little laugh of utter amusement, such as the assistants at Haworth Library had never heard from his lips.

The rapidity with which he was fitted into the routine of the place took his breath away. At first when he sat on the porch, which was the common ground of all the families, either Mrs. McCartey or Mrs. Loyette sewed near him to keep an eye on the children, but as his strength came back, they made him, with a sigh of relief, their substitute, and disappeared into the house about neglected housework. "Oh, ain't it lovely now!" cried Mrs. McCartey to Mrs. Loyette, "to have an old person of your own about the place that you can leave the children to a half-minute, while you snatch the washboiler off the fire or keep the baby from cuttin' her throat with the butcher-knife."

Mrs. Loyette agreed, shaking her sleek black head a great many times in emphasis. "Zose pipple," she added, "zose lucky pipple who have all zere old pipple wiz zem, zey can*not* know how hard is eet to be a mozzer, wizout a one grand'mère, or oncle."

So J. M. at the end of his first fortnight in Woodville found himself undisputed umpire in all the games, discussions, quarrels, and undertakings of seven young Irish-Americans and more French-Canadian-Americans than he could count. He never did find out exactly how many Loyettes there were. The untidy front yard, littered with boxes and barrels, assumed a strangely different aspect to him as he learned its infinite possibilities for games and buildings and imaginations generally. Sometimes it was a village with a box as house for each child, ranged in streets and lanes, and then Uncle Jerry was the mayor and had to make the laws. Sometimes the yard foamed and heaved in salt waves as, embarked in caravels, the expedition for the discovery of America (out of the older children's history-books) dashed over the Atlantic. It is needless to state that Uncle Jerry was Christopher Columbus.

Both the grateful mothers whom he was relieving cried out that never had there been such peace as since he came, not only because the children could appeal to him for decisions instead of running to their mothers, but because, the spectacular character in every game belonging to him as "company," there were no more quarrels between Mike and Pierre about the leadership. J. M. could not seem to find his old formal personality for weeks after Mike's baseball had knocked it out of him, and in the meantime he submitted, meekly at first and later with an absurd readiness, to being an Indian chieftain, and the head of the fire department, and the principal of a big public school, and the colonel of a regiment, and the owner of a cotton factory, and the leader of Arctic expeditions, and all the other characters which the fertile minds inhabiting the front yard forced upon him. He realized that he was a changed soul when he found himself rejoicing as the boys came tugging yet another big crate, obtained from the factory, to add to the collection before him. They needed it for the car for the elephant as the circus they were then performing moved from one end of the yard to the other.

He was often very, very tired when night came, but he surprised himself by never having a touch of his old enemy, insomnia. At

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THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH HE WAS FITTED INTO THE ROUTINE OF THE PLACE TOOK HIS BREATH AWAY.

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first he went to bed when the children did, but as he progressed out of convalescence, he sat out on the porch with Pat and Bridget, as they insisted he should call them. It was very quiet then, when the cool summer dusk had hushed all the young life which made each day such an absorbing series of unexpected events. The puppies and kittens slept in their boxes, the hens had gathered the chickens under their wings, the children were sound asleep, and the great elms cast kindly shadows on the porch where the older people sat. The Loyettes often came out and joined them, and J. M. listened with an interest which surprised him as they told stories about hard times in their old homes, rejoiced in their present prosperity, and made humbly aspiring plans for their children.

For the first time in his life J. M. felt himself to be a person of almost unlimited resources, both of knowledge and wealth, as the pitiful meagreness of his hosts' supply of these commodities was revealed to him in these talks, more intimate than any he had known, more vitally human than any he had ever heard. The acquisition of a rare first edition, perhaps the most stirring event in his life in Haworthton, had never aroused him to anything like the eagerness with which he heard the Loyettes helplessly bemoaning their inability to do anything for their oldest child, Rosalie, a slim girl of seventeen. Her drawing-teacher at school had said that the child had an unusual gift for designing, and a manufacturer of wall-paper who had seen some of her work on a visit to the Woodville factory, had confirmed this judgment and said that "something ought to be done for her."

"But *what?*" her parents wondered with an utter ignorance of the world outside of Woodville which astonished J. M.

"Why don't you send her to a school of design?" he asked.

"Vat is *zat?*" asked Papa Loyette blankly, and "We have no money," sighed Maman.

J. M. bestirred himself, wrote to the director of a school of design in Albany, consulted the priest of the parish, sent some of Rosalie's work, and asked about scholarships. When a favorable answer came, he hurried to explain the matter to the Loyettes and offered to provide the four dollars a week necessary for her board at the Catholic Home for Working-girls, of which the priest had told him. He went to bed that night with his heart beating faster from the reflection of their agitated joy than it had done for years. He could not get to sleep for a long time, such a thrill of emotion did he get from each recollection of Maman Loyette's broad face bathed in tears of gratitude.

After this they fell into the way of asking him about all their problems, from the management of difficult children to what to do about an unjust foreman and whether to join the union. The childless, unpractical, academic old bachelor, forced to meditate on these new subjects, gave utterance to advice whose sagacity amazed himself. He had not known it was in him to have such sensible ideas about how to interest a growing boy in athletics to keep him from drinking; and as for the question of unions, he boiled at the memory of some of the half-baked, pedantic theories he had heard promulgated by the professor of political economy in Haworth.

On the other hand, he stood in wonder at the unconscious but profound wisdom which these ignorant people showed as to the fundamentals of life.

"No, we're not much for *clothes!*" said Mrs. McCartey, comfortably tucking up her worn and faded sleeves. "Haven't we all of us enough good clothes to go to mass in, and that's a'plenty! The rest of Pat's money goes to gettin' lots of good food for the children, bless their red faces and fat little bellies! and laying by a dollar or so a week against the rainy day. Children can play better, anyhow, with only overalls and shirts. The best times for kids is the cheapest!"

J. M. thought of the heavy-eyed, harassed professors of his acquaintance, working nights and Sundays at hack work to satisfy the nervous ambitions of their wives to keep up appearances, and gave a sudden swift embrace to the ragged child on his lap, little Molly, who had developed an especial cult for him, following him everywhere with great pansy eyes of adoring admiration.

On his first expedition out of the yard since his illness, he was touched by the enthusiastic interest which all Main Street took in his progress. Women with babies came down to nearly every gate to pass the time of day with Rosalie, on whose arm he leaned, and to say in their varying foreign accents that they were glad to see the sick gentleman able to be out. Since J. M. had had a chance at first-hand observation of the variety of occupation forced upon the mother

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of seven, he was not surprised that they wore more or less dilapidated wrappers and did not Marcel-wave their hair. Now he noticed the motherly look in their eyes more, and the exuberant health of the children laughing and swarming about them. When he returned to the house he sat down on the porch to consider a number of new ideas which were springing up in his mind, beginning to return to its old vigor. Mrs. McCartey came out to see how he had stood the fatigue and said: "Sure you look smarter than before you went! It interested you now, didn't it, to have a chance really to see the old place?"

"Yes," said J. M., "it did, very much."

Mrs. McCartey went on: "I've been thinkin' so many times since you come how much luckier you are than most Yankees that come back to their old homes. It must seem so good to you to see the houses just swarmin' with young life and to know that the trees and yards and rocks and brooks that give you such a good time when you was a boy, are goin' on givin' good times to a string of other boys."

J. M. looked at her with attentive, surprised eyes. "Why, do you know," he cried, "it *does* seem good, to be sure!"

The other did not notice the oddness of his accent as she ended meditatively: "You can never get me to believe that it don't make old Yankees feel low in their minds to go back to their old homes and find just a few white-headed rheumatickers potterin' around, an' the grass growing over everything as though it was a moulderin' graveyard that nobody iver walked in, and sorra sign of life annyway you look up and down the street."

J. M.'s mind flew back to the summer home of the president of Haworth. "Good gracious," he exclaimed, "you're right!"

Mrs. McCartey did not take in to the full this compliment, her mind being suddenly diverted by the appearance of a tall figure at the door of the farther wing of the house. "Say, Uncle Jerry," she said, lowering her voice, "Stefan Petrofsky asked me the other day if I thought you would let him talk to you about Ivan some evening?"

"Why, who are they, anyhow?" asked J. M. "I've often wondered why they kept themselves so separate from the rest of us." As he spoke he noticed the turn of his phrase and almost laughed aloud.

"Petrofsky's wife, poor thing, died since

THEIR AMAZEMENT ROSE TO INCREDULITY—

they come here, and now there's only Stefan, he's the father, and Ivan, he's the boy. He's awful smart, they say, and Stefan, he's about kilt himself to get the boy through the high school. He graduated this spring and now Stefan he says he wants him to get some *more* education. He says their family, back in Russia, was real gentry and he wants Ivan to learn a lot so that he can help the poor Roosians who come here to do the right thing by the government——"

"*What?*" asked J. M. "I don't seem to catch his idea."

"Well, no more do I, sorra bit," confessed Mrs. McCartey serenely. "Not a breath of what he meant got to me, but what he *said* was that Ivan's schoolin' had put queer ideas in his head to be an anarchist or somethin' and he thought that maybe more schoolin' would drive out *thim* ideas and put in other ones yet. Hasn't it a foolish sound, now?" She appealed to J. M. for a sympathy she did not get.

"It sounds like the most interesting case

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WHEN THEY HEARD THAT THE FINICAL OLD BACHELOR HAD INSTALLED A RAW FRESHMAN IN ONE OF HIS PRECIOUS TOWER-ROOMS.

I ever heard of," he cried with a generous looseness of superlative new to him. "Is Ivan that tall, shy, sad-looking boy who goes with his father to work?"

"That's *him.* An' plays the fiddle fit to tear the heart out of your body, and reads big books till God knows what hour in the mornin'. His father, he says *he* don't know what to do with him. . . . There's a big, bad devil of a Polack down to the works that wants him to join the Anarchists in the fall and go to——"

J. M. rose to his feet and hurried down the porch toward the Petrofsky wing of the house, addressing himself to the tall, grave-faced figure in the doorway. "Oh, Mr. Petrofsky, may I have a few minutes' talk with you about your son?" he said.

## III

THE registrar of Haworth College, being a newcomer, saw nothing unusual in the fact that the librarian came to his office on matriculation-day to enroll as a freshman a shy, dark-eyed lad with a foreign name; but the president and older professors were petrified into speechlessness by the news that old J. M. had returned from parts unknown with a queer-looking boy, who called the old man uncle. Their amazement rose to positive incredulity when they heard that the fastidious, finical old bachelor had actually installed a raw freshman in one of his precious tower-rooms, always before inexorably guarded from the mildest and most passing intrusion on their hallowed quiet.

The president made all haste to call on J. M. and see the phenomenon with his own eyes. As discreetly as his raging curiosity would allow him, he fell to questioning the former recluse. When he learned that J. M. had spent six weeks in Woodville, no more explanation seemed needed. "Oh, of course, your old home?"

"Yes," said J. M., "my old home."

"And you had a warm welcome there, I daresay?"

"Yes, indeed," said J. M.

"Found the old town in good condition?"

"Excellent!" this with emphasis.

The president saw it all, explaining it competently to himself. "Yes, yes, I see it from here—vacation spent in renewing your youth playing with the children—promised to go back at Christmas, I suppose."

"Oh yes, of course," said J. M.

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"Children cried when you came away, and gave you dotty little things they'd made themselves?"

"Just like that," with a reminiscent smile.

"Well, well," the president got to his feet. "Of course, most natural thing in the world to take an interest in your brothers' and sisters' children."

J. M. did not contradict the president. He never contradicted the presidents. He outlasted them so consistently that it was not necessary. This time he took off his glasses and rubbed them on an awkwardly fashioned chamois spectacle-wiper made for him by little Molly McCartey. He noticed the pattern of the silk in his visitor's necktie and it made him think of one of Rosalie Loyette's designs. He smiled a little.

The president regarded this smiling silence with suspicion. He cocked his eye penetratingly upon his librarian. "But it is very queer, J. M., that as long as I have known you, I never heard that you *had* any family at all."

J. M. put his clean and polished spectacles back on his nose and looked through them into the next room, where Ivan Petrofsky sat devouring his first lesson in political economy. Then he turned, beaming like an amiable sphinx upon his interrogator. "Do you know—I never realized it myself until just lately," he said.

# THE CALL

By HARRY H. KEMP

OH, Duty is bare and the sark of Care is ragged and thin and old;
I will cast her aside and take for my bride a Muse in a cloth of gold.
I have heard the call of the wind-swept pine and there bides no rest for me;
My soul is drenched with clear starshine and drunk with the wine of the sea.
What care I now for the broken vow and the word by the deed gainsaid?
Ere the night was torn with the sun, newborn, my life to my fate was wed.
I am going South to a bayou mouth where quiet forever reigns;
Where the migrant flight of the geese by night and the sober-stalking cranes
And the stars that creep o'er the crystal deep in the course of the Southern night
Not yet complain of the lesser Cain who comes with his gun to smite.
There the long low moan of the ocean-tone as it rides on the wind afar
Doth make one think that he stands by the brink of a sea on another star,
Not here where men, again and again, in a treadmill day by day
Go round and round in a narrow bound and labor their joy away.
Ere my heart grow sad and the joy I've had fade out and die like a dream
And my soul peak thin mid the hurry and din and the noise of hammers and steam—
(For the bought and the sold be the getting of gold) I will leave the city behind,
And my soul shall be as wide and free as a heaven-searching wind.

Persuade me not, for a passion hot and a wild wind-drifted cry
Sweep over me like the tides of the sea—I must go, or my soul will die. . . .
I have heard the call of the wind-swept pine and there bides no rest for me;
My soul is drenched with clear starshine and drunk with the wine of the sea,
And Duty is bare and the sark of Care is ragged and thin and old;
I will cast her aside and take for my bride a Muse in a cloth of gold.

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# LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

## MICKEY'S HOMICIDE

By Lincoln Steffens

"CAN there be a murder without anybody being killed?"

Mickey meant it. That was plain. He leaned over my desk and lowered his voice to ask his question, and there was no fun in his eyes. Nor did he want anybody else to laugh at his conundrum; the glance he threw around over the copy desk and the other reporters showed that. No, Mickey wanted to know.

"I mean," he added, "can a man be a murderer without his killing anybody?"

I wasn't going to dash the boy's confidence by giving him a light answer, and I wasn't going to make a fool of myself. Mickey often asked queer questions like that, but he saw things out of his own eyes. His education having been neglected, he had not been taught to see what others see and to overlook what others overlook. Mickey's queer questions arose always out of some observation he had made of life, and always they introduced a story.

"Better tell your story, Mickey," I said seriously. "Then we'll try to answer the riddle together."

"'Tain't a story," he said. "It happened a month ago."

Mickey took the chair I indicated, drew it up close, and, pulling out the leaf in my desk, he leaned upon it.

"Captain Schmitz was sitting in his room up in his station house one night. He had his slippers on and was smoking, comfortable, and readin' from the *Chief*. The house was dead still. All of a sudden somebody came running furious up the steps, into the house and so, with a bang, right into the captain's room. It was a coon, a young colored fellow, twenty years of age, and he dropped on his knees before the captain and, grabbing his legs, he says:

"'I killed her, Captain. I killed her. And,' he says, as if it was true, 'I'm glad.' Just like that; relieved-like.

"Then he cries and blubbers, and the sergeant comes in. The coon didn't see the serge'. The captain did, and he gave him th' sign to keep still and listen and remember. For, of course, the captain was on to the fact that he was getting a confession out of a murderer. And he was kind to the coon.

"'Go on, boy,' he says, 'and tell it all. Get it off your mind.'

"And the coon, he was just a-pourin' it out. The captain only had to ask one or two questions: 'Where it all happened,' and the names; and them facts he winked to the sergeant to take down. And when he had 'em down, the serge', he went off to telephone to the next precinct, where the murder was, for them to send out on the case and report to him. See?

"Well, the coon's story came out scatterin', but the captain collected the bits and I knew some of it myself. The rest I run down; enough to get it straight. His mother —I saw her—she was a bully old colored woman who'd come up North on purpose to bring up the boy particular. Her husband had turned out worthless down South, and she wanted to save the kid. He'd started fine here, went to school and, when he grew up, got a job driving a delivery wagon. He was doing all right, but, say, he was a dude, good looking, and he had some fine old black clothes his mother had brought from some Southern family. And he could cake-walk to beat the band. That fetched him.

"He used to go to the bum walks with some neighbor's gal, and that was all right. 'Course the music made him drunk, and the applause when he pranced—that kept him a-coming. But he was a good coon till one



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night he goes to Madison Square to the big cake walk. You know. We always 'cover' it, and I was there that night; which is the part of the story I'd seen myself.

"His partner was a Southern colored gal, black, but a dancer, too. They made a hit. You know what it does to an ordinary coon to have everybody look at him: it swells him out till he's ready to bust, or it straightens him up till he breaks his spine and falls over backward. This coon was no ordinary coon, and he went near crazy anyhow.

"And when he was crazy already, he got a couple of looks from a certain yaller girl. She was bad. Oh, say, she was bad all through! But gee, how she could step th' step, and how she loved to; and, say, she wore a red silk dress, cut 'way down, and her shoes were low and red, and her stockings, they were burning red. Well, say, when she flashed all this and looked at the delivery-wagon driver, he was done. And she looked at him.

"She gave him a look as they were gettin' into line for the grand march. She looked, and then she didn't look; forgot him. You know. It was like going from the hot room into the cold plunge; and back. For she remembered by and by and looked again. And she was looking when the music burst out. Bang! That music hit him right in the middle of the back. He reared up, right up into the air, and when he came down to earth —if he ever did—he was all a-prancing. Whew! I bet nobody there that night ever forgot it. It was a sight, and everybody saw it, and everybody was just like a chorus to the duet that was that yaller gal's two hot eyes and her feet.

"'I KILLED HER, CAPTAIN. I KILLED HER.'"

"And she was prancing, too. She felt the crowd, and the music, and the two made her red feet paw the air. But most of all she felt the devil in that long, thin coon in the long, black Southern statesman's coat. She gave the tips of the fingers of her left hand to her own nigger, but that's all she did give him. Nothin' went out that way; nothin'. She was reachin' for my coon, and he was a-reachin' for her. They passed, and they passed again, and by and by they come so they was going parallel right down the middle of the hall. The crowd saw things coming, and you felt the crowd expecting it. And so did the yaller gal, I guess, and the black coon. Even th' band must 'a' been on, for it softened down low, just steppin' the step, and the two, they stepped the step, soft and low. They were stretchin' 'way out to each other. Their partners were going cold, but what could they do? The yaller gal was facing the black coon, and the boy—he didn't look at her. He didn't need to. He felt where she was—he was doubled back trying to rest his head on her neck. His knees went high in front, a-jerkin', and his feet came down with a swat and a little wild jigger.

"Then the music, from bein' quiet, broke out, loud like a holler, and up stood the coon all grand and fierce. And the lady, she just went all to pieces. Wow! They looked at each other, they dropped their partners behind, and, as the music began to cry, almost, they marched—them two—they marched to each other. No hurry; only sure; she leaned forward, he leaned back. She bent back, and he came on. And then, something happened; nothing much; but the music steadied to a sob and the two touched hands and they just walked, straight; no fancy steps now; no bewilderness; no, sir, they just stepped, together; not so high, you understand; only correct and together, and everybody was glad. The Garden howled. But they didn't hear no more, the two didn't. Hand to hand, eye to eye, they walked alone, step and step; not high, remember, and only their fingers touching, but through their two

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bodies, down their legs to their toes the music crawled like a fire and welded 'em into one piece. And so they stepped exactly alike, exactly; their eyes a-tellin' 'em where."

Mickey remembered suddenly where he was, and he stopped short and flushed.

"No," he continued, "there was no murder there. Nothing happened there. But for three months there was a happy coon in town. Then there was a coon that wasn't happy. He didn't have no money, and by and by he couldn't always find his yaller gal. And when he did find her, she laughed at him. She laughed to kill, too. Oh, she was a mean one, and she just used to shoot holes all through that 'child,' as she called him. And he suffered. He used to drive that delivery wagon around, suffering; he says he had pains, pains in his head, pains in his chest; blindin' pains. Sometimes he couldn't see where he was driving. Bitter—he says it tasted bitter; but the worst was the blindness, when he couldn't see where he was going. The hate came slow, slow; it was fierce at first, but it cooled down till he could laugh; a sore kind of a laugh. And at last all of a sudden an idea popped into his head.

"He doesn't know which was first, seeing the gun store or looking for one. Anyhow, he saw one and he bought a pistol. He hurried through that day, and, pretending to be sick, got uptown early. He called. She was home, and—ugly. She didn't laugh at first; she just stabbed him all over with the things she knew how to say. And he suffered all right till at last she laughed. That settled it.

"He pulled his gun and fired. She fell. He fired again. She jerked and he fired again. Then she was still. He kept on firing. He says that this was the happiest moment of his life, the minute or so when he was shooting his hate out of him through that pistol into her body. That was murder all right; it was kind o' glad murder; the joy of killin'.

WHEN SHE LOOKED AT THE DELIVERY-WAGON DRIVER, HE WAS DONE.

"When his gun was empty he kept on snapping the trigger till all of a sudden he woke up and—went to sleep. I know I'm mixed, but, you see, I don't know which he was. But he had a sort of a nightmare. He sure was scared. He was most awfully scared, and he ran. He flew down the stairs out into the street, and so down the avenue he went. And the funniest thing was that as he was running, his fear took a form, the form of Captain Schmitz.

"Now Captain Schmitz wasn't in the precinct where the murder was done. He was in the next precinct. But the coon didn't know the lines. And that wasn't the point, anyhow. The point was that when the coon was a kid he lived in the Tenderloin where Schmitz was the ward man. All the colored people were afraid of Schmitz then, and this kid had been brought up in terror of him. His mother says she used to quiet him by threatening that Schmitz would get him if he wasn't good. So, you see, his terror after the shooting took the old form, and he says that as he ran he thought he could see Captain Schmitz after him.

"And he saw him so vividly, and he was so scared that—now how do you explain this?—his one idea was to find Captain Schmitz. Seems as if he was a-scared of the phantom and wanted to shake it by setting his eyes on the real thing. He can't ex-

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plain it himself, the coon can't. But, then, he won't try. He doesn't know just when he first wanted to find the captain, but he thinks it was maybe when on the run he was passing the side street where the station house was. Anyhow, as he was flying by that, he suddenly wheeled and, with the captain after him, he made for the captain and found him and told him everything; told him over and over again.

"The captain was really sorry for the boy. He sent out for his mother and, of course, she made a scene. She had her story to tell, and it was a hard-luck story of a good boy turned bad up North where she had come especially for his sake. Now he must hang. The boy, he 'didn't care,' he said; he was glad he had killed her. But that only made the captain think he had gone crazy, and it drove the old woman into hysterics. Yes, it was a scene.

"But right in the middle of it, when the mother was crying, the sergeant came in. He had been hearing from the precinct where the yaller gal lived, and he looked disgusted.

"'Say, Cap,' he said, 'there's nothin' doing.'

"Schmitz swings round in his chair. 'What's that?' he says, and everybody was still while the serge' explained:

"'Why, they say that that gal isn't dead. She isn't even hurt. She was scared. She was so scared that she fell down, but th' coon didn't hit her, not once. He shot the walls and ceilin's full of holes, but he didn't come within a mile of her. That's what they say, but they've got her locked up for you, if you want her.'

"You can imagine how they all felt, and looked, the captain, the mother, and the sergeant. But you can't imagine how that boy felt. He wasn't glad. As the mother began to take it all in, she nearly had another kind of a fit—joy. But the boy? It didn't make no difference to him, no difference at all.

WHEN HE DID FIND HER, SHE LAUGHED AT HIM.

"'She is dead,' he said, quiet-like and sure, 'I did kill her.'

"The captain says he tried to explain, and the boy, he listened, but he only looked as he looked before, quiet, satisfied, done with her and everything.

"'I did kill her,' he kept repeating. And listen to this: he went on, and he says, says he: 'I did kill her. I killed her or—something.'"

Mickey rested a moment, but he hadn't finished. He was thinking. By and by he continued:

"Now, th' cap, he says it wasn't no murder, but he's lookin' at it through th' law; an' him an' th' judge, they fixed it up an' fined th' coon for carrying concealed weapons. And that's all right. I wouldn't want to see th' son o' that old colored woman swing, myself. But I say just th' same that her boy did a murder. He had th' motive; he planned the crime; he had all the murderous feelings from love down to hate and on up to th' satisfaction of the shooting and so down again through the scare and th' escape an' th' arrest to th' confession. All but the remorse. And that's a big point. He ain't sorry; he's glad. He's got th' hurt to him inside. You can tell, because he ain't no glad kid no more; he's changed; he's an adult. Something is killed in him. That's what he said, you remember. 'I killed her or—something.' Now mebbe you can say that he killed, not th' woman, but his love for th' woman. And that makes a big difference to th' woman and to th' law, but how about him? His pistol missed her, but he didn't. He hit her. He wiped her off th' earth so far as he is concerned, her, and his love for her, and his hate and—something in him, something like, well like innocence. And, if that's so, isn't he guilty? But gee, I'm gettin' dotty. All I mean is this: that yaller gal in red is dead to that black coon.

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and, if you look at it straight, the way it stands between him and his conscience and —God, he did it, didn't he? Well, then, why ain't that a deliberate, premeditated— homicide? What?"

## THE POINT OF VIEW

By Emma Lee Walton

HER mother and sisters gazed after her lovingly and proudly. She was starting away with Sam, who clerked at Barker & Lyons' and was to be manager some day, and she wore a new blue suit and a new blue hat with a long white plume. She was beautifully dressed, and she had a right to be, for she had earned every cent that had paid for her things, by sewing at Madame Josephine's. As the mother and sisters went back to the Sunday paper they glanced at the clouds and smiled reassuringly at one another because they were fleecy. Rosy would have such a nice day!

When Sam and she were out of sight of the house and well on their way, Rosy gave a little skip of delight and squeezed his arm gaily.

"Oh, ain't it the grandest day!" she cried. "I've just been a-hopin' for a good day so's we could go. I went to church this mornin', too."

"If it had a-rained we would have done something else," he said, radiantly smiling. "There's lots of things we ain't done; the house could wait."

"Yes, but *I* can't," she cried. "To think of our livin' in a place with a porch! My!"

"Now don't get your ideas up. It ain't such a grand porch," he said, shaking his head. "When Father put up the row he said he was building for married folks, not for spooners."

"Well, we can take our chairs down on the grass," she said, swallowing her disappointment. "A porch gets dirty so easy."

"There's another thing I wanted to say," he went on with apparent nervousness. "It's painted green, light green, with yellow blinds, and the yard ain't so awful large."

"As large as Milly's?"

"I ain't seen Milly's."

"As big as Aunt Hannah's?"

"Mebbe not, I don'o'."

"Well, we don't need a yard."

"Gee, you're bully!" he cried, giving her hand a squeeze. "If we want that car we'll have to sprint for it."

The sun was bright and the breeze was cool; and it seemed to them, as they leaned back in their seats, breathless from their run, that they had never seen such a perfect day. The stubby trees each side of them seemed to meet in a glorious arch of triumph over their heads, though in reality they had so long forgotten their ancestral grace of arching that they scarcely bent. The sun shone in her eyes through a bit of purple glass near the roof of the car, but she was so far from minding the annoyance that she played with it by turning her head this way and that, and making him look to see how funny the sun was through it and then laughing at the purple splotch on his nose.

It was a long ride, but there was something of interest happening most of the time, and when there was nothing else he told her about the house. She tried not to mind, but somehow the house, their house, was not going to be as nice as she had hoped, and he was trying to prepare her for the first sight. The stairs, it seemed, had turned out wiggly, and a lamp in the hall would be too expensive, and there couldn't be a gas-stove, and maybe it wouldn't be done before they were married, and— Finally she asked him not to say any more, and she talked of the Drygoods Merchants' Ball until they reached the end of the line, and Hawthorne Park.

The color flew to her cheeks and a sudden fear possessed her that she might find the house hateful and might cry and disappoint Sam. She seized his arm appealingly.

"I—I wish I hadn't come," she whispered. "I—I'm afraid."

He smiled down at her reassuringly, though withal a trifle shakily, and patted her shoulder.

"There ain't nothing to be scared of. You'll get used to style some day. Ain't we swell with our see-ment sidewalks? Yonder's the house, Rosy."

She stopped short and closed her eyes. The house they were buying for their own—their house—green with yellow blinds! She groped for him and buried her face on his shoulder. She could not look.

"Ain't you going to rubber none, Rosy?" he asked softly. "It ain't so bad."

The disappointment in his voice made her braver, and she turned quickly, determined to have the worst over with—to see a brown and white house with a wide, inviting porch and an apparently unlimited yard. Her breath

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was taken away. It looked so like a palace of her dreams that she could not speak. Their house—like that! He watched her a moment and then held out his hand imploringly.

"Don't you like it?" he asked. "Don't you, Rosy?"

She turned her radiant face toward him.

"Where's them yellow blinds?" she asked gaily.

"I was fooling," he said sheepishly. "I was afraid you'd think it was bum, and I—I been thinking a lot about it. I'm kind of foolish, I guess."

"I'm no end glad," she said simply. "How could I help lovin' it all? Look at that porch! And I'd like you to find a thing the matter with that yard! Come on, hurry!"

"OH, AIN'T IT THE GRANDEST DAY!" SHE CRIED.

They were almost to the porch when she stopped short. "Sam!" she cried, "are the stairs wiggly?"

"Not on your life!"

She held out her hand with a gleeful laugh, and they ran in past the hall lamp like a couple of children at play. The joy of it all could not be expressed in words. Born and brought up in a flat, it seemed to Rosy the height of blissful luxury to have stairs, and she ran up and down them so many times that she finally had to sink breathlessly on the top step and rest. She caught her lace petticoat on a nail, but Sam gave her pins and she repaired damages as best she could, which was very well. They ate popcorn and crackers out in the kitchen, where she made believe she was serving him pancakes, and had to be punished for tantalizing him.

It was in the kitchen, while they inspected the stove, that he told her he had just been made manager at Barker & Lyons', and the news seemed to sanctify the little workaday room and transform it into a palatial banquet-hall. Rosy sank in a heap on the floor in front of the oven and began to cry softly, with her hands over her face. Sam looked at her, appalled, and then sank on his knees beside her and slipped his arm around her waist.

"Why, there now, Rosy, dear heart," he said. "Are you mad at me?"

She put out her hand and laughed shakily.

"Mad!" she cried. "I'm just silly. I—I've got such a grand man for my—my husband, and such a grand house to live in I—I just can't help crying. I—I can't believe it's me!"

"Will you like me for a hus—husband, Rosy?"

"Your mother says you're the worst for tracking in mud!" she said, peeping out from behind her hands. "I don't know."

"I'll wipe 'em good, Rosy. I will, I promise you."

She jumped up suddenly, all smiles again, and made him go out on the porch and ring the bell. At first he did not understand, but he soon found it was so she could hurry to let him in, wiping her hands on an imaginary apron and trying to hurry back to her imaginary work before he insisted on kissing her pink cheeks. It was then she got paint down the front of her dress, but it was such delightful fun she only laughed.

After they had explored every nook and cranny of the dear house, they went out with reluctant sighs, and locked their door behind them. Rosy stood gazing in at the parlor window as they stopped on the heavenly porch, and called his attention to various corners of the square apartment.

LAUGHTER STAYED WITH THEM THROUGHOUT THE TRIP.

"Aunt Molly's going to give us a table and we'll put it over there," she said. "It'll look great with the afghan over it. Madame Josephine's bought us a photograph of a Mr. Bonaparte, a Frenchman, and he can go over the mantel. Or would it be better by the door? He frowns something terrible and I thought it would be better not so near to.

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Cousin Lily's going to give us a picture, too, and I'm to choose. Which do you like best, land or water?"

"Water. Storms."

"I'll get a storm, then. They have some grand ones at Hillard's for three ninety-eight. Mother's going to give us a big rug with green diamonds on, perfectly swell. Oh, Sam, I'm so excited! Let's go back and see what's in the yard."

There was not much save sand and ashes, but they sat on a pile of lumber with their arms around each other and made the yard blossom with pansies, pinks, violets, and sunflowers, with morning-glories climbing over a fence not yet built and sweetpeas covering a netting not yet purchased.

Then the neighborhood had to be reconnoitered, and they wandered far in the spring breeze, before they realized that the cars ran on the hours and the last one left at six. It was a sudden sharp downpour of rain that awakened them to this fact, and Sam tucked her under his arm, announcing, "Skidoo for us!" while they ran for the car. It was a terrible rain, but Sam slipped off his coat as he ran and put it over her shoulders to save her all he could. They splashed through mud and deep puddles, shaking the water from their eyes as best they could and shivering with delicious fear at the crashes of thunder. Panting, as she was, she found breath once to remind him that he had said he liked storms, and the reminder was so amusing it almost lost them the car. They caught it, however, and threw themselves into a seat with delight, falling into more fits of laughter as they realized how they had looked in the pitiless rain.

"YOU'VE GOT PAINT ALL DOWN YOUR DRESS!"

The laughter stayed with them throughout the whole trip. Sam never was so witty nor Rosy so appreciative, and with the car to themselves they yielded to the hilarity of the occasion. Rosy, with her feet on the opposite seat and her skirts tucked up under her, joked about the little rivers that flowed in under the curtains, and greeted each dash of rain with a fresh giggle that Sam found very fascinating.

It was a bedraggled couple that the mother and sisters saw coming from the car line, as they watched anxiously from the window. As soon as she had noted them pityingly, the mother went out to the kitchen to make the hot tea.

"They'll be cold and dreary-like, the poor dears," she said. "Their afternoon's all spoiled."

The "poor dears" came in laughing and fell upon the tea and cakes like ravenous creatures, while the others stood by, sympathizing.

"You've got paint all down your dress!" the mother cried aghast, as she realized the days of heavy work that had gone to pay for it. "Why, Rosy dear, it's ruined!"

"It'll clean," Rosy said. "Take another, Sam."

"And look at the lace!" one sister cried. "Rosy, you've torn three yards off!"

"I can get more. Sam told me it was green and yellow! My, wasn't I scared!" she cried. "And he said the stairs were wiggly!"

"Will you look at her hat!" the other sister exclaimed. "That plume cost three dollars! My goodness, Rosy, it's soaking wet!"

"We've got a lamp and a gas-stove," Rosy went on between her sips of tea. "It has a toaster in it."

"Rosy can make pancakes," Sam volunteered suddenly. And then they went off into another fit of laughter.

"She's lost one glove, and her feet are soaked," the first sister announced.

"That's just my shoes," Rosy said cheerily. "I got that sand on my skirt in our garden. You never seen such a nice garden!"

Sam choked on his tea and had to be pounded on the back, and Rosy laughed, too.

"You must hurry into dry things, Rosy child," she said anxiously. "You've had a terrible hard day."

Rosy threw her arms suddenly around her mother's neck. "Oh, Mother dear!" she cried tremulously, "I've had the grandest day in all my whole life!"

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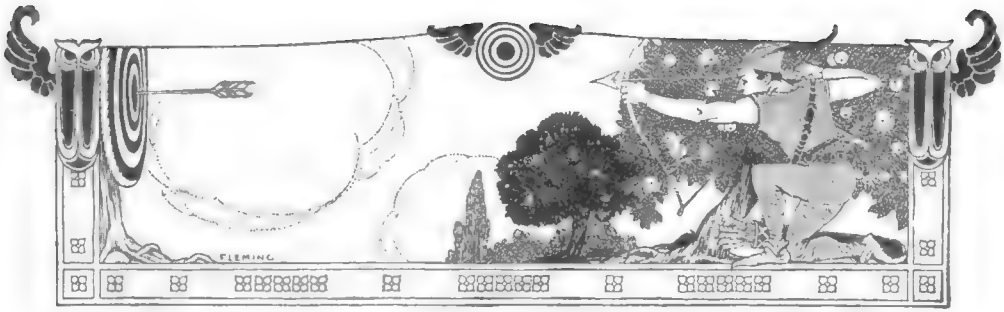

# STRAIGHT TALK

### TRINITY'S TENEMENTS—THE PUBLIC'S BUSINESS

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

Had I been in the country when you received the letters (printed in your October number) about the Trinity tenements article, I should have been most glad to furnish your correspondents with all the information they desired concerning the methods of investigation or any other cognate subject. Perhaps even now it is not too late to offer a footnote to the controversy.

Mr. E. S. G. (who appears to be a Trinity trustee) resents, somewhat heatedly, my account of these tenements, says I am "a common muck-raker, in it (*sic*) for dollars and cents," and demands that "the public should mind its own business if it has any."

I am heartily and unfeignedly of the same opinion. The public most certainly should mind its own business, and it was with hope to direct its attention to its own business that I wrote the article.

The very first and most obvious of the own businesses of the public is to protect the public health. Such tenements as Trinity maintains are a very grave and incessant menace to the public health, because, for one thing, they are the worst of all breeding places for tuberculosis. Granting that the sufferings of a family in one of these tenements are the family's own concern (and Trinity's), the mere fact that this family may carry wherever it goes the deadly bacillus of consumption is beyond and above everything else the proper and necessary concern of the entire community. We may, if we please, regard with indifference the fact that a rag-picker's child in Clarkson Street is dying of tuberculosis; we shall not be indifferent when from that rag-picker's child the germs of fatal disease are communicated to our own children or to ourselves. For no amount of goodly rent rolls and blessed profits would Trinity be allowed to maintain an institution for the dissemination of small-pox. Here is something far worse and more deadly than small-pox.

Therefore I should like to see the public follow E. S. G.'s advice and attend to its own business, attend to it strictly and faithfully and begin by insisting upon the extinction of every tuberculosis-breeding tenement, including those from which Trinity derives a part of its revenue.

Next to public health we may regard taxes as an indubitable part of the public's own business. The policy of Trinity in the old Eighth Ward increases the taxation burden in all other parts of the city. Trinity will make very few improvements. Trinity owns much of the property in the Eighth Ward; hence the Eighth Ward lags far behind and the value of all the property there is abnormally depressed. Consequently the assessed valuations are low and the rest of the city must make up the difference. There is no present way, as I pointed out in my article, by which Trinity can be compelled to do its duty in this respect, but I should like to see the public minding its own business sufficiently to understand exactly what are the consequences of the bad citizenship of this strange institution.

As to the manner in which the investigation of Trinity was made, I am glad to tell Mr. R. P. B. that the work began early in November, continued until well into April, and if it was not thorough and impartial I know not how a thorough and impartial investigation can be made. On the article devoted to the tenements three men were employed. Every single fact reported by one man was twice independently investigated and verified before it was accepted. On this work I was myself actively engaged, but everything that I brought in I sent another man to view and to report upon before I used it. All the statements were sifted finally into a typewritten draft and this I again verified from personal inspection before I wrote the article. Lastly, before the article was printed I took the proofs and pencil in hand, went once more into the ward, and on the spot checked all the statements

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lest one should seem extravagant. I don't know what more could have been done, and I have yet to learn that one syllable in that article should have been changed. Knowing what I know about these tenements, I am lost in admiration for the supreme assurance of a Trinity trustee that will undertake to defend them.

I am glad to be called "a muck-raker" and "common." The only thing I object to is living in a world full of needless horrors and suffering without uttering one word of protest, however feeble and unheard.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing Trinity Corporation has broken its hitherto invariable rule and has issued a statement in response to the criticisms made of its management. While the community will be gratified to notice this formal surrender to the assertion that the Corporation has obligations and duties to the public one must regret that so much of the statement seems inadequate and disingenuous. The attempt is made in this document to shift the burden of the indictment to some idle speculations often made as to the extent of Trinity's wealth and to avoid the real counts of the indictment. This seems most unfortunate. The amount of Trinity's wealth is not important and I made no point of it. The real objections to Trinity's management are outlined above. In regard to the unjust tax burden that Trinity's refusal to make improvements throws upon the rest of the community the Corporation's statement is silent. In regard to the unsanitary condition of the Trinity tenements the statement merely says that "the Dwelling House property is not by any means in such condition as has been charged in some quarters." To meet specific and categorical recitals of actual conditions by making a general, vague, unsupported and misleading denial like this indicates that the reformation of Trinity's methods has not gone very far. C. E. R.

## THIS IS WORTH WHILE

MY DEAR O— No, I was going to say old EVERYBODY'S. But I'll not, because you are just in your primest prime, not at all ready to place your son at the wheel. While I, well, I am one of the has-beens, and I am thinking you would be if you had passed through what I have. I am an ex-soldier of the Civil War, was a prisoner of war for fifteen long months. I came out blind, deranged, in fact had forgotten nearly all I ever knew. Was a dentist before the War, but my vision and general health were so impaired that I could not again take it up. I died a hundred deaths from exposure and starvation and still live, thanks to an iron constitution and lots of grit. Had lots of good chances to die but wouldn't do it. That experience has been a handicap ever since. I could not enter the race for the financial prizes; had to throw up the sponge, am a back number, but I still have much to be thankful for. The government has been good to me, or I should have been in the poorhouse. My family consist of a wife and daughter, both invalids. It is they who have sent me EVERYBODY'S, bless them! but they have had to sit up nights and ply their needles to do it, and they may do it again. I don't know where is that Prince of the Royal Line, Thomas W. Lawson. He is the best ever. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and God bless you all. I can't say that I am sorry that I did my little part in the Civil War. Yours,

G. A. C.,
Ex-First Lieutenant and Adj't,
29th Reg't Vol. Infty.
La Porte, Ind.

## SHALL WE CHANGE THE CALENDAR?

That the present arrangement of the calendar year is most confusing and vexatious for memorizing must be admitted. Few, other than adept mathematicians, can name the day of the week on which the first day of January, 1879, occurred, or the day on which it will fall in 1919. Referring back for more than eight or ten days, few can state, without counting, on what day of the week the 11th occurred, or on what day of the month the next Tuesday will fall. Persons not identified with business pursuits can seldom readily even give the day of the month. There are three different numbers of days in the various months, and unless one mentally recalls the old rhyme of "Thirty days hath September," etc., he is often at a loss to give the exact number unhesitatingly. Holidays never come on the same day and date yearly, and indeed as there is nothing exactly recurrent or seemingly desirable in the present notation, one wonders how it should ever have obtained.

It seems that all this would be corrected in having 73 weeks, 5 days in a week, 6 weeks or 30 days in a month, and 12 months in a year. The 73d week would not be reckoned in any month, but would occur at the end of the 12th month and be called, and lightly observed as "Holiday" or "Christmas" or "Year End" week. The extra day in Leap Year would be added to this week. The new year would begin on Monday, January 1st, and would occur on what is now December 21st. Then the winter season would be of the full and exact months of January, February, and March. Spring would be April, May, and June, etc. Every month and week would begin with Monday as the 1st day, Tuesday the 2d, Friday the 3d (eliminating Wednesday and Thursday), Saturday the 4th, and the 5th, Sunday. The next week would be the same except that the 10th day would be a Holiday. This notation would continue through every week, month, and year.

Hence, knowing the day of the week, and it is to

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be assumed that every one would know this, the day of the month would suggest itself and could be instantly given, as every Monday would have either a 1 or a 6 in its date, viz.: 1-6-11-16-21-26
Every Tuesday would have a 2 or a 7, viz.:.....2-7-12-17-22-27
Every Friday would have a 3 or an 8, viz.:.....3-8-13-18-23-28
Every Saturday would have a 4 or a 9, viz.:.....4-9-14-19-24-29
Sundays would always be on dates with a 5, as..... 5-15-25
Holidays would always be on dates with an 0, as ..... 10-20-30
Therefore, as it would be well known that every date having a 5 (5-15-25) was a Sunday, every date having an 0 (10-20-30) was a Holiday, every date having a 1 or a 6 Monday, etc., and as no one would likely be a whole month out of the way, one could unhesitatingly name the day of the month, and it would always be the same. For instance, if it were Friday one would know instantly that it was always on a 3d or an 8th, so it must be the 3d or 8th, 13th, 18th, 23d, or 28th. In business this would be particularly advantageous in reckoning interest, etc.; and as dates could be given with instant accuracy, calendars would be unnecessary.

Again—there would be 73 days without labor instead of some 61 or more (including legal holidays) as at present. All holidays, celebrations, college meets, races, carnivals, Old Home Week day, and all other special events would revert to the nearest holiday, thus not increasing the days without labor by more than 12. But these would be dependable and more satisfactory. Again—working but four days and knowing that every 5th day meant rest or recreation, a man would doubtless work with greater incentive and be capable of giving greater service, as days of rest and recuperation would be more frequent and immutable.

Big racing meetings, as well as county fairs, are arranged months and often a year or more in advance. Elections occur on stated week days continuously for years, but in every instance calendars must be consulted to find both the day of the week and the month. Merchants or others cannot satisfactorily compare daily business with that of previous years for the reason that the same week days do not fall on the same days of the months, which makes comparisons inexact and confusing.

For business of the courts, the 4th of March, the 4th of July, Thanksgiving, as well as every other holiday, calendars must always be consulted that necessary arrangements may be made.

Diaries having week days always falling on the same days of the week would be more convenient. Dates and days of week of marriages, births, deaths, etc., could be given instantly and all reckoning of time would be simplified.

The change should meet with the instant and appreciative cooperation of all religious societies, inasmuch as the ever vexatious controversy as to whether games, theatres, and other amusements are compatible with Sunday observances would be eliminated.

The duties of ministers would be two-fold, as they would feel it a duty and anxiety that healthy, innocent, and desirable forms of amusement be provided for all Holidays, and give as earnest attention to Holiday recreations as to Sunday elevation.

Then, would we not be better as a race and nation, if every tenth day was a nationally observed holiday, with indoor and outdoor places for games, exercise, reading, etc., which it should be obligatory upon municipalities to provide, free to all on such days?

Again, inasmuch as holidays would occur every ten days, no one could with convincing argument assert that (which is true to-day) as they work six days in every week they should have the seventh day for rest and pleasure, thereby tending fast toward making obsolete the proper and necessary observance of one day called the Sabbath. Not so, for as a day of recreation would be provided alternately with Sundays, a person who would not observe the Sabbath as a day set apart for religious (not necessarily sectarian) and meditative observance would be looked upon with disfavor and displeasure.

While there is "no condition of man" to whom this would not be, at least, an acceptable change, to the American people, in their mad rush for business and pleasure, it might be the means of making a sturdy nation out of what seems fast to be tending toward a race of nervous wrecks and dyspeptics.

Besides the above, reasons practically without number could be given going to show the desirability of the suggested change.

THOMAS B. DINSMORE,
October 24, 1908. Belfast, Maine.

## DISTRACTING ITALICS

As you invite friendly criticism I take the liberty of calling your attention to one point in my (that is, EVERYBODY'S) magazine that does not appeal to me. It is the habit you have of emphasizing, by the use of italics, certain passages in some of your special articles, especially in those of an economic or, as some are pleased to call them, "muck-raking" nature. This distracts one's attention from the article as a whole and perhaps emphasizes some point that is, to the reader, unimportant. Any proof of a proposition under discussion should rest on the soundness of the reasoning, and in order to appreciate this at its full value one's attention should not be diverted by italicized passages. My only excuse for calling your attention to the defect—as it seems to me—

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is a sincere admiration for the position that you have assumed toward existing evils and a humble desire to further the good cause. J. E. H.
Lynn, Mass.

### WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

I read over the jokes in "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" every month. This month I found one which seemed very funny to me.
Waterloo, Iowa. H. R.

### WANTED—SOME "BUSYBODIES"

I am not an admirer of Charles Edward Russell in his rôle of reformer, for the reason—as it seems to me—that his methods are not scientific. He has his verdict decided before the trial. He makes his words to fit his own biased and already decided ideas, although there is no question but that he is a master-craftsman in journalism. Yet Mr. Russell certainly gets at the vitals in his diagnosis and prescription for civic unrighteousness in the article on page 701 of your November issue. Payment for patriotism is establishing a very low standard for public service, in this connection. We cannot respect our public officials in the aggregate (all power to the brave few who carry a cross for righteousness' and the very work's sake), and in consequence have little respect for ordinances. "No Thoroughfare" is for the American a sign to be obeyed only when the policeman is looking; by the European it is obeyed. Reform in this cannot and never will come by just the writings and lecturings of journalistic geniuses, or by the wildest exertions of the radical reformers. It must come from and through the concerted work of the mass of the middle-class people. This work must be of the nature of an awakening to the possibilities of knowledge, such as a child experiences in the primary class. The primer must be a primer; simple and short words and sentences. A method of starting this primary class for arousing the latent public spirit in the average citizen might be worked out in the following manner: Some large newspaper or magazine, say EVERYBODY'S, might start a circle, and take a name—as a suggestion let us say "*Everybody's Busybodies.*" Have a center and local centers radiating therefrom—officers and all the rigmarole; it could be done by mail, a section of the magazine set apart for the business of the "Everybody's Busybodies" Circle,—Patriotic League. All members (*le raison d'être* of membership) solemnly to agree to "get busy" and protest promptly every time they notice trifling disobediences to the city ordinances and public utilities by-laws and regulations. For instance: No spitting on floors and platforms.—No smoking in certain compartments.—Carrying of cigar stumps unlighted in street cars; obstruction or crowding of sidewalks with packing-cases. Hundreds of these petty instances will readily be suggested, which are breaches of law and order, that is, of refinement and civilization. We are all individually too much afraid of ridicule to protest against these infractions. Yet it must be agreed that so much as we carelessly permit our rules making for decency and harmony to be ignored, so much are we lowering our standards of decency and harmony. On the logic of "misery loves company," if a "Busybody" wearing an E-B button knows that other "Busybodies" are near by morally to support him (or her) he will not feel so diffident in promptly asserting his public spirit—his citizenship—by instructing his appointed servants, the street-car conductor, the policeman, or other official, that a rule is under contempt. A central circle of E-B's well started might result in ever-widening rings of splendid importance. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals perhaps is doing something along the lines of this suggestion. We really need to overcome our bashfulness perhaps as much as anything else. Nobody likes to be a "kicker," and yet we are sneakingly glad in our heart when somebody else makes the conductor "get on to his job." These first steps in officious interference might and probably would be the means of opening up a livelier and really patriotic unselfish concern among our citizens for law and order in the bigger things that now are the property of the political boss. H. W. N.
Philadelphia, Pa.

### THE FATHER OF AN IDEA

Under the heading of "The Players" in your December number I note the comment on "The Mollusc"—"a brand-new idea so far as the stage is concerned." It is interesting—at least to me—that my father, George Washington, thirty years ago wrote a lecture with this title and delivered it in various parts of the State of Tennessee. About that time he was temporary chairman of the State Democratic Convention and afterward chairman of the Campaign Committee, when repudiation of the State Confederate Debt was an issue. His work, I am proud to say, did not a little to determine Tennessee against repudiation. I have the manuscript of this lecture. My father uses the word mollusc, however, to describe a weak, backboneless, convictionless person; not the self-willed person who makes others work for him. W. M. W.
Cuyahoga Falls, O.

Will A. E. K., whose letter appeared in the Publishers for September, 1908, kindly give us his name and address in order that we may send him the year's subscription due him.

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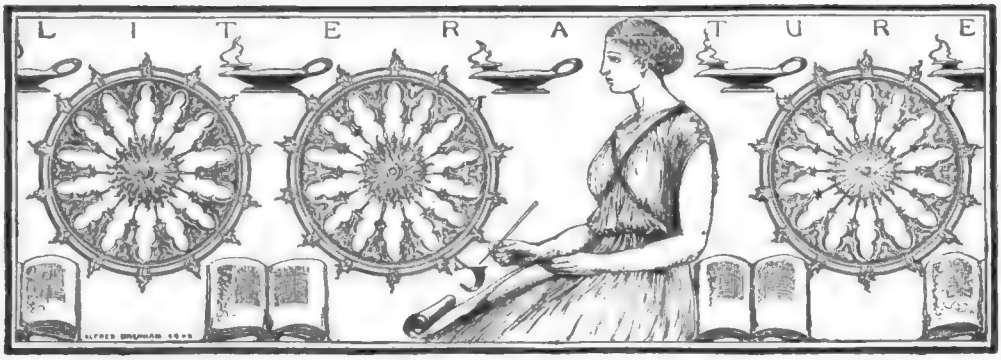


# A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

ARTHUR SYMONS begins his essay on Whistler, written in 1893 and published in his "Studies in Seven Arts," by saying that, Whistler being dead, "there goes with him one of the greatest painters and most original personalities of our time." Elizabeth and Joseph Pennell, in the last sentence of their authorized and long expected biography, "The Life of James McNeill Whistler" (Lippincott) refer to him as "the greatest painter and most striking personality of the nineteenth century." This verbal agreement is more than a coincidence. It marks the meeting—like that of workmen from opposite ends of a tunnel—of the most intuitive and subjective of critics with the most honest and objective of commentators. The Life, long looked for and long delayed by legal and other difficulties, justifies all reasonable expectations. It appears in two really beautiful volumes, bound in Whistler's own brown boards and ochre back, enriched by some one hundred and sixty illustrations, and interesting from introduction to index. It having been a superficial part of Whistler's striking and original personality to court attention while baffling curiosity, his history has been whelmed in a perfect fog of statement and counterstatement, and the most simple of its essential facts have been distorted by the malice of enemies and the mistakes f friends. The Pennells have spent uncounted labor in bringing order out of disarray. They have gathered, for their portrait of the man, the recollections of two generations from the acquaintances of two hemispheres. And they have collected, for the better understanding of his work, the technical observations of his coworkers in many media. The ideal biography is a compromise between mutually exclusive requirements: knowledge born of nearness, and perspective lent by time. It is to the credit of the Pennells that, while anticipating the needs, they have not attempted to usurp the functions, of the future.

Mr. Robert Hichens, in "A Spirit in Prison" (Harper), has done what, baldly stated, seems to be a rather astounding thing. He has written a successful sequel to a successful novel. Now sequels are kittle cattle. They are, as a rule, seized upon with avidity by the reading public, begun with happy anticipations, and finished in disillusionment. So that the canny come to mistrust them as something liable to happen to the best regulated writers, but, by the wise reader, best given a wide berth. And, for the most part, the canny are correct; because, for the most part, sequels may be defined as "continuations of something already finished." But "The Call of the Blood," while complete in itself, very manifestly left an unsolved problem of readjustment for the remaining actors in its tragedy of temperament. And it is with this problem that "A Spirit in Prison" concerns itself. The scene is Naples and the time sixteen years after the close of the former novel. Mrs. Delarey's daughter (a charming character, by the way) is just coming to womanhood. Artois and Gaspare have kept the secret of Delarey's infidelity and of the manner of his death, and Hermione (the spirit in prison) is still unhappily faithful to an unfaithful memory. The story deals with the inevitable reflexes of a false situation conceived in affection and maintained in self-sacrifice, and is a drama of emotion

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rather than of action. The book glows with Mr. Hichens's verbal color sense and, while in places overloaded with the analysis of morbid sentiment, is full of interest and of beauty.

A great deal of fun has been poked, first and last, at the man who, brought face to face with any form of art expression, says, "I don't know anything about that; I only know what I like and what I don't." The fun is legitimate enough. Its legitimacy is made manifest and its essence expressed in the famous retort that "the monkeys in the Zoo know that." And yet there is no man, though he be now critic or connoisseur, who has not, in the beginning, found himself thus limited in knowledge. The difference lies in one's attitude toward the discovery and in one's recognition of two facts, namely, that the beginnings of understanding, as well as its rewards, come from within us; and that the first step from the simian toward the human aestheticism is the self-propounded question, "*Why* do I like this and not that?" Even in the matter of literature (a department of art in which the "I know what I like" is seldom qualified by the "I know nothing about it") this little question is the pass-key to an unknown world. It opens all doors, even the padlocks of our prejudices and superstitions. To say, however, that the beginnings of understanding must come from within, is not to undervalue the aids to it that, later, come from without; and Charles F. Horne's volume with the somewhat forbidding title of "The Technique of the Novel" (Harper) will prove a real find to any lover of fiction who has begun to analyze his own preferences. The work is so free from dogmatics and didacticism; it is addressed so simply from an interested student of fiction to interested readers of it; it is at once so comprehensive and so easy of comprehension, that it is like an offer of a ride to any plodding pedestrian on the high road of self-interrogation.

Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows" (Scribner) is not a fairy tale, since it contains no fairies. It is not a fable, although it is a tale of human relevance enacted by a mole, a water rat, a toad, a badger, and a host of supernumeraries in the shape of stoats and weasels. Nor, for all its closeness to "nature" and its separation from technical truth, is it a nature-fake. It is simply an exquisite absurdity in which Kenneth Grahame toys with his own imagination and plays upon ours. There are certain forms of art, just as there are certain vintages of the Rhine, whose true flavor reaches us, as it were, by indirection. Many a man at table, thoughtlessly half-draining a white-stemmed glass topped with a rosy crystal calyx of *Liebfrauenmilch*, has had his decorously hidden judgment of so characterless a liquid confounded by a mysterious aftermath of realization; a subtle emanation—less a taste than a consciousness—of summer suns and immemorial soil. Such, or such-like, in their misleading simpleness, are some pictures, and some books, and some inspired nonsense. Such, or such-like, is the quality of "The Wind in the Willows." One picks it up unthinking. One swallows several chapters at a sitting. And in the very act of condemnation one becomes conscious of a flavor, a bouquet, an aftermath of meaning; a subtle emanation from between the lines, hinting at the spirit of Spring, and the coziness of creature comforts, and the mysteries of life, and the humors of existence. And thenceforward one does not drink, one sips.

In the now almost prehistoric days when "Twenty Questions" was still played of evenings by serious-minded grown-ups, there was a game the name of which, if it had a name, has slipped my memory. It was a sort of poetic blind-man's-buff. A subject was chosen and a metre selected. Some one wrote the first line on a sheet of paper, folded this over, announced the last word, and passed it to his neighbor. He, in turn, wrote the second line, announced his last word, folded the paper again, and passed it on. So, each in turn, bound only by the necessity for rhyme, supplied his line until the whole was finished and the result read aloud with imaginable results. In a recent novel called "The Whole Family" (Harper) we have the record of a game played on somewhat similar lines by a number of American writers. If one might hazard a guess at the rules adopted, one would say that a situation was roughly indicated, the characters were invented and assigned with an eye to their interpreters' past performances, and the order of precedence was established. Mr. Howells (as the father) then wrote the first chapter and passed it on to Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. She (in her assigned character of the old maid aunt) wrote the next and passed both on. And so each participant in turn added his or her quota to the tale, each bound by what had gone before and each free to bind those yet to come. The result, embodied in twelve chapters each signed by its author, is haphazard fiction, but good fun and a literary curiosity; making up what it lacks in unity of design by its juxtaposition of well-known styles and by the spirit of mischief that creeps into the game. The other authors and their parts are Mary Heaton Vorse, the grandmother; Mary Stewart Cutting, the daughter-in-law; Elizabeth Jordan, the schoolgirl; John Kendrick Bangs, the son-in-law; Henry James, the married son; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the married daughter; Edith Wyatt, the

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mother; Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, the schoolboy; Alice Brown, the marriageable daughter; and Henry van Dyke, the friend of the family.

If Anthony Hope is destined to figure in history it will doubtless be as the promulgator (in "The Prisoner of Zenda") of a fictional formula for writing historical romance in the present tense. And hence the historians of modern letters are quite right, from their own standpoint, in dealing with him more as though he were a dead inventor than as a living author. But with us others it is the other way about: a living story outweighs a dead invention; and Anthony Hope matters to us because he outstrips by a narrow (and hence historically negligible) margin so many of his fellow-craftsmen in legitimate fiction. His latest work, "The Great Miss Driver" (McClure) is one of the most entertaining novels of the year. It is a history of the headstrong daughter of a self-made local capitalist and autocrat, who inherited her father's abilities at birth, and comes into his money at the opening of the tale. The story is told in the first person by her private secretary; and the advantages of this autobiographical form (which are subtle and easily lost) are made the most of, and its inherent difficulties (which are many and treacherous) surmounted in a way to emphasize the author's skill as a technician. The heroine proves to be both a personality and a personage; a charming and rather striking study of the eternal feminine in terms of the twentieth century.

I remember a four-armed signpost at a country crossroads that, through accident or stress of weather, had shifted a quarter round upon its pivot, so that the hand that originally pointed to "The River Road" took, in all innocence, to sending unfamiliar travelers to the blacksmith shop at Nelton's Corners. Now Nelton was an efficient smith, and the three miles of hilly road that led to his forge were not without their attractions; but, judging from the faces occasionally seen from the smithy door, neither fact appealed very strongly to the people who stopped there to be set right on their journey. The title and superscription of one of the new books is "Joan of Garioch, by Albert Kinross, author of Davenant," and, having arrived at the end of the tale, readers of "Davenant" are likely to feel as if they had arrived at Nelton's Corners. For "Davenant," as I dare say many readers of EVERYBODY'S will remember, was a book of a very charming and very unusual individuality; the kind of book that leads one to feel, when one sees its author's name again, that one has come upon a signpost in the wilderness. Yet "Joan of Garioch" (Macmillan) is a tale of hammer-and-tongs adventure among Russian revolutionists, not indeed without its vivid descriptions and rapid action, but by no means calculated to appeal to seekers for "The River Road." We have no quarrel with stories of adventure, nor with Russia for their *mis-en-scène*, nor with Mr. Kinross for having shifted a quarter round upon his pivot. This paragraph is merely by the way of nailing a sign in its proper position.

### OTHER BOOKS

"The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" (Century). Glimpses of the life of a brilliant woman; of English society and politics; of notable figures in European affairs. A book that cannot fail to interest by its variety and vivacity, and that yet (judged by the standard of eighteenth-century memoirs) is disappointing. It is only fair to remember, however, that when the writing of clever memoirs was an art, the writers took care to be dead when their memoirs were published.

"The American Stage of To-day" (Small, Maynard). A collection of essays and critiques upon plays, actors, and dramatic ideas and ideals, by Walter Prichard Eaton. The author has fresh things to say and says them freshly. He is, by the way, the sometime dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*.

"True Stories of Crime" (Scribner). The interesting inside history of several celebrated prosecutions and of some curious cases from the recent records of the district attorney's office of New York, written with convincing directness by Arthur Train, who, as lawyer, author, and assistant district attorney, easily qualifies as an expert.

"The Red City" (Century). A story of Philadelphia during the last decade of the eighteenth century, by S. Weir Mitchell. A gracious narrative in which we again meet Hugh Wynne and in which, with a certain feeling of being personally conducted, we visit a vanished city and hobnob with dead statesmen.

"The Japanese Nation in Evolution" (Crowell). A treatise on Japanese history, ethnology, and sociology by William E. Griffis, an American educator resident in Japan since before the fall of feudalism in 1868. The book has distinct values and will repay study, but is so dry that, as some one wittily said of another book, "it only needs irrigation to make it fertile."

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# UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

THE other-people's-business man persisted in trying to extract information from a prosperous-looking elderly man next him in the Pullman smoker.

"How many people work in your office?" he asked.

"Oh," said the elderly man, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "I should say, at a rough guess, about two thirds of them."

Several years ago Lord Clonmel brought to this country a string of race horses, and at the close of the season Phil Dwyer gave a banquet in his honor. Sheriff Tom Dunn of New York was called upon for a speech.

"Faith and this is the wonderful country!" said Dunn. "I was a poor Irish lad and me dear old mother, God rest her soul, hardly had pennies enough to bring me over. And here I am to-night sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonmel himself! Why, me friends, back in the old Tipperary days I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him with a shotgun!"

The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation am Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look a-year, pahson," he interrupted, "yo' ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' until I find out. Now——"

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll 'lucidate: S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin,' would it?"

"Ob cou'se not. Dat's jest what I——"

"Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house? Yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yas, suh, but——"

"Wal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon, pass de hat."

One of this year's crop of Rhodes scholars tells the following:

An Oxford don who had been humoring his only failing chanced upon a couple of oval bath-tubs. He disposed himself snugly in one of them and inverted the other over him. Later a party of scholars discovered the tubs and carefully raised the top one to investigate.

"Sh-h," remonstrated the enclosed don, "I'm an oyster!"

Frank Daniels, early in his career, was principal in a small company that was touring "the provinces." Business had been poor and eating had become a luxury. It was only the cheering

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knowledge that the new opera house at Ticonderoga, New York, had been almost sold out for their performance that kept them together.

"Wait till we get to Ticonderoga," the manager would say to any one who faintly suggested the price of a breakfast.

Finally they did reach Ticonderoga. It was eventide and a rosy glow illumined the western sky.

"Ah, me," sighed Daniels to the stage driver. "The sun may set in other places, but never as it does here. Behold yon——"

"Sunset!" growled the driver. "Sunset hell! Thet's the opry house burnin' down."

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"

A disheveled man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a Maine "speak-easy" and laboriously propped himself against the door. For a while he owlishly surveyed the passers-by. Suddenly his foot slipped and he collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk. A moment later he was snoring.

A hurrying pedestrian paused, reflectively surveyed the fallen man for a few seconds, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "Frank. Come out here a minute."

Presently the proprietor of the joint, smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hello, Hud," he said pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fell down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk uptown.

A native-born American member of a party of four business men who often lunched together, took great delight in joking the others on their foreign birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country," he said, "but when you come to think of it, you're really only intruders. Not one of you was born here. You're welcome to this country, of course, but you really oughtn't to forget what you owe us natives who open our doors to you."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the party, thoughtfully. "Maybe. But there's one thing you seem to forget: I came into this country wid me fare paid an' me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"

Willie had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation.

"Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now don't bother me."

Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then, reflectively:

"Awful accident in the subway to-day."

Father looked up with interest. "What's that?" he asked. "What was the accident in the subway?"

"Why," replied Willie, edging toward the door, "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

A young Englishman, after he had been in Devil's Valley for a couple of months, began to grow thin. Wyoming cooking did not appeal to him. Besides his squeamish appetite there was another thing that the natives held against him—his outlandish custom of taking a bath every morning. One day his landlady was discussing him with a friend.

"I tell ye what, Sal," said the visitor, "he's jest a-wastin' away a-grievin' for some gal back East thar."

"Nothin' o' the kind," said the landlady contemptuously. "You mark my words, now—that young feller he's jest a-washin' hisself away."

"Habits are hard to break," said Walter Prichard Eaton the other day. "Perhaps you've heard of the automobile enthusiast who bought a motor boat?

"He took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order, and then started out on his first trip alone. It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were wet and his hair was hanging over his eyes in strings.

"'John!' exclaimed his wife. 'What on earth——!'

"'It's all right, Mary,' he hastened to assure her. 'No, I didn't upset. Everything's all right. But when I had been out on the water a couple of hours something went wrong with the motor and——'

"'Yes——?'

"'Well, before I—er—realized it I was over the side and trying to get under the blame thing to fix it.'"

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

# WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

YOU will have noticed at the top of this month's cover "The Cat is Back." That is not a legend nor a fairy tale nor a joke. It means that during the panic year this magazine let up a little on its aggressive policy. But now, the election over and the panic past, the golden-throated singers of the money world hope to sing the newly awakened conscience of the country to sleep again—so the cat is back. We don't propose to have all the work of the past five years go for naught. We don't propose to sit idly by while the reactionaries sing their siren songs. On the contrary, we shall stalk these sweet singers and ruffle their gaudy plumage as often and as vigorously as may be. This month we join in the crusade against margin gambling in Wall Street—the same old fight begun with Frenzied Finance. Margin gambling is one branch of the great system. We believe today that it is the most important branch. Will you do us the favor to stop reading right here, turn to page 226, read "The Poison of the Street," and then return to this place?—we'll wait on this spot till you read it.

* * * * * * * * *

Now do you see how Wall Street reaches you, no matter what your business? Do you see how the money that should be used in legitimate business building goes into gambling? Do you see how a few men can make any sort of price they please on any stock, and how impossible it is for any one outside the inside to know what is going on? If a widow were to ask you where she could invest her mite of insurance money—the two thousand legacy from the dead—so that she would get six per cent. on it and be sure to keep her principal intact, what would you tell her? Honest now, would you take the responsibility and guarantee it? Isn't it true that Wall Street has so muddled us as to real values that what in other countries would be sound investments are pure gambles here? Isn't it a shame on us that the money of the widow and the small investor is not safe outside a savings bank, cannot share safely in the good profits from large industrial enterprises? Margin gambling is at the bottom of this uncertainty. Margin gambling makes wash sales possible. Margin gambling makes mere pawns of huge properties, with the control shifting over night. Margin gambling gives opportunity for made-to-order panics and Black Fridays, and black failures and suicides.

### STOP IT!

Let us put a stop to it. What can you do? Talk about it. Read the story again and talk about it to any one who will listen. Ask your preacher to preach about it. Get your storekeeper to read it and talk about it. Get the editor of your paper to join the crusade against it. He can do a heap. Tell him he may print the entire story and give EVERYBODY'S credit or not as he likes; we don't care for credit if we can help stop this gambling in margins.

We are not especially sorry for the men who lose their money gambling in margins—and they all lose; we don't know a man who has quit the Street a winner, not one—they are greedy and vain, they want to make more than a legitimate profit, and they like to feel that they are coming financiers. It is pathetic to hear them talk knowingly of Steel and U. P. and Smelters when you and I know, and they ought to, that they are long-haired goats and don't know anything about the worth of these stocks.

Who are these gamblers? Successful men



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in their own lines, every one of them, or they wouldn't have the money to start gambling. There is a successful merchant in your town: he gets some money ahead, he can't enlarge his business further—the town won't stand it yet—so he takes a flyer in stocks. He doesn't buy the stocks outright: ten shares for his thousand dollars—there is no thrill and little profit in that. He buys a hundred shares on margin so that he will make something worth while; then he watches the papers and swells out his chest and neglects his business—and loses his money. He thought he had just as good a chance as the other fellow. Supposing some day you go into his office and say "Mr. Merchant, I'll bet you a thousand dollars that I know as much about your business as you do." He would think you crazy; yet that is just what he does with Wall Street.

He sends them his money on a bet that he knows as much as they do about their own business, and of course he doesn't and of course they keep his money. He wouldn't take your bet because he isn't in that kind of "sure thing" business. But he'll let the other fellow play him time and again. If a man ignorant of merchandising methods set out to compete with your successful merchant he wouldn't last six months, but your successful merchant expects to compete with the gamblers of Wall Street who have made a life business of it. Isn't it crazy when you come to think of it? The same is true of any man in your town who is playing the market.

### WANT TO BET WITH HARRIMAN?

Who are the men that are willing to make this kind of money? Who are the men that put up jobs on their fellows, play on their vanity and cupidity and clean them out? Not the brokers. Any one who has ever had anything to do with brokers knows that they are as ignorant as the victims. We are referring to the legitimate broker, not the kind that would match one customer's order against another, or force the market down to a stop price and clean out his client. Legitimate brokers know enough not to gamble on their own advice. They don't gamble. They are like the saloonkeepers who don't drink. More respectable than saloonkeepers, of course. Educated, public-spirited in the usual way, good citizens, good fellows. They are engaged in a business that custom and law have made legitimate—they are the stakeholders.

If you wish to make a bet with Rogers or Harriman, the brokers merely act as go-betweens, making it simple for you to hand over your money and saving the big fellows the trouble of hunting you up or bothering about a personal introduction. You can't find fault with the honest brokers. It is like "honest graft." Custom has recognized it. You must find fault with custom. You help to make that. All these things must be reached and reformed slowly by educating the public. That is where we come in. We are trying to show you what margin gambling means, and when you realize it you will help your state legislatures and governors to stop it. Meantime see your local editor or write to him and ask him to take a hand in this fight.

### NEW FACTORY IN YOUR TOWN

Now don't say it doesn't concern you. It does concern you in a hundred ways, no matter what your business is. Have you any idea how much money goes out of your section every year to keep Wall Street booming? You would be astonished if you knew. Suppose you help to show these men, convince them of their folly, and persuade them to put their money into home enterprises. How much would it help your business to have a new factory in town employing five hundred people? See the point?

May we call your special attention to one paragraph in the story, "The Poison of the Street": "During 1907 the winnings of the bank at Monte Carlo were $7,500,000. Wall Street takes more than that from its gamblers in two and a half days." Think of it! Do you begin to see how the big fellows can afford yachts and palaces, while millions live from hand to mouth? If the business men who gamble on margins would put their money into legitimate business instead, they would give employment to all the idle men now out of work, more people would have more money to buy more comforts, business would feel the impulse instantly.

This is our first gun. Next month we will show you just how the great financial manipulators accomplish their ends. We have in type what we believe is one of the best articles ever written on this subject. Then we will show you how France and England and Germany, which once suffered under the same abuses that we are crying against, put Stock Exchange trading on a sound and honest basis. Maybe in their expedients we shall find the key to our home requirements.

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